

PROJECT GEN



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BAREFOOT GEN

vol.1

KEIJI NAKAZAWA

PROJECT  
GEN

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vol.1



# **BAREFOOT GEN**

(HADASHI NO GEN)

by Keiji Nakazawa  
Translated by Project Gen

VOL.1

PROJECT GEN  
TOKYO

HEB 10043948  
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Keiji Nakazawa  
Translated by Project Gen  
Published by Project Gen

Copies available from

Jim Peck  
War Resisters League

339 Lafayette Street,  
New York, N.Y.  
10012 U.S.A.

or

**Project Gen**

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5-4-3 Shinmachi, Hoya-shi,  
Tokyo 188 Japan  
Printed by C.C.C Printing  
3-15-5, Nishi Koigakubo  
Kokubunji-shi, Tokyo 185

First Printing, April, 1978

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## Introduction

## ABOUT BAREFOOT GEN.....

**Barefoot Gen** (**Hadashi no Gen** in the original Japanese) is an autobiographical story. Author Keiji Nakazawa was seven years old when the atomic bomb was dropped on his city. "Gen" is a Japanese name meaning "roots" or "source", as the author explains:

I named my main character Gen in the hope that he would become a root or source of strength for a generation of mankind that can tread the charred soil of Hiroshima barefoot and feel the earth beneath their feet, that will have the strength to say "no" to war and nuclear weapons...I myself would like to live with Gen's strength — that is my ideal, and I will continue pursuing it through my work...

**Hadashi no Gen** was first serialized in Japan in the late 1960's in a popular weekly comic magazine. It has drawn wide acclaim for its portrayal of an event as devastating as the bombing of Hiroshima in the traditionally light-fictional medium of the comic book. Gen's story, unfolding through the aftermath of the bombing and Japan's surrender and occupation by U.S. forces, continues to be author Nakazawa's life's work. He is now living in Tokyo and working on the sixth volume of the series.

This first volume describes the days leading up to the bombing — the hardships of wartime life for Japanese civilians, the coercion and hysteria perpetuated by the government, and the suffering of people like Gen's father who spoke out against the war effort. Volume Two, which takes up the story immediately after the bombing, is being translated as Volume One goes to press.

Gen's story is one of people dealing with an inhuman situation, both in the last days of war and — more poignantly — after the bomb was dropped. We hope **Barefoot Gen** will serve as one more reminder of the suffering war brings to innocent people, and as a unique documentation of an especially horrible source of suffering, the atomic bomb.

Though the Japanese comic book differs from English-language comics in many ways, as do the customs of the people it tells about, we

hope that **Gen's** honest portrayal of emotions and experiences will give it an audience among both adults and children. We think Gen's story will encourage more people to move along the path of peace, and we ask you to help by telling your friends, children, parents and neighbors about Gen too.

## WHAT IS PROJECT GEN?

We're a group of Japanese and English-speaking non-Japanese living in Tokyo and around North America, bound together by our concern about nuclear weapons and nuclear power, and by our faith that **Barefoot Gen** can serve the cause of peace in other nations as it has in Japan. We are all volunteers, giving what time we can to translate, proofread, answer letters, raise funds, do the lettering and the layout work. Some of us are students, some teach, some are studying Japanese culture or were just "passing through" and stayed on; some are engaged in other projects like relief of India's cyclone victims or the problems of Japan's Korean minority. Many of us went to Hiroshima on the 32nd anniversary of the bombing in August, 1977, and participated in peace walks and workshops about nuclear energy and weaponry. **Barefoot Gen** has been in the works since November, 1976, when some of us first talked with author Keiji Nakazawa about translating **Gen** into English.

We share a belief that the plain telling of stories about actual human experiences is necessary if man-made horrors like the atomic bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki are to be prevented. And we feel that today more than ever, stories like Gen's need to be relayed around the world, so that we don't forget the lessons of thirty years ago. The issue before us now is not only nuclear warfare, but the expansion by governments and industrial interests of "peaceful" nuclear power, a form of energy that is known to be unsafe and is all too likely to result in the spread of radiation sickness and death — the kind that still claims lives today in Hiroshima and Nagasaki.



We are continuing the work of translating the entire **Gen** series, and have plans to publish Volume Two in the United States. But with five volumes to go, we need help! Contributions of money, time, and skills are badly needed, since all work up to the actual printing is done voluntarily. You can make **Gen** your project just by showing this first volume to people you know, or by dropping us a few lines of criticism or encouragement.

### TELL US WHAT YOU THINK...

We want to hear from **Barefoot Gen**'s readers. Please write and let us know how you felt about Gen's story, what you think of the translation, what we can do to improve it in later volumes. Letters from readers of all ages are welcome! Write to PROJECT GEN,

c/o David Hostetler  
245 S. Farragut St.  
Phila. Pa. 19143 USA

or c/o Masahiro Oshima  
5-4-3 Shinmachi  
Hoya-shi, Tokyo 188 JAPAN

### TO THE PARENTS AND CHILDREN OF THE WORLD

Jun Ishiko  
literary critic

February 5, 1978.

Japan is the first and only nation on which an atomic bomb has been dropped. On an August morning in 1945, the blast took the lives of numberless adults and children. Of those who survived, many suddenly died later or had babies affected by radioactivity. My friend Keiji Nakazawa, who is a cartoonist, was in the first grade of elementary school in Hiroshima on August 6, 1945. He saw a living hell. His father, sister and brother were burnt to death in an instant; he and his mother narrowly survived. This long cartoon story is based on his own experience: he wrote it with the memory of what he saw before his eyes. This is not just a cartoon about the atomic bomb, but a story describing Japan's situation and the life of children before and after August 6, the climax of the hell they survived. It is much like a long novel.

It is a sad story, but one filled with the courage that Gen displayed as he muddled through one hardship after another. An especially impressive passage is the one in which his hopes for life are renewed by the sight of buds of green wheat pushing through the soil. Japanese children who had never known war were deeply moved by Gen's struggle to live, teeth clenched and face to face with death.

**Hadashi no Gen** was serialized in a weekly magazine, **Shukan Shonen Janpu**, which published a little more than a million copies a week. It gained an explosive popularity among kids. After that, **Gen** was published in four separate volumes; more than 500,000 copies were sold. It was also made into a two-part film, which was seen by over a tenth of the city of Hiroshima and a total of one million people throughout Japan. It is still popular.

Why is that so? First of all, the horror of the atomic bomb was well described in **Gen**. It raised people's consciousness of what an A-bomb is. Second, it is a very powerful story of human survival. Third, it shows how precious life is. And finally, the desire to abolish the A-bomb is a theme found throughout the book.

Keiji Nakazawa and a group of young people who are moved by his book, have voluntarily started "Project Gen" to deliver the voice of Gen to the children of the world. From Gen of Japan to the Gens of the world, I'd like to say: Please receive **Barefoot Gen**, not just as a cartoon story, but as a message with hope and an appeal — "No more Hiroshimas, no more Nagasakis". Please read it imagining that you or your children are Gen. I do hope that you will talk with your children about the terror of the A-bomb and the strength of people who survived it.

Nobody is sure that the tragedy of Hiroshima and Nagasaki 33 years ago won't be repeated in the future. Do you know how many atomic weapons exist in the world? I'd like you to think of this reality, remembering what Gen lived through. Shake hands with Gen, let your children come in touch with his spirit. The sky over Japan is the same one over the rest of the world. Japan is washed with the same waves as other countries. Gen is telling the world's children about life and the earth. I believe that they will find a new desire and the courage to make this world peaceful.

## ON "HADASHI NO GEN"

by Susumu Ishitani  
member, Fellowship of  
Reconciliation Japan,  
Conscientious Objection  
to Military Tax

(1)

When I was strongly advised by one of my much younger friends to read the cartoon story of **Hadashi no Gen**, I hardly imagined I would be so greatly affected by it. I started reading it out of curiosity: I wondered how today's younger generation had been inspired by the story of a boy who was a victim of the A-bomb. I wondered too what the cartoon story could do in introducing to the younger generation the important matter of the effects of the A-bomb, which the majority of young people today would normally never have a chance to know about. Reading the story was very easy for me once I started. I had never read comics much as a child and had never felt there was any value in reading them. But as I read on, I was drawn into the story. I was moved just as my young advisor had told me that I would be. As a matter of fact I was struck by the pressing dynamism of the real feelings the cartoon pictures could produce. This book, in the Japanese edition, has been amazingly widely read by our younger generation, by more than five million people, making a deep impression. While I was reading this "comic book", my stereotyped idea about cartoons was changed. This type of approach, I came to feel, could be a very effective means of conveying feelings and information to a certain sector of our society.

Without some effort and good intentions to try to understand the depth of the story, I imagine it will be very difficult for foreigners without cultural backgrounds similar to ours to read this English edition. I feel it might be worthwhile for anyone who looks



at this book to at least know that so many young people in Japan have read it and were moved by this story of war, an ugly and yet beautiful story. I feel that the thing that has attracted the hearts of so many people in this book is the brightness of the human nature in the boy Gen, even in the midst of tragedies.

For myself, who had the experience of being exposed at age thirteen to the Nagasaki A-bomb three days after Gen, this book brought back memories of those days.

(2)

A world economic crisis beginning in 1929 caused the western nations to establish exclusive economic policies all over the world. That was a great blow to the Japanese economy and Japan, losing her international market, found the only solution was to stick to and expand the market in the Chinese continent. Thus, after creating some excuses by causing minor struggles, Japan invaded Manchuria in 1931. I was born in Tokyo that same year as the third child to parents who were both second generation Christians. At that time emperor worship and militarism were deeply rooted in all spheres of Japanese life. Even as a child in the first grade, I was aware that we Christians might be looked on as dangerous and non-patriotic people because we church-goers were considered loyal to a faith that was different from the state religion.

I remember my parents talking one evening about the police arrest of the well-known evangelist Dr. Toyohiko Kagawa while he was preaching in his church, which I used to attend as a Sunday school pupil. When I was in the second grade, my young teacher told me in front of all of my classmates to have my hair cut "to follow the line of the heroic Japanese soldiers". I imagine now that there must have been an order about that from the Ministry of Education to all the schools. But as a child I felt rather shocked to find for the first time that I was the only one in the class who did not have a close-cropped hair style, and feeling the strong pressure of the situation, soon after classes were over, I went to a barber to get a haircut and psychological release.

The psychological manipulation of the people through education by the state in those days was horrifying as I look back now. Japanese myths were used in the history classes at school to glorify the emperor

system, making Japan a nation of the Sun God, a nation selected to perform a special mission for all humanity. In those days anyone who heard the name of emperor, or even the adjective "honorable" that was expected to be used before the word "emperor", would stand up straight to pay respect to the emperor. At first everyone did this because of orders at school and everywhere in society, and gradually came to do this almost by reflex after repeated practice.

When World War II started, I was in the fourth grade in primary school in Nagasaki. Soon Japan was exposed to the bombing of the US B-29's. By that time, militaristic education had become more hysterical than ever before. Emotional lessons and spiritual training were emphasized more than any subject in my high school. School lessons were often cancelled for students to do farming, factory work and all kinds of military labor, besides the military drills which were one of the most important parts of the school curriculum at that time. Physical punishment like beating and slapping was given to students on the rationalization that they were receiving a "punishment of love" in order to become "true" Japanese.

(3)

In the summer when I was in the eighth grade, I was exposed to the A-bomb in Nagasaki. None of my family got killed. My mother and three of us five children were out of the city, and only my father, eldest sister and I were there. The three of us were in the area which was not burned but only destroyed by the strong blast of the bomb. My sister and I were exposed to the rays only a moment as we fled into the shadow immediately. My sister and I escaped from death by a hair's breadth: the dining kitchen area, where we were about to prepare lunch, was later found utterly destroyed with glass panes smashed into powder all over. We had escaped from the room before the destruction occurred. I had a kind of religious experience as I lay on the floor in the dark dust rising all around which did not allow me to open my eyes for some minutes.

One third of the city was completely burned and the same proportion of the population lost their lives. I witnessed with my own eyes some of the sufferings of the victims, dead, injured and burned.



I cannot forget the horrible scenes of the city in flames at night, particularly the burst of the gas tanks I saw from the top of a hill. I cannot stand to imagine how several of my good friends and many other people in the city must have suffered their deaths in the fire, which kept burning for three full days or more, or how those who had survived the situation suffered later with burns, injuries, scars, keloids and radiation disease. I lived for more than a week in a shelter with those who had nearly half of their bodies burned by the radioactive heat. A few of them died when we were in the shelter. Swarms of flies infested the pus of the burned flesh with a terrible smell. I was surprised to find the same phenomenon portrayed in this cartoon story.

The wounded felt apologetic about staying with us with their ugliness and the smell. But what else could have been done in such a situation! I felt great sympathy for them.

The war ended with the unconditional surrender of Japan. Gradually I came to know how I and all ordinary Japanese people had been cheated by the ruling people. Those who were cheated, cheated other people, too. Mass media, education, social pressure and police and military powers were all used on the people. We had never been given proper information to judge what was actually going on. What we were given was incorrect information in order for them to be able to justify their military policies. Education had been used to promote the hatred and killing of "enemies"... anybody who stood in the way of the goal of controlling Asia and the world. The war was actually not between the Japanese people and the people of the allied nations. I felt anger at those who cheated me and also at myself for having been so easily cheated.

As soon as the U.S. Marine Corps landed I made friends with many young American soldiers. We had been told before their arrival that the U.S. soldiers would behave badly and commit all sorts of acts of brutality on the inhabitants, especially women, so that children and women were advised to leave the city and go to the mountains. I saw many people moving away from the city. My father and mother talked about this and decided to stay on in the city so that the family might stay together, no matter what might happen to us. When the soldiers came and used the school building next to my house as their barracks during their stay, I soon found out that the U.S. men were far more humane than we had imagined. Of course I do not say that they all behaved well. Many

unhappy incidents were caused by the misbehavior of the occupying soldiers. But as a whole they behaved very well for soldiers in the country of the "enemy."

I was just an eighth grader then, learning English at school. I spoke some English to them and they were fascinated to find such a young boy could speak English, however limited my vocabulary was. My parents could speak better and soon our house became a place where several soldiers gathered to talk, sing, and eat. Though at that time we suffered serious shortages of food and could not offer anything other than soup with vegetables, young American men sometimes secretly brought us a variety of canned food. At that time it was prohibited for U.S. men to eat anything in a Japanese house or to bring anything to Japanese people from their camp.

(4)

My father became ill some time after the end of war with tuberculosis. We do not know how directly the A-bomb was related to the disease. Anyway, after he stayed in bed for several months or more, we all moved to Mito, a city about two hundred miles to the north of Tokyo, leaving Nagasaki. I came across Quakers for the first time in the city as my father brought my brother and me to a small meeting of Christians on a Sunday. Due to the destruction of the meeting house by air-raid, they were having Sunday service in a small room of an old people's home run by Quakers as their social welfare program. I was shocked and deeply impressed when I met a man from America who said he had been a conscientious objector during the war and came to Japan immediately after the war to help the Japanese people who were in trouble. I had never heard before that there was such a thing as C.O. existing anywhere in the world. He told us how he got into trouble with his own parents and the community around his family due to his commitment and how he lost one of his kidneys cooperating in a medical experiment, in which he was used as a guinea pig.

As I heard him and spent some time with him, I had a firm conviction that this person was showing a real way for Christians in the present society to live. I was then an eleven grader. I was drawn into the ways of Quakers and when I was a sophomore in a



Christian college, I became a member of the Religious Society of Friends. I held a firm conviction that I was a child of God rather than a Japanese, and a human being rather than a member of a nation; I should have more loyalty to God and humanity. Because I could not concentrate my energy on study due to the necessity of earning some money and also partly due to the vague vision of what I should be doing in the near future, I decided to volunteer to go to India for an international work camp to work for a year and a half. Though I did not stay in India for more than fourteen months due to illness, I had very precious experiences during the stay.

I was exposed to people who were living in conditions of dreadful poverty and yet were living in just the same way as all human beings, with joy and sorrow, even as we were in Japan. When I think carefully of my existence, it might be considered as chance that I was born a Japanese and not an American, Indian, African or Russian. The style of living and the material conditions as well as cultural ones are not mine by choice. Some racists might think that therefore they should do their best for their own race and nation to prosper even at the expense of others when necessary. I came to have a belief that all human beings are children of God and every man or woman is as precious as anybody else regardless of his or her nationality, sex, color, and social status, and when it is necessary I need to be able to behave like Jesus Christ who lived and died for the benefit of other human beings and for the glory of the divine. Therefore I have to make the place where I was born and where I live a place suitable to that end.

(5)

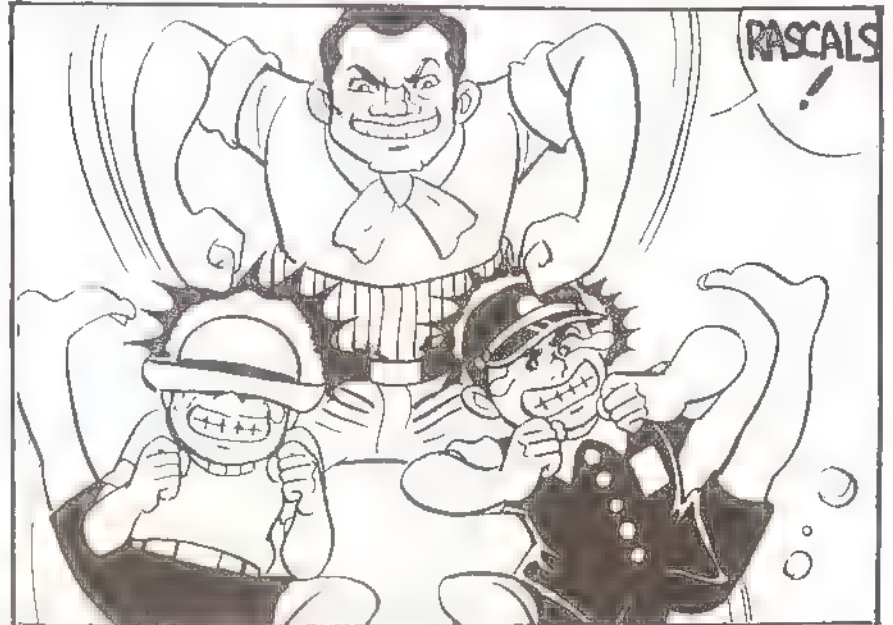
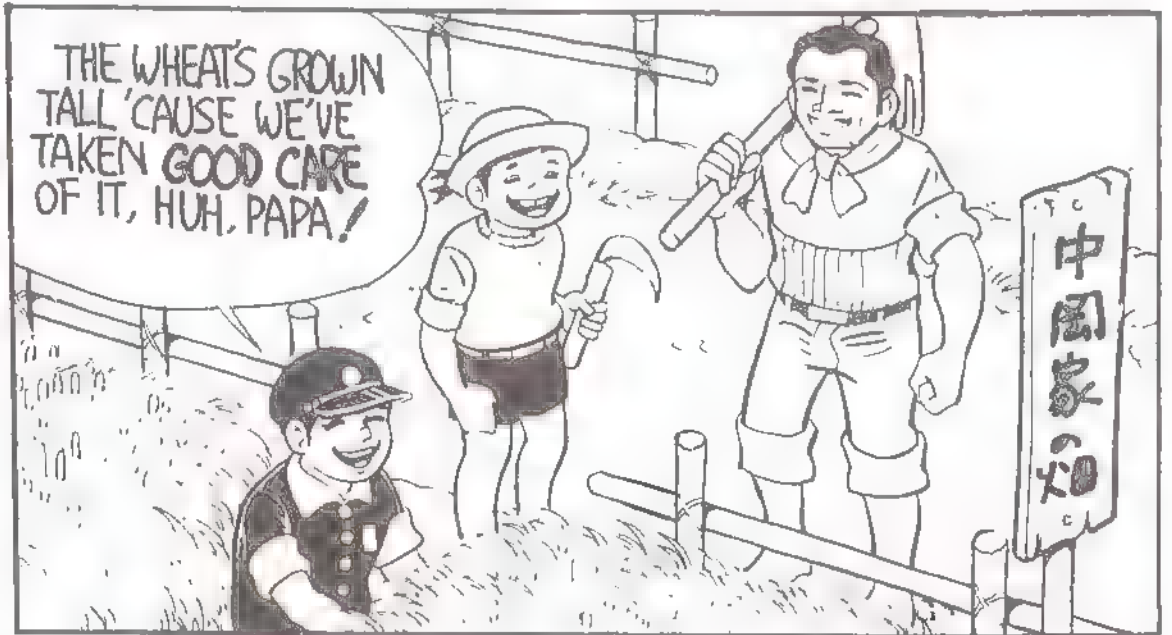
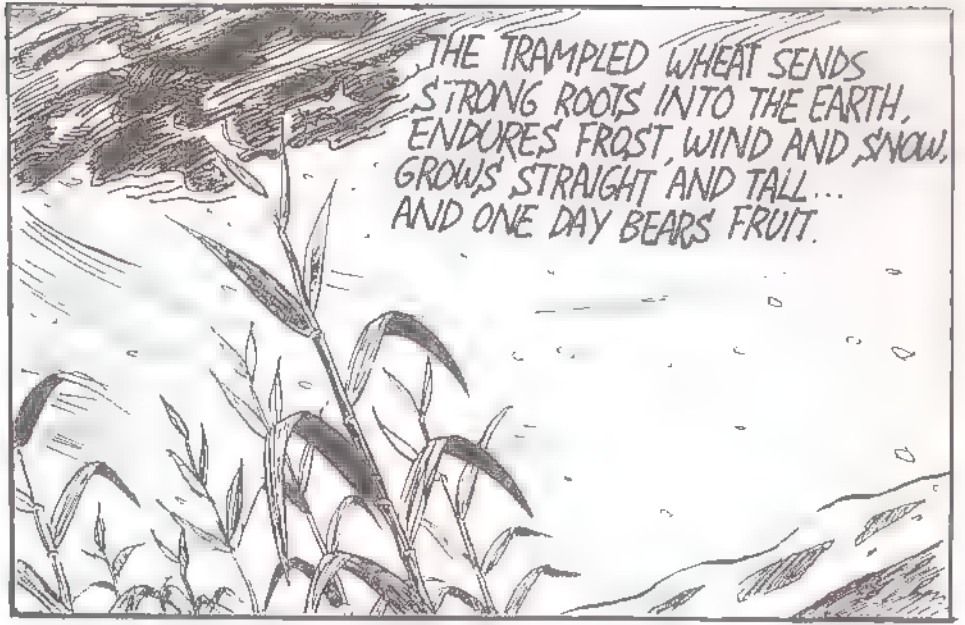
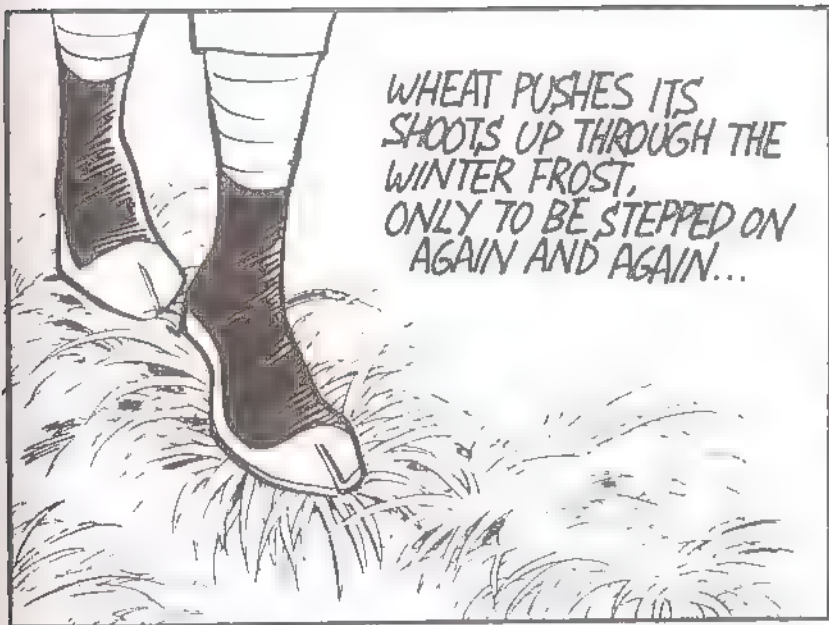
Though many people still take for granted the defence of our own country, I would like to ask seriously how it is possible and what can be defended or protected by means of arms today when such weapons as the A-bomb, H-bomb, Neutron bomb, bacteriological weapons and others are created. Having strong military power means wasting a lot of money, controlling people by power, keeping secrets from the citizens who should know what determines their destiny and exposing many lives to the danger of horrifying destruction. If we are to defend democracy, our life and human dignity, we need to learn how to live in nonviolent ways.

I would like to introduce this book to people all over the world so that as many as possible can feel how wars are disastrous things, sacrificing so many people, especially so many innocent children and babies. We should never forget that there are such precious victims as Gen and his brother and sister not only in Japan but in all parts of the world when a war begins. Wars have to be looked at through the eyes of those who are killed and suffer and lose what is precious to them.

# **BAREFOOT GEN**

(HADASHI NO GEN)







APRIL 1945... NEAR THE END  
OF THE PACIFIC WAR THAT JAPAN  
BEGAN WITH THE U.S.A. AND  
ENGLAND...  
HIROSHIMA CITY--

OH NO!  
IT'S AN  
AIR  
RAID!

HURRY,  
GET HOME  
QUICK!

PAPA

WH

EEEEEEEE

RUN !!

EE... EEK!

AIR RAID WARNING !!!

AIR RAID WARNING !!!

TAKE  
COVER!  
TAKE  
COVER!

EVERYONE  
READY?

PUFF, PUFF  
... M..  
MAMA...

GUESS WHAT, EIKO,  
THE WHEAT'S GROWN  
REAL TALL ALREADY!  
WE CAN EAT  
BREAD SOON!

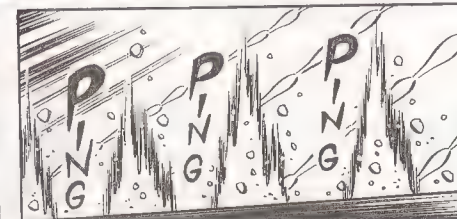
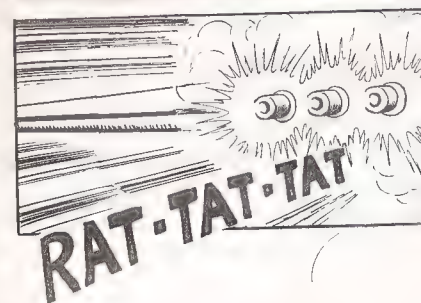
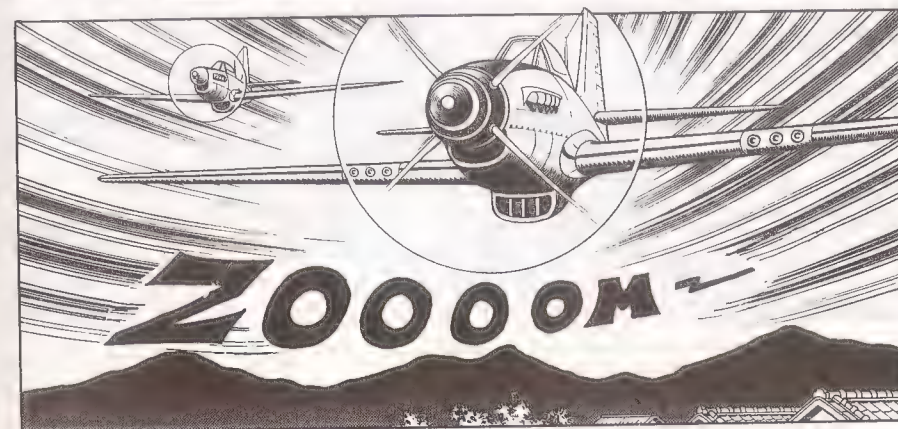
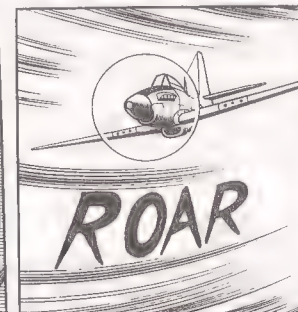
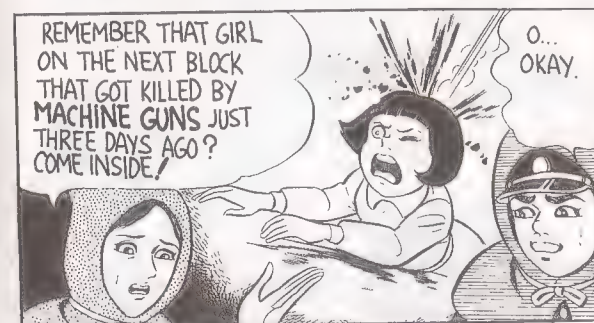
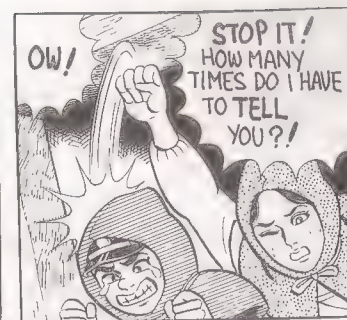
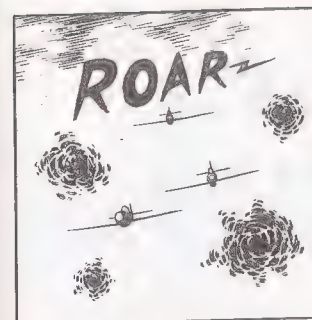
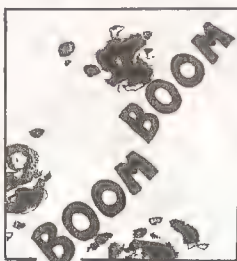
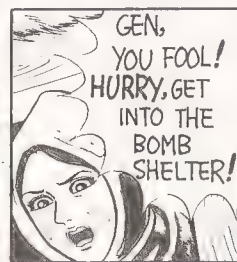
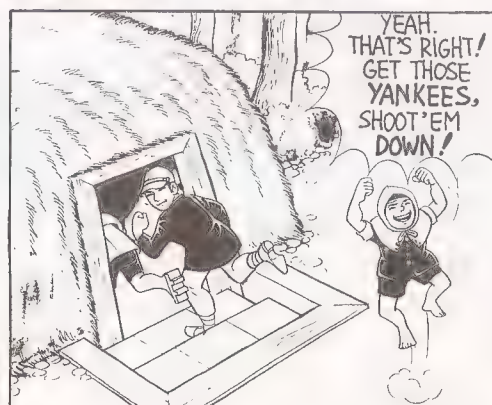
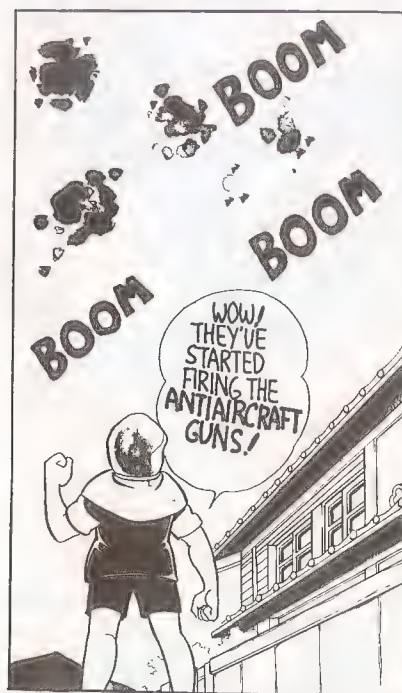
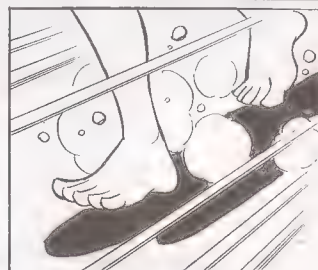
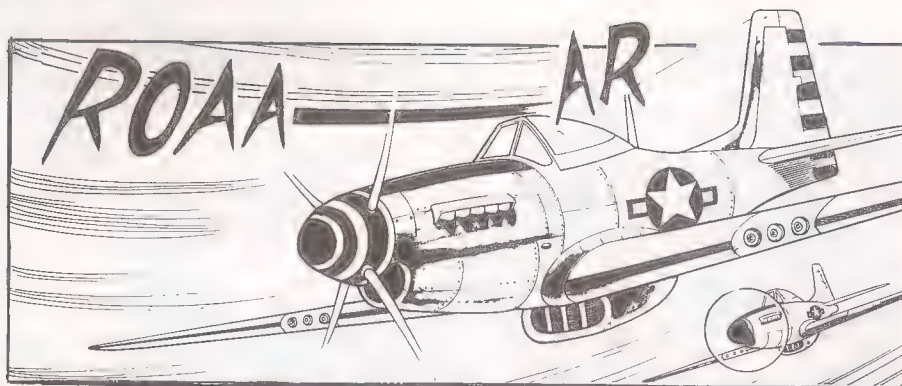
THAT'S  
GOOD!

GEN, SHINJI,  
QUICK,  
PUT ON  
YOUR  
HOODS.

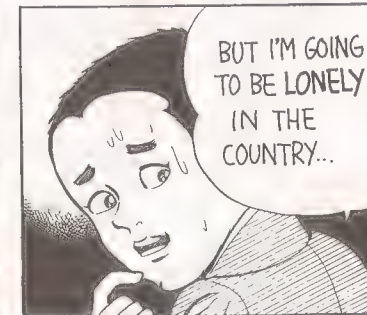
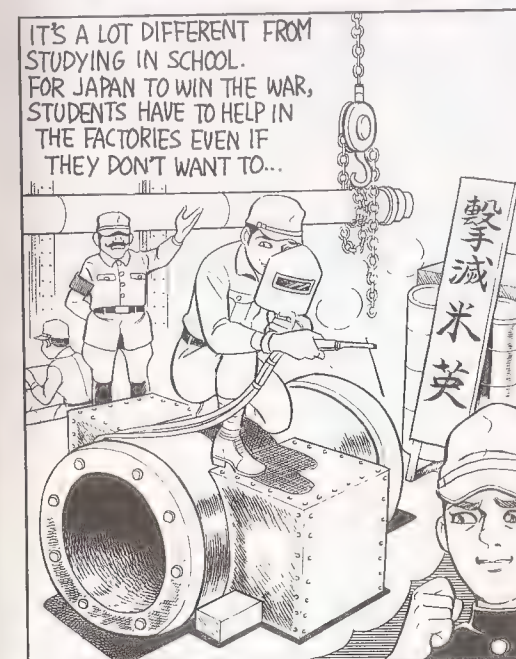
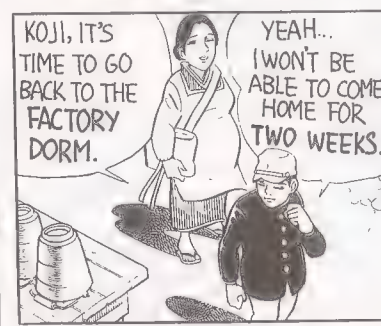
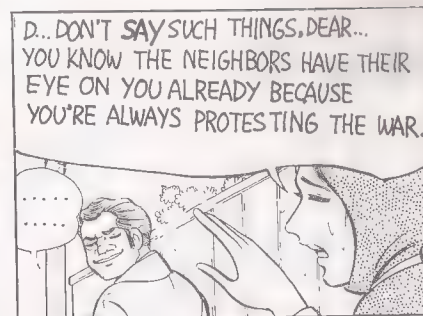
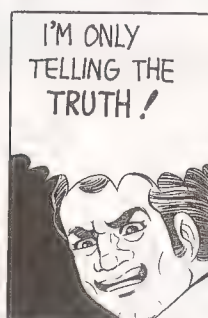
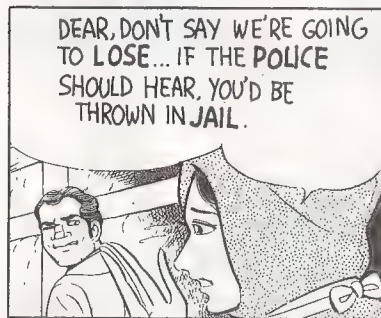
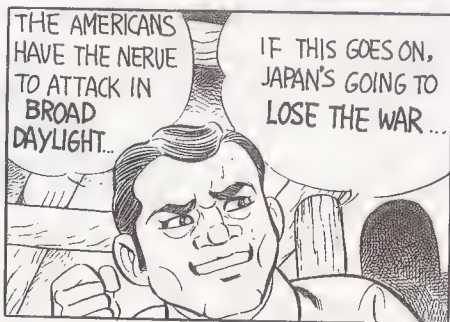
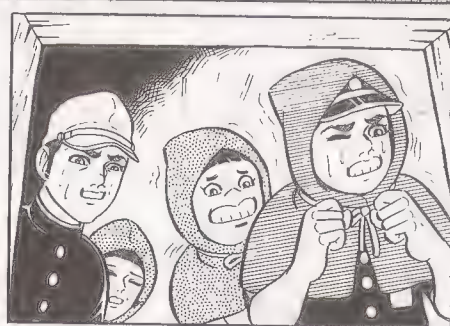
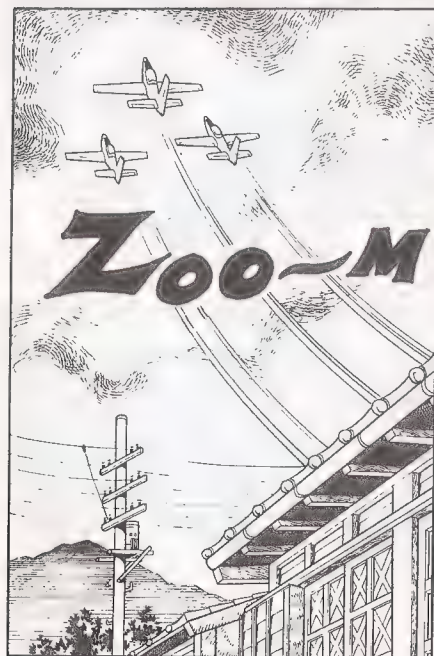
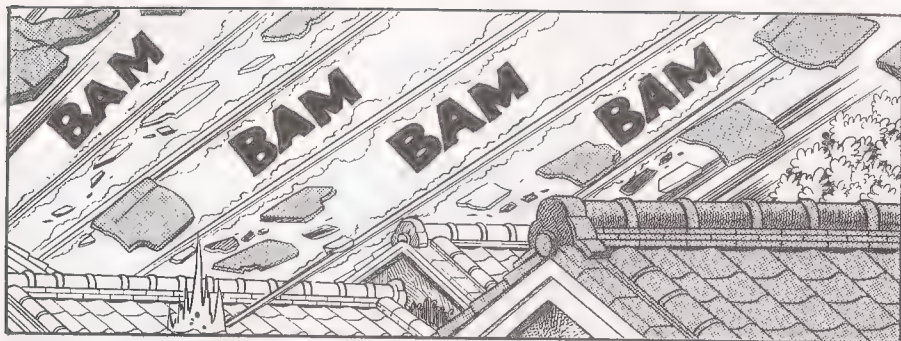
JUST  
YOU  
WAIT!

HA HA, AKIRA  
CAN'T HAVE ANY,  
CAUSE HE'S GOING  
AWAY TO THE COUNTRY  
WITH THE GROUP  
EVACUATION.

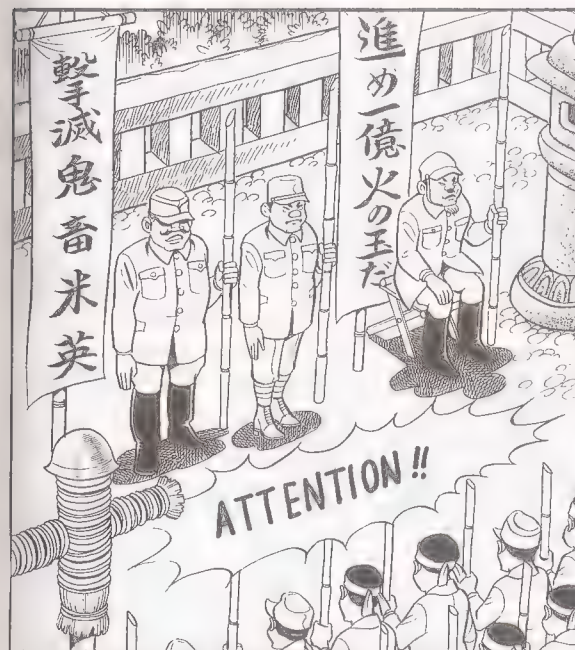
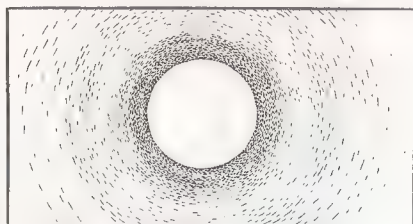
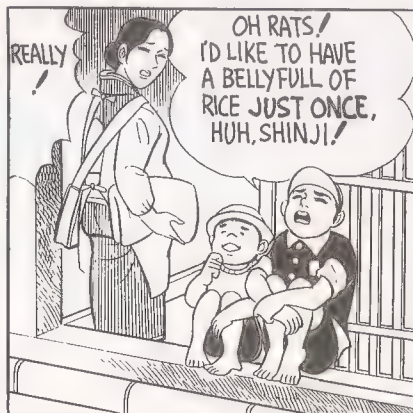
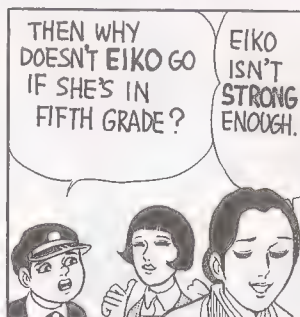
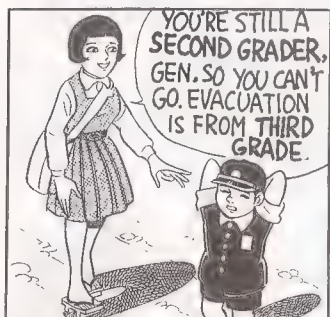
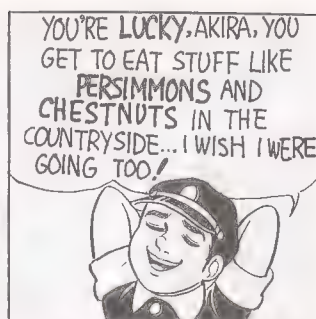




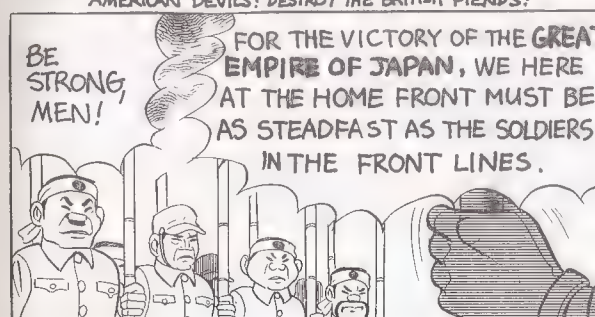




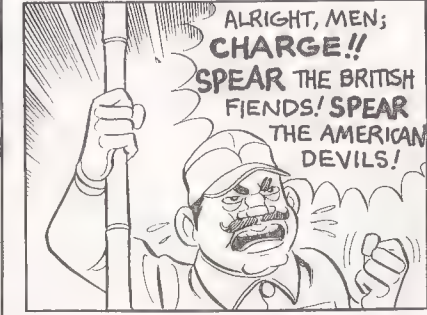
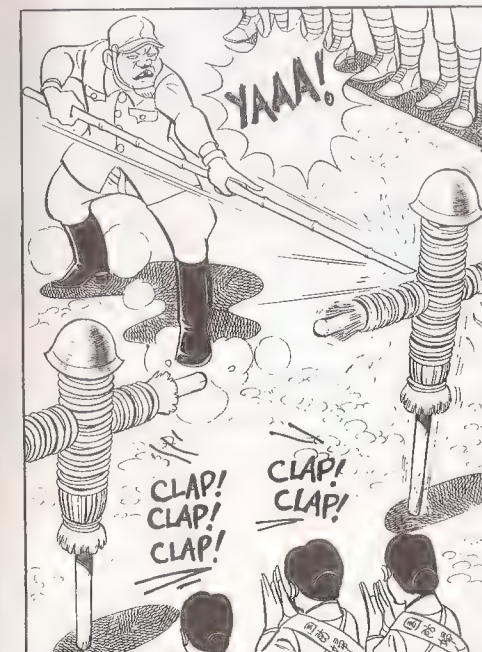
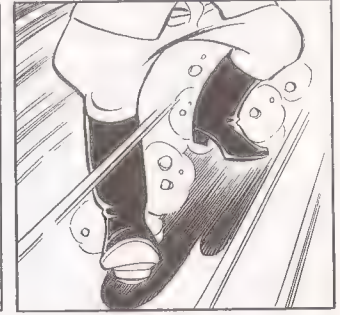
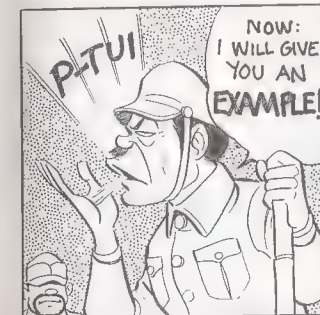
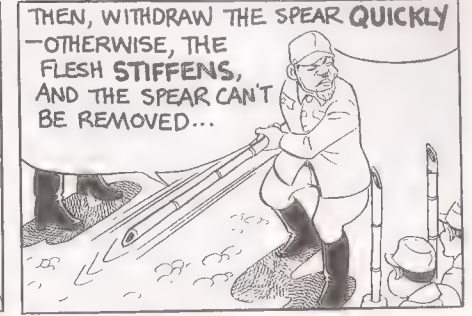
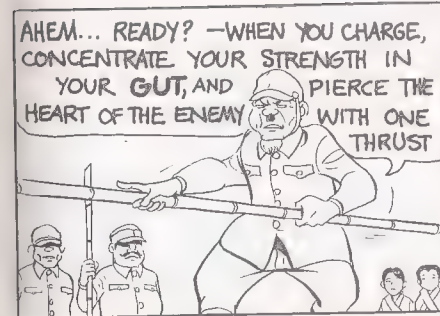
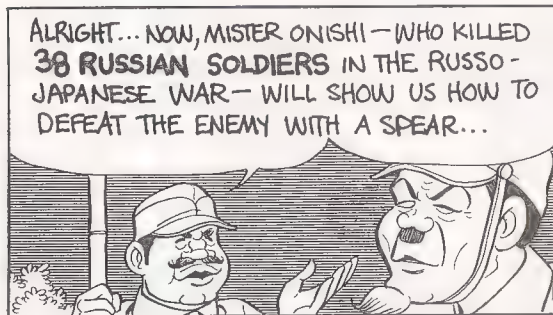
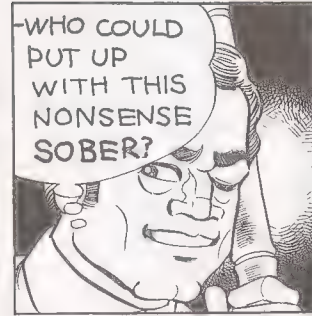




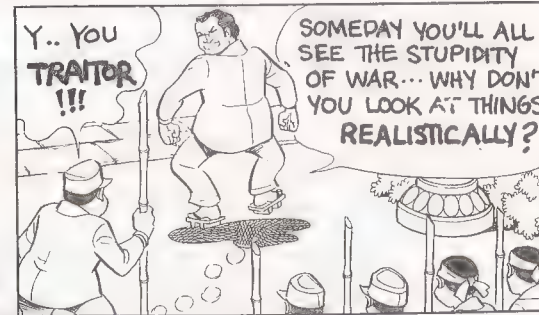
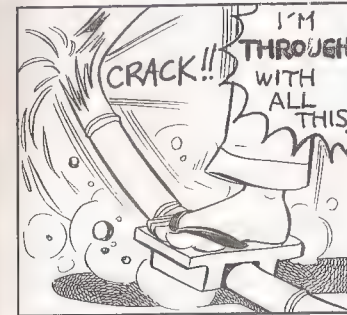
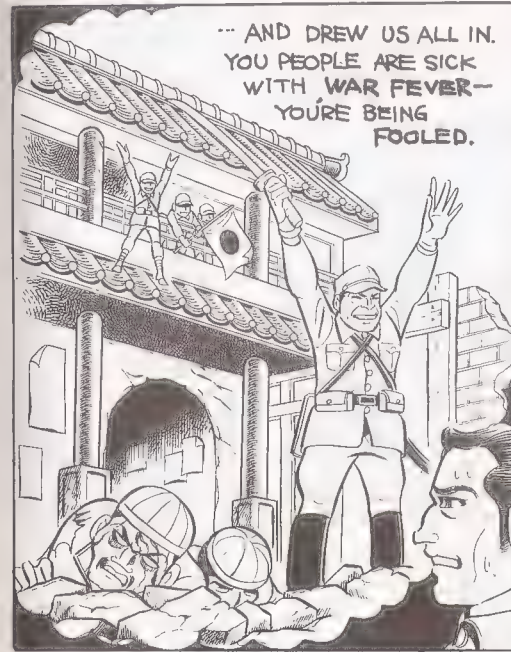
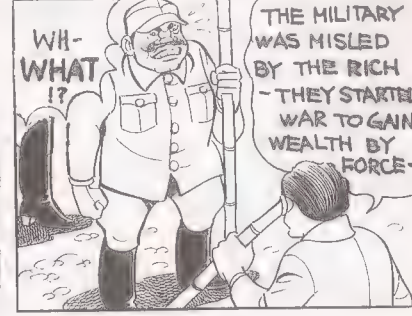
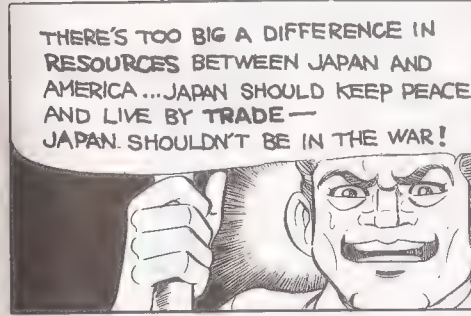
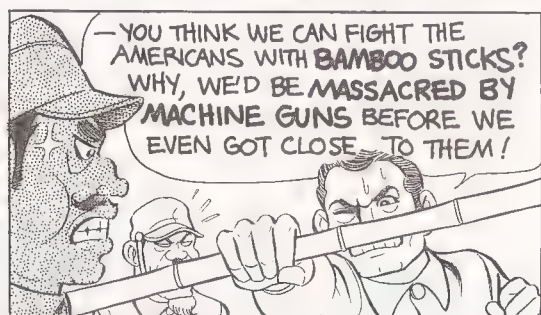
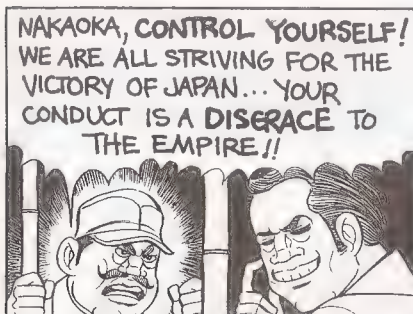
FLAG: "CHARGE, FIERY SPIRITS OF JAPAN! DESTROY THE AMERICAN DEVILS! DESTROY THE BRITISH FIENDS!"



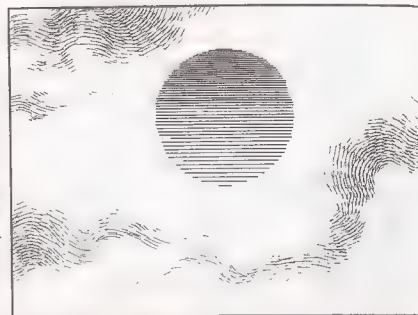




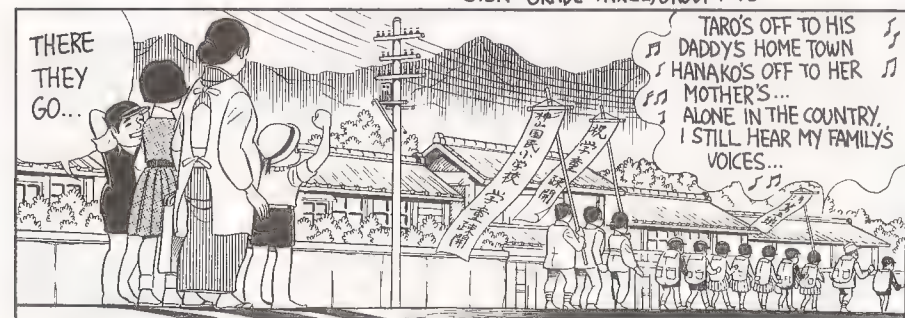
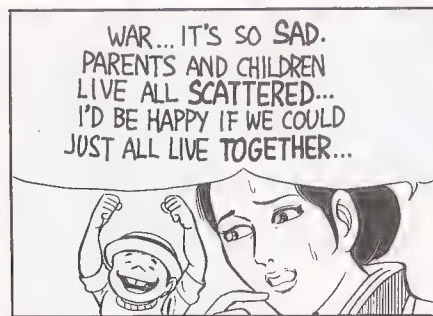




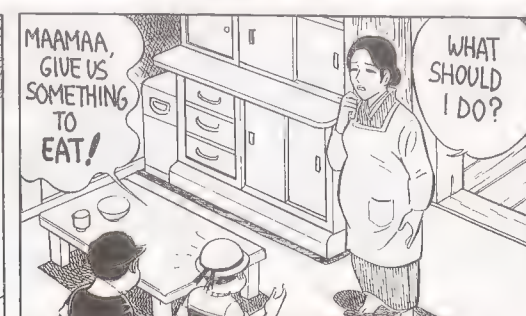
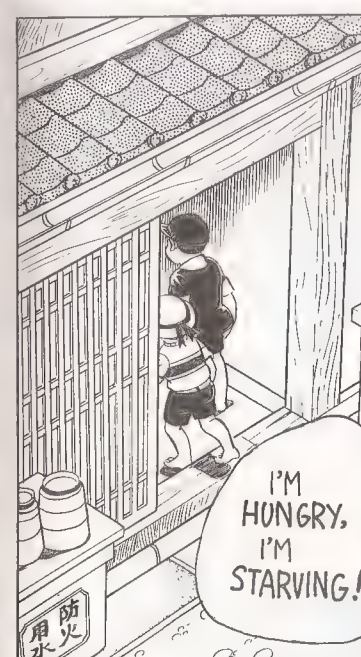
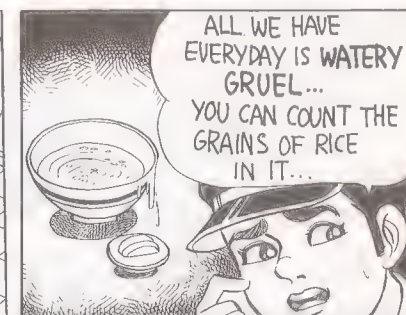
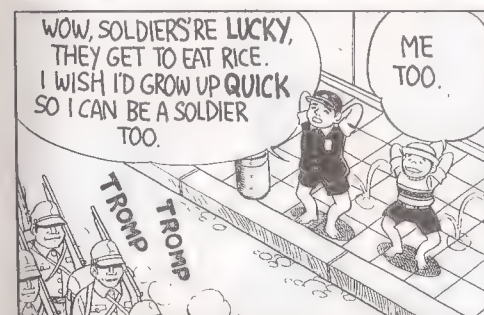
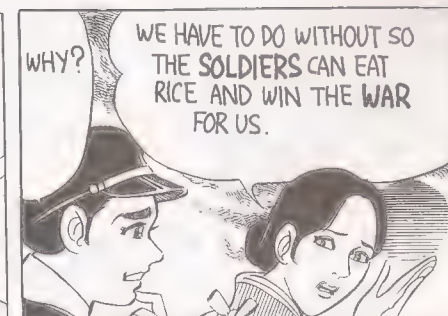
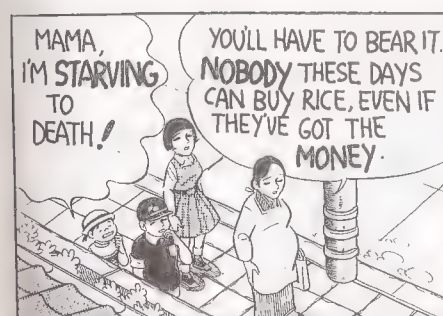




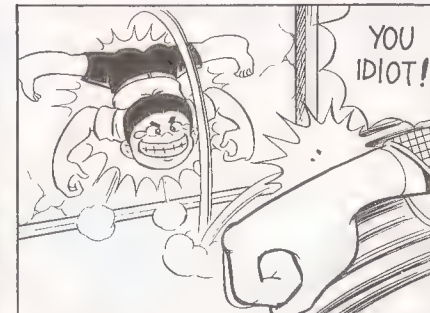
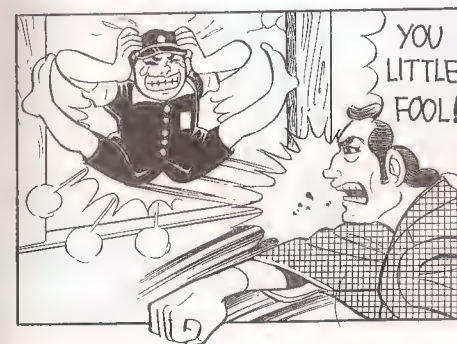
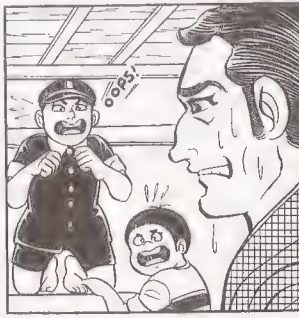
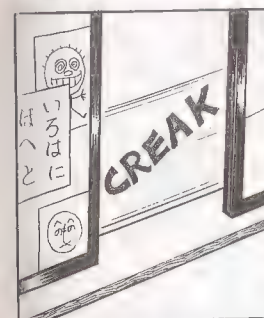
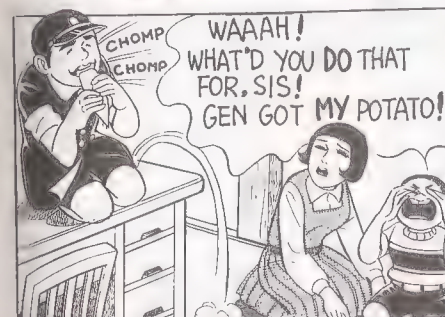
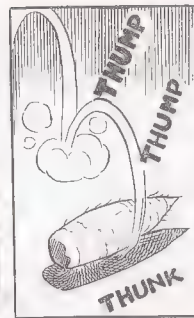
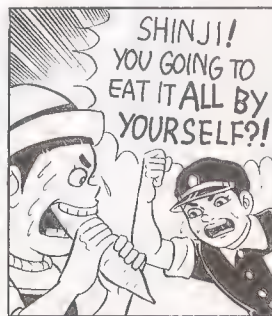
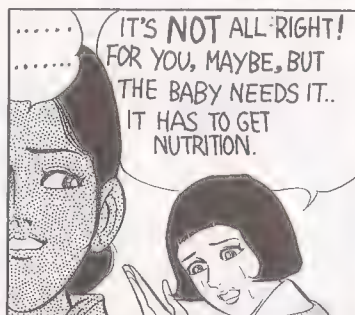
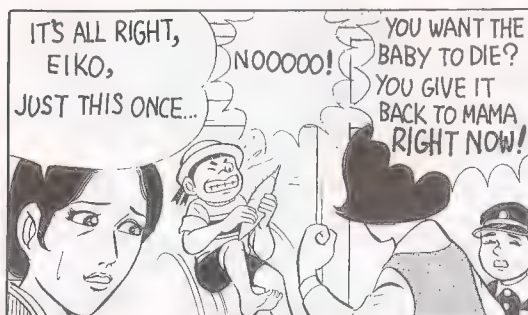
SIGN: GRADE THREE, GROUP FIVE



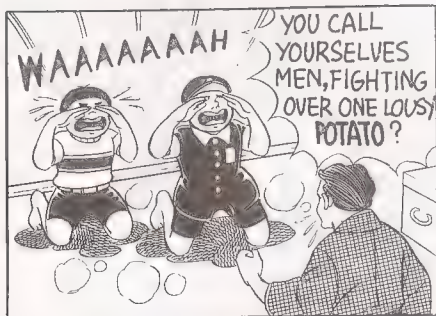
14 BANNERS: "KAMIYAMA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL GROUP EVACUATION"



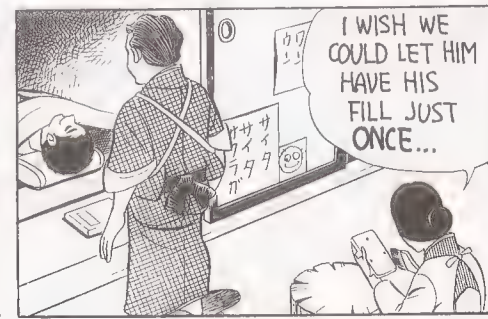
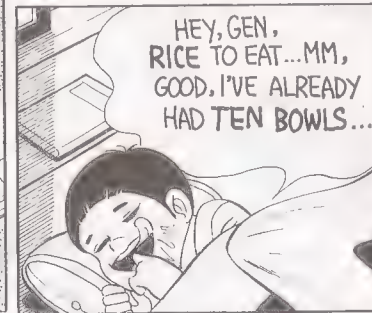
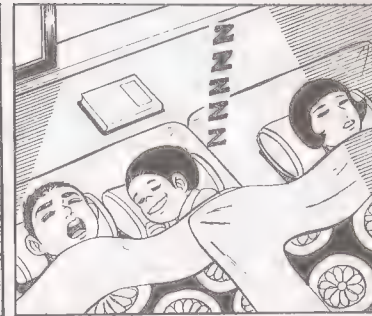
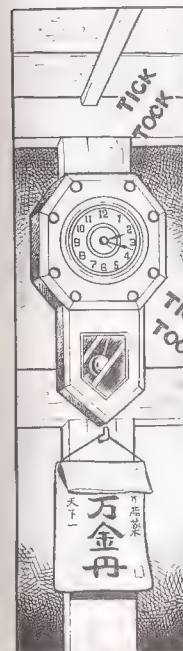
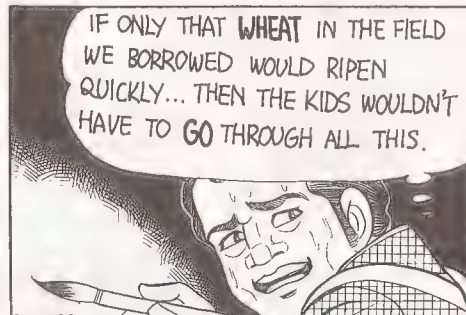
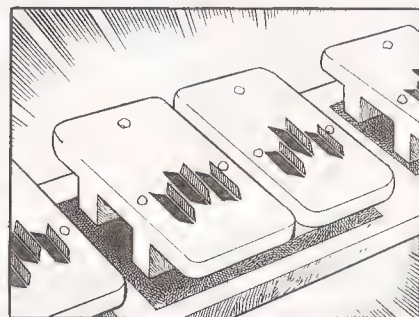
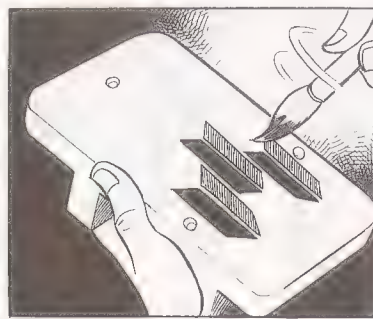
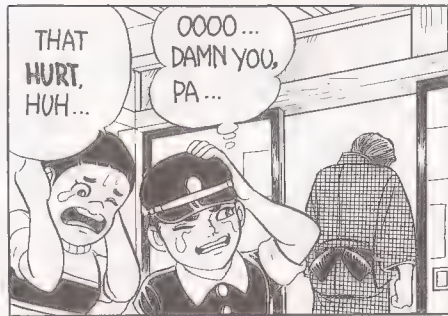




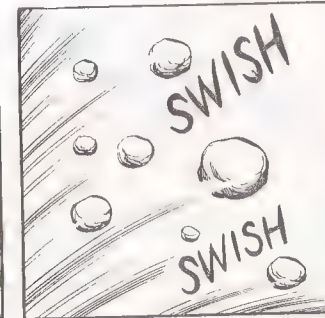
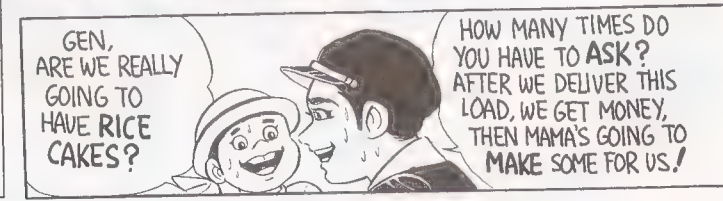
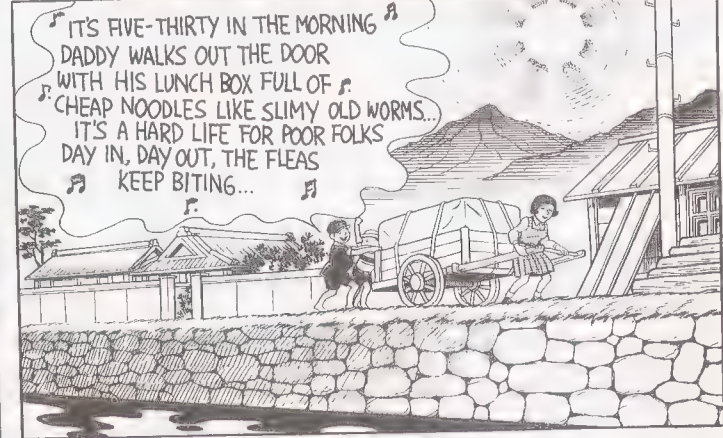
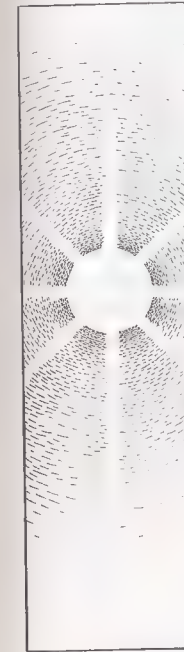
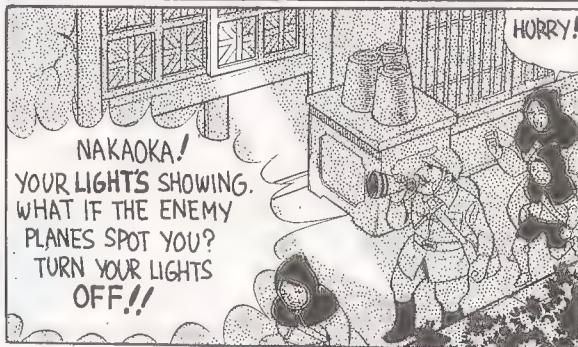
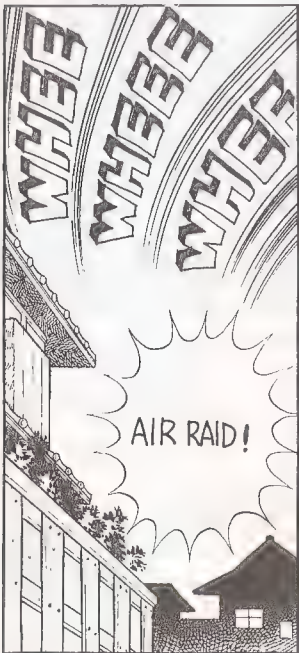
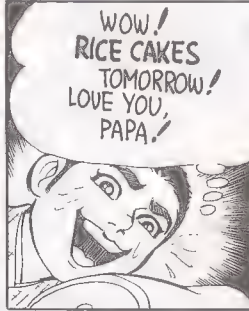
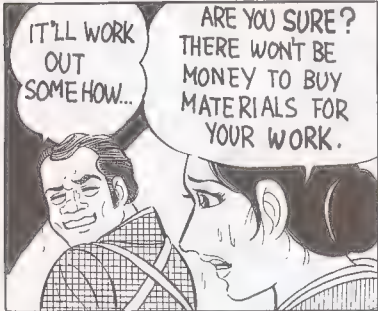
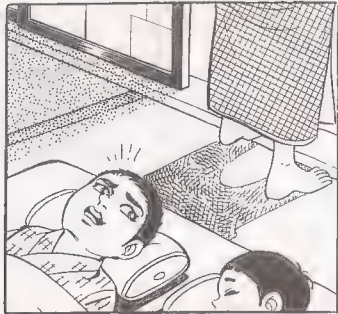




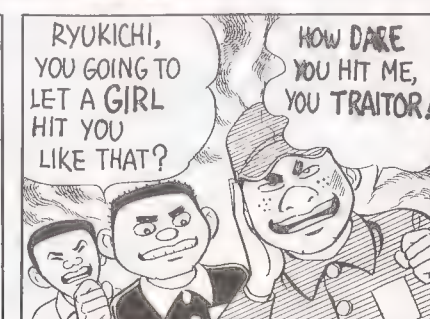
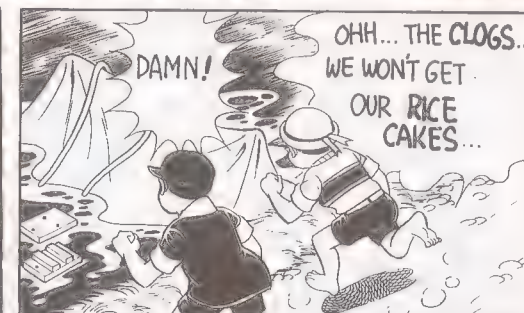
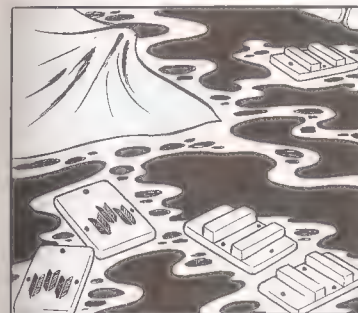
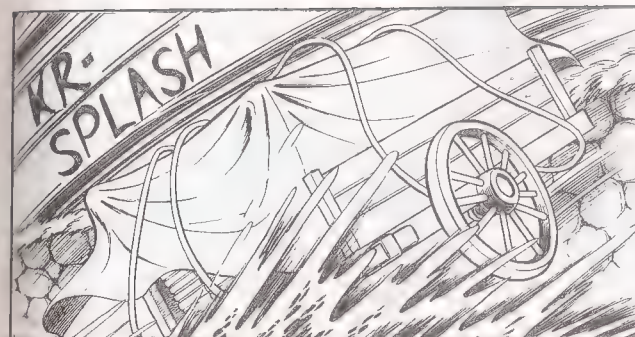
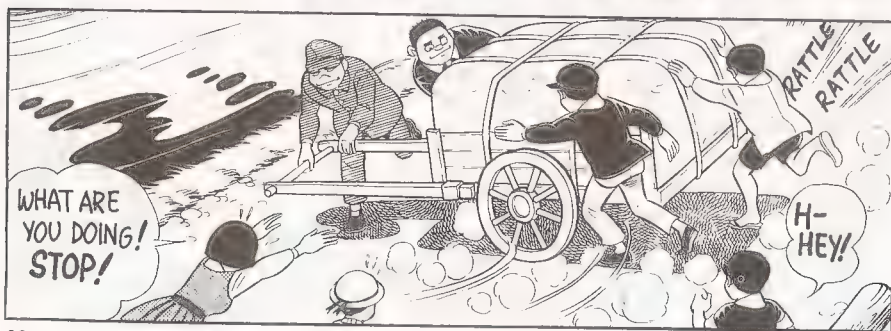
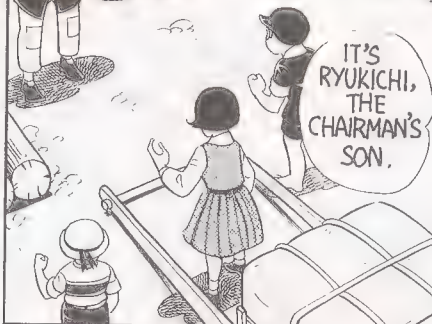
YOU CALL YOURSELVES MEN, FIGHTING OVER ONE LOUSY POTATO?



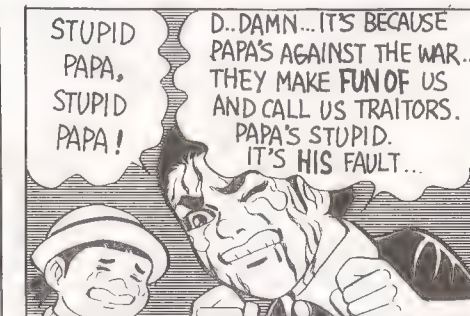
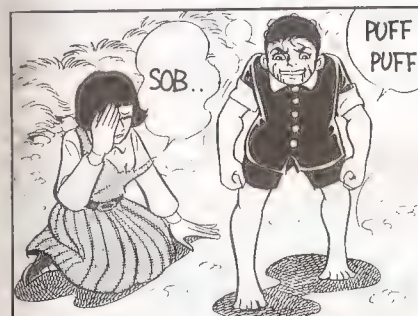
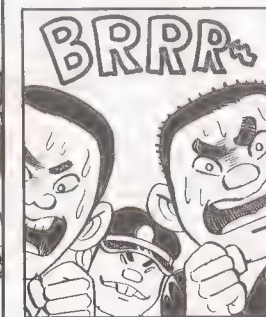
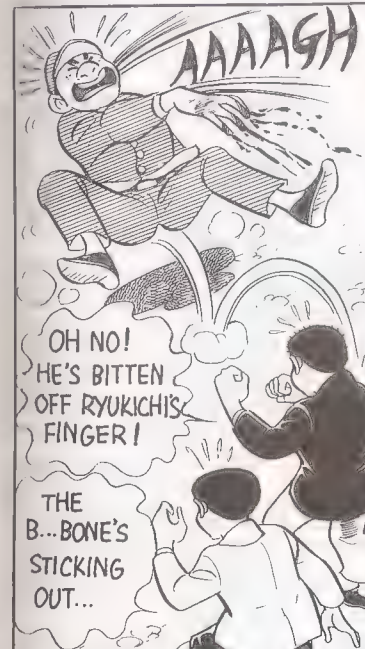
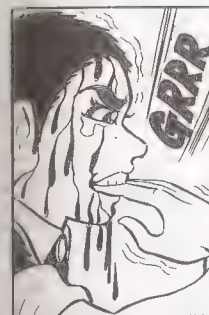
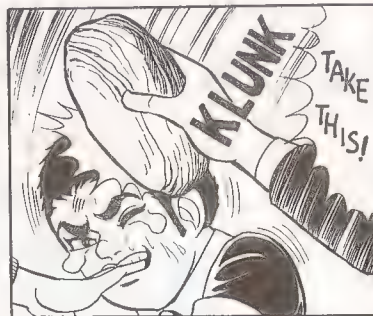
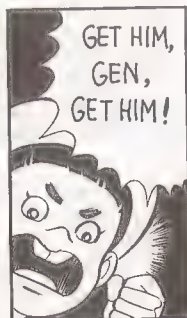
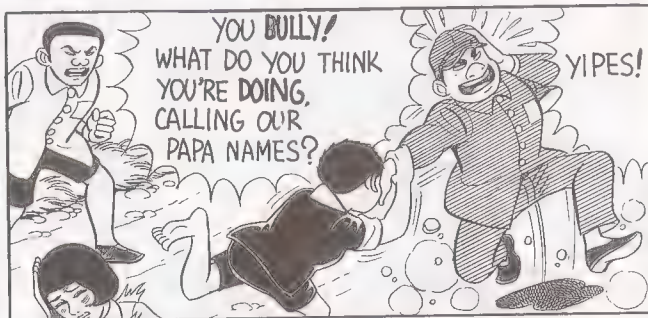




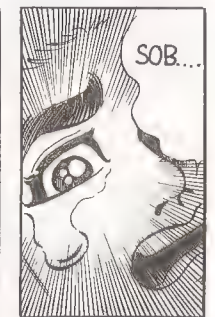
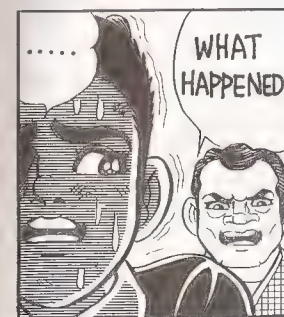
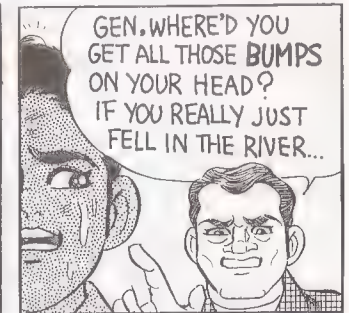
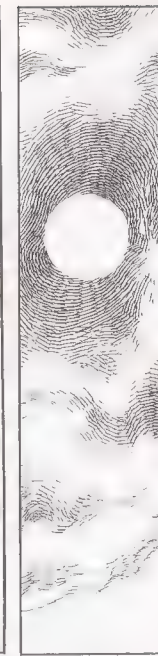
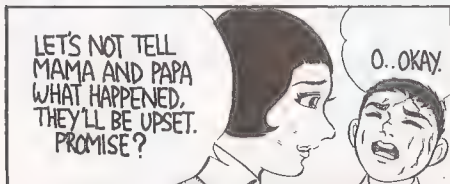
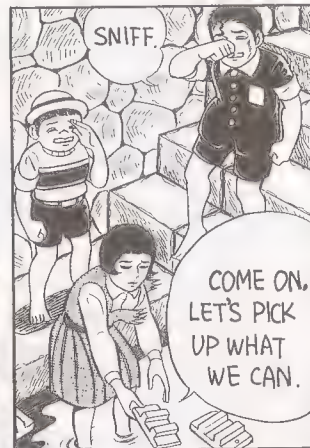
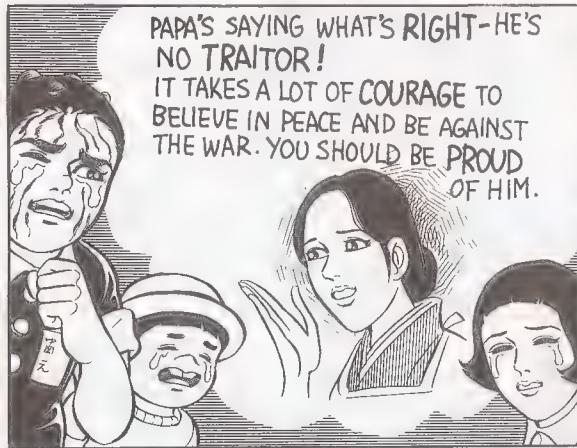
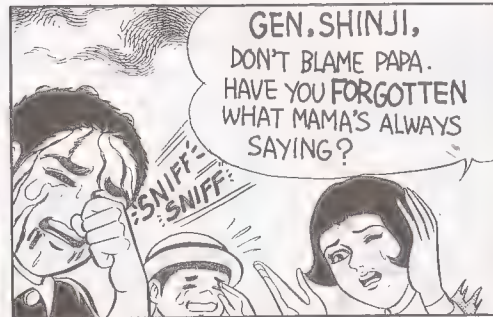




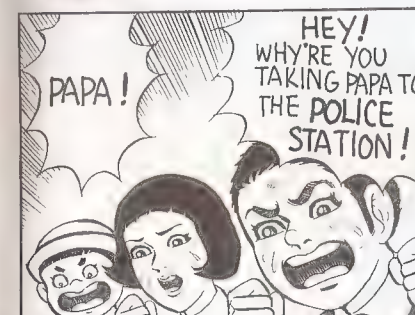
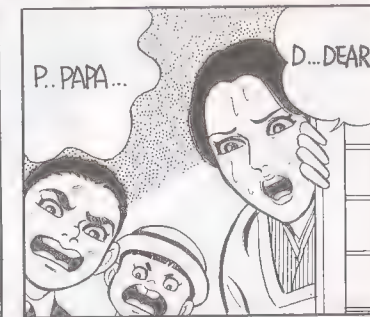
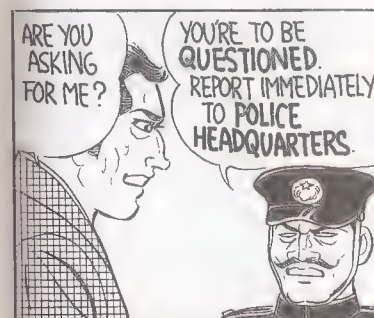
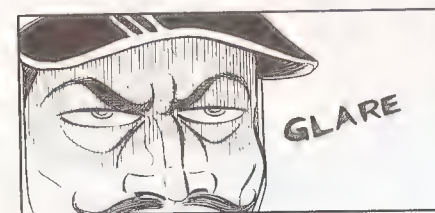
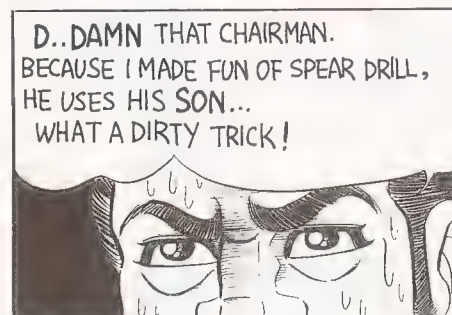
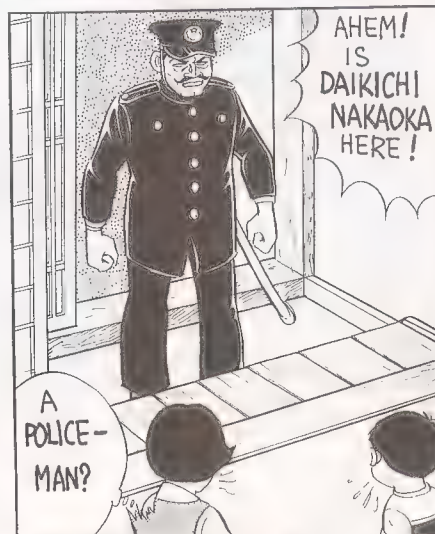
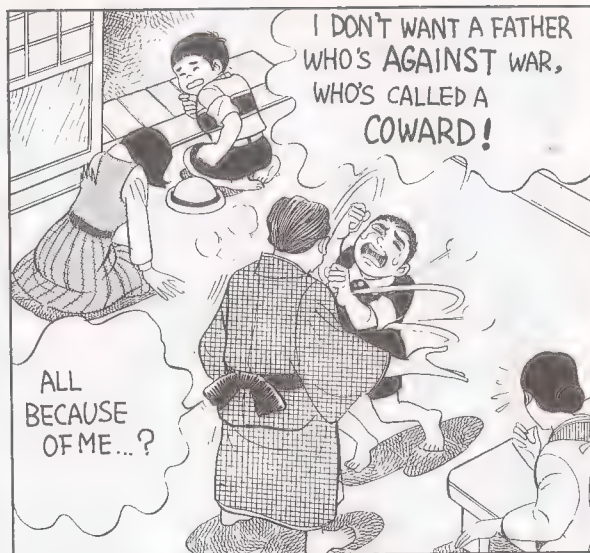
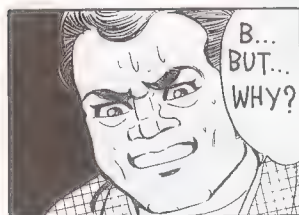
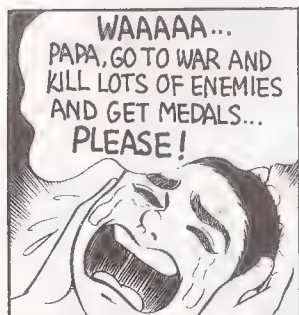




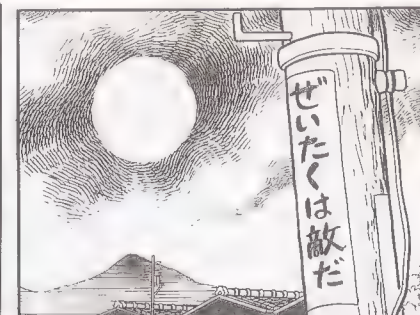
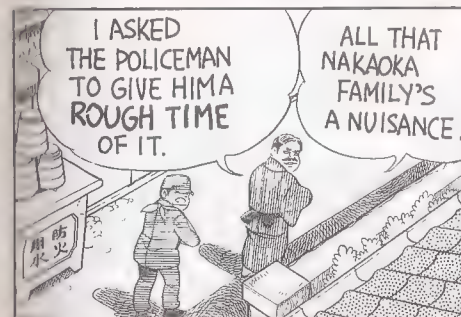
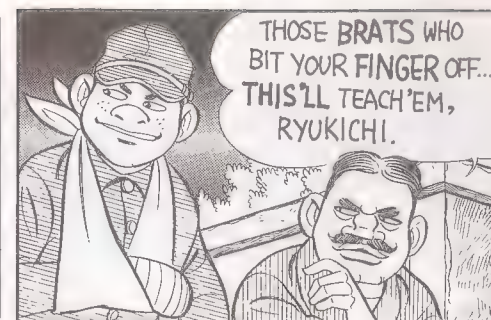
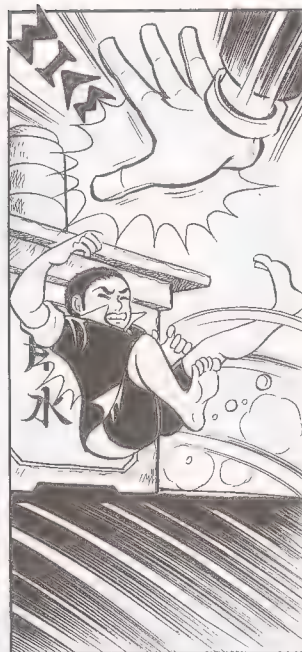




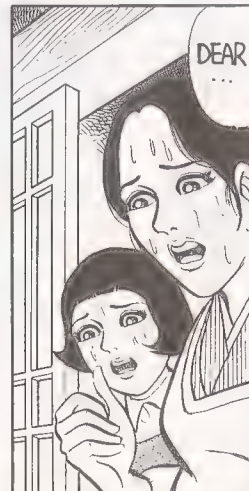
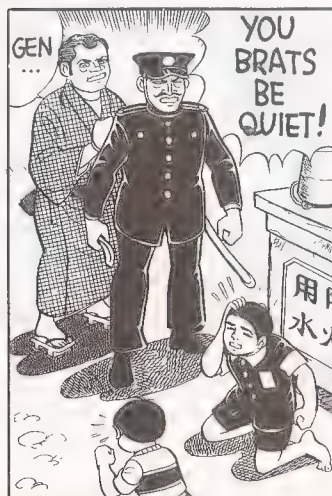




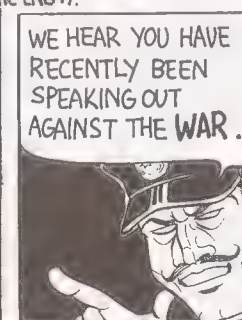




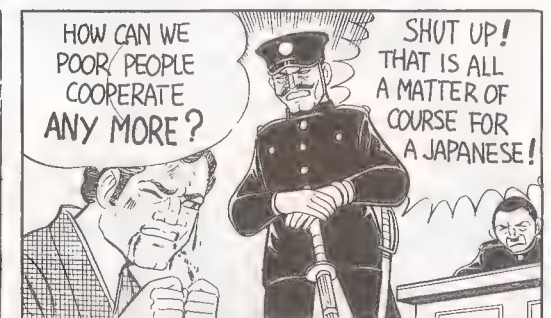
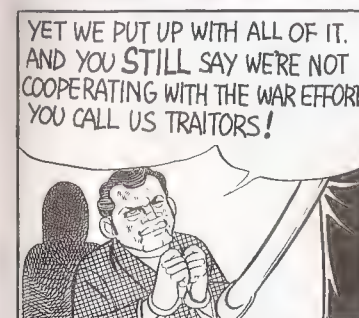
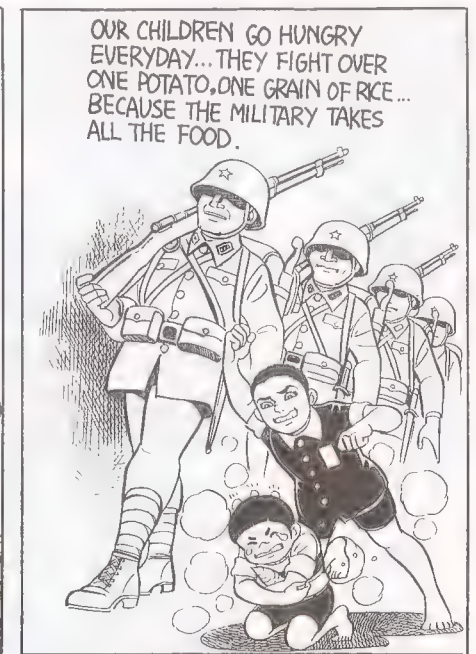
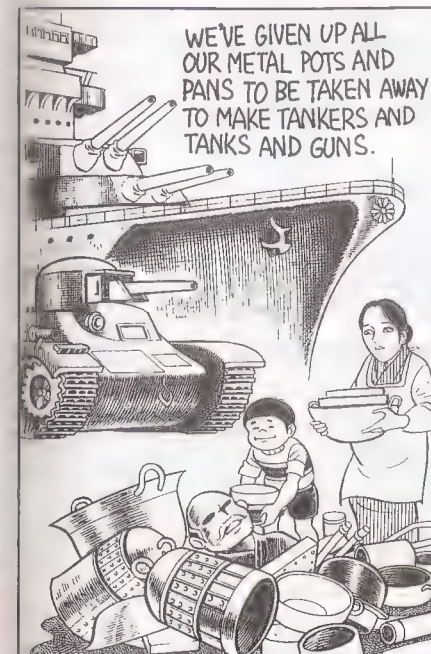
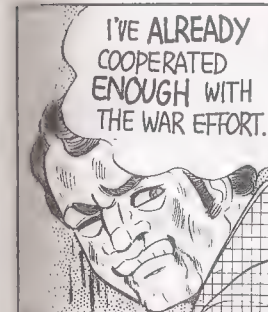
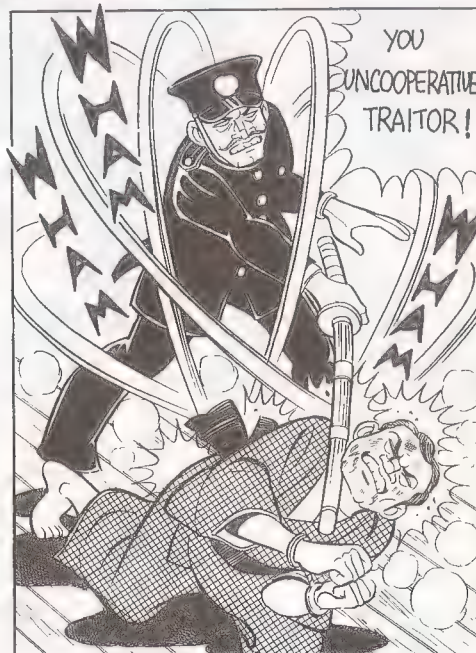
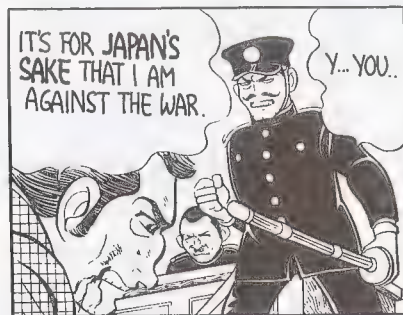
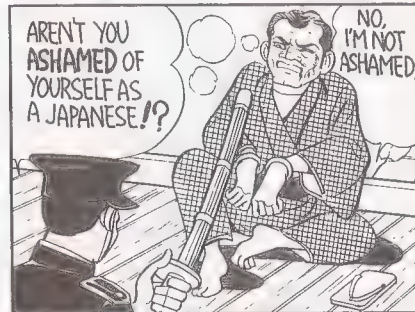
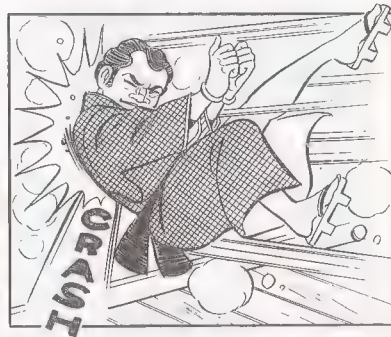
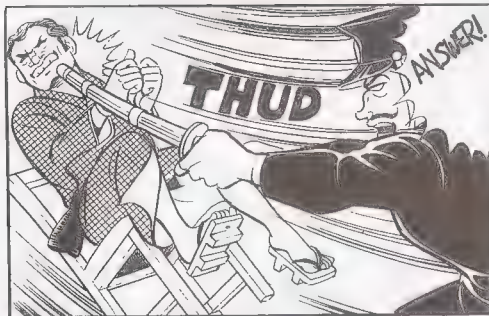
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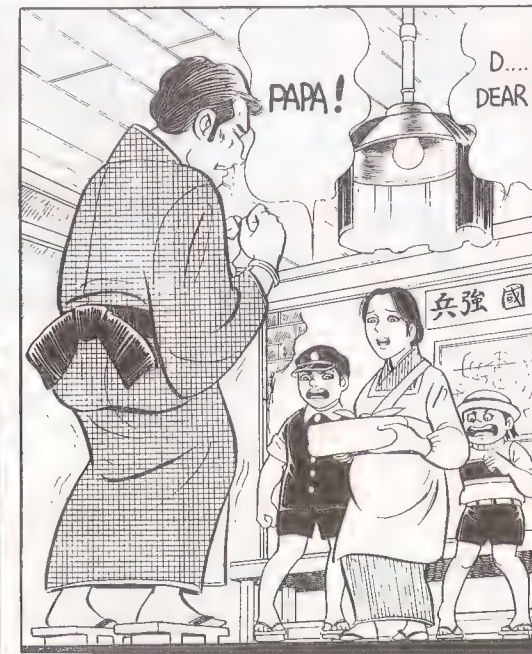
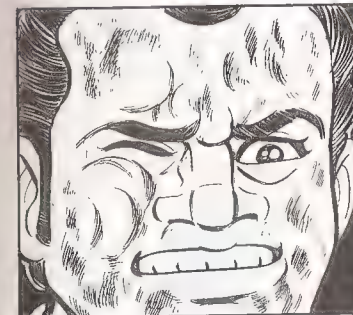
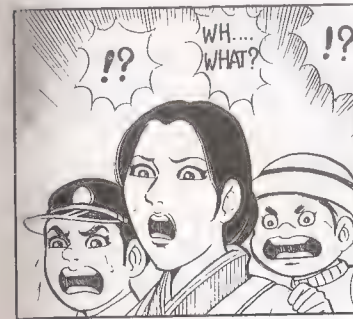
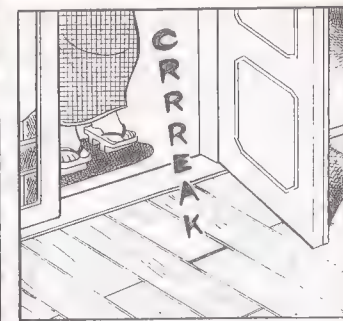
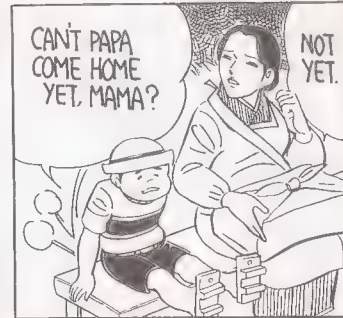
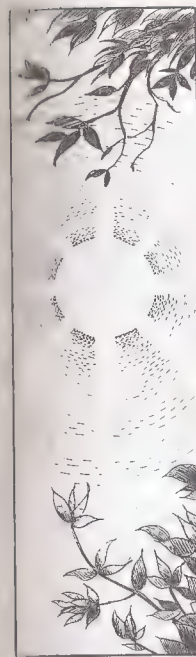
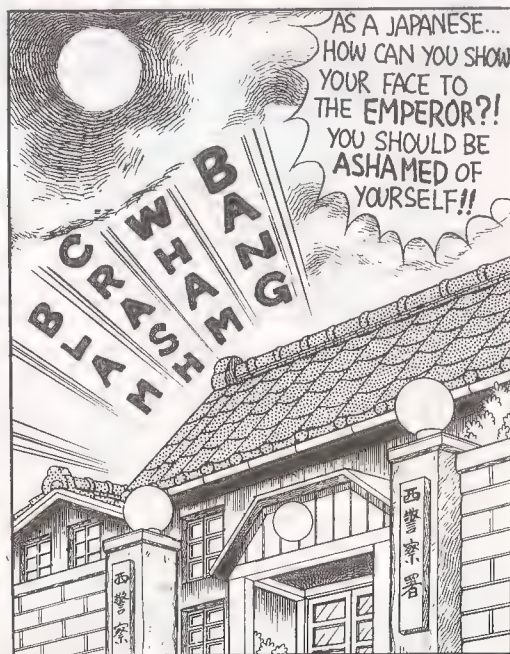
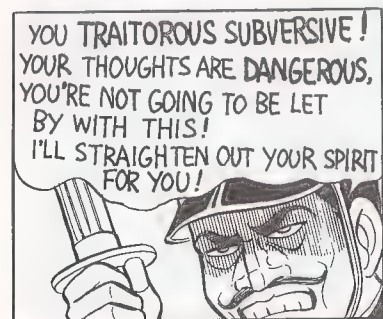
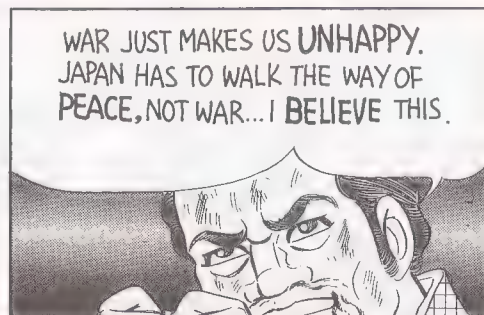
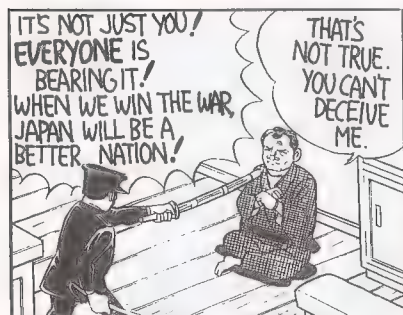
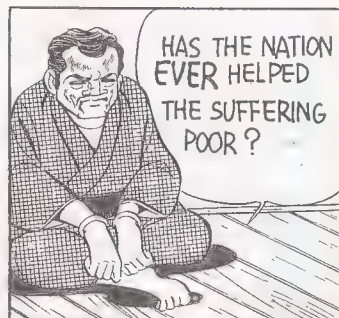
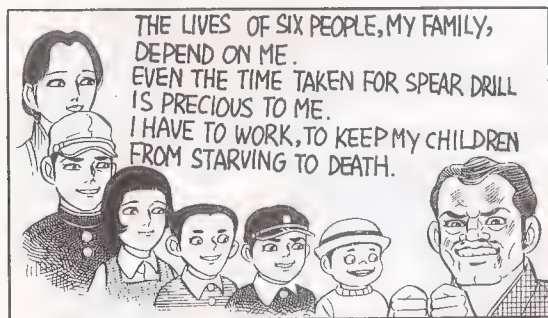
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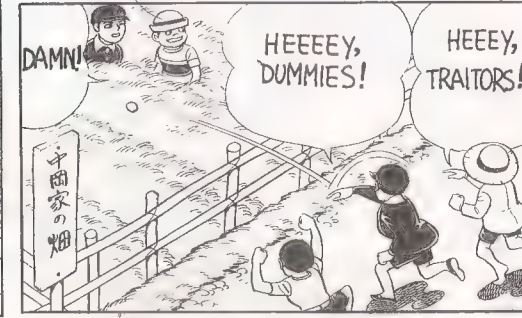
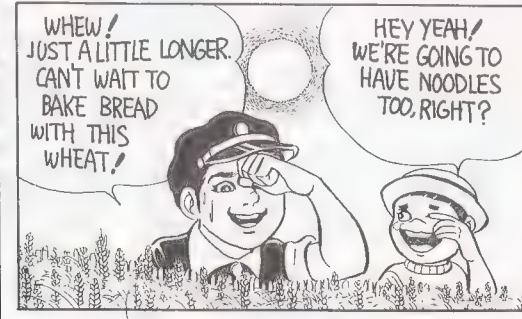
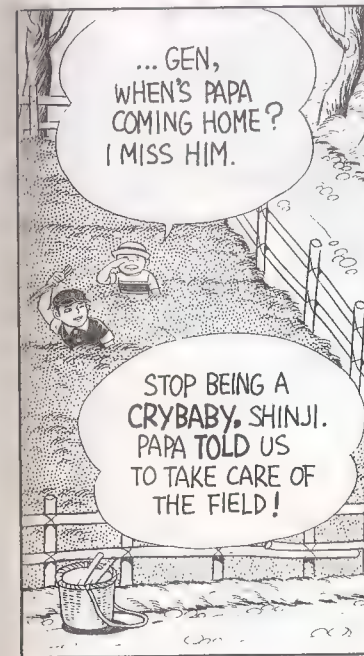
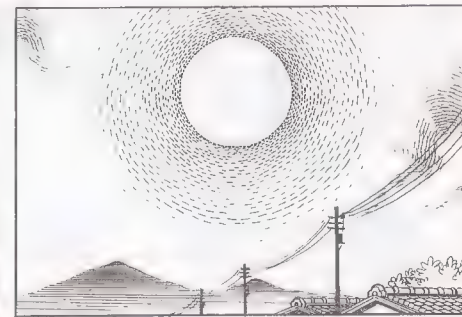
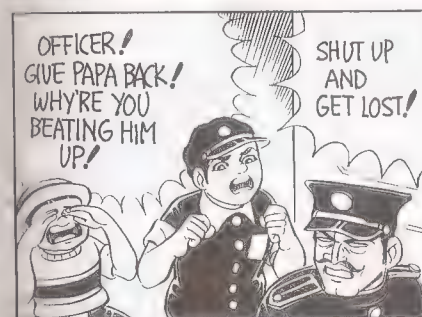
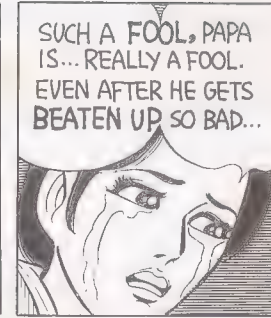
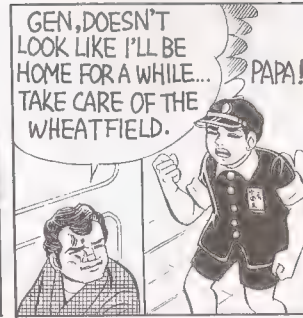
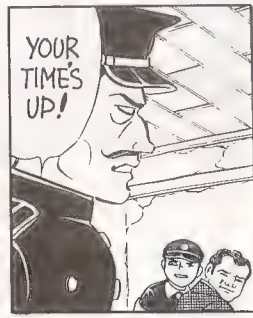
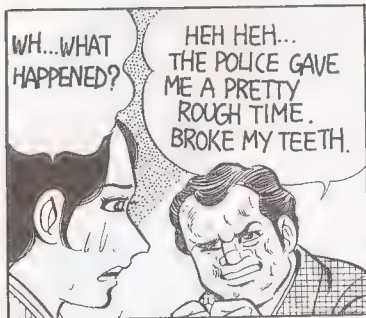




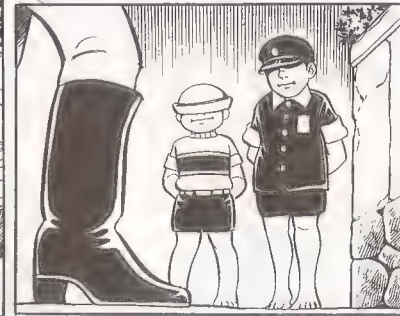
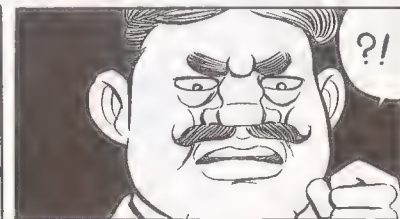
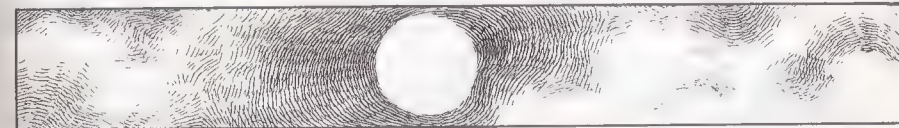
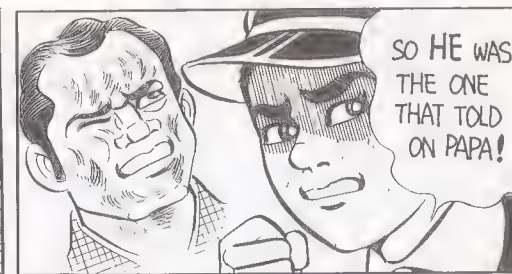
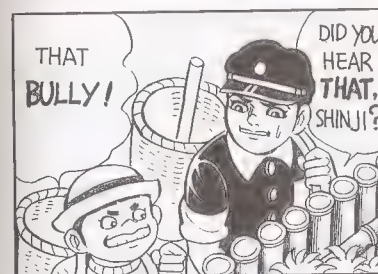
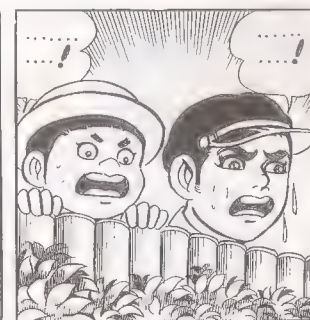
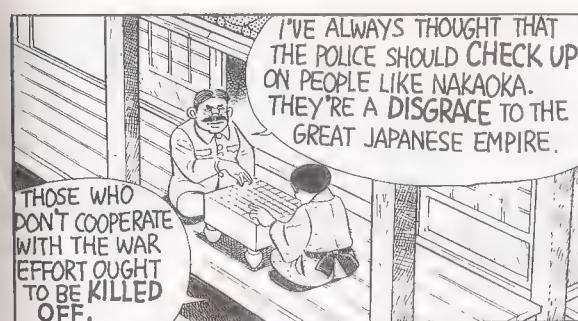
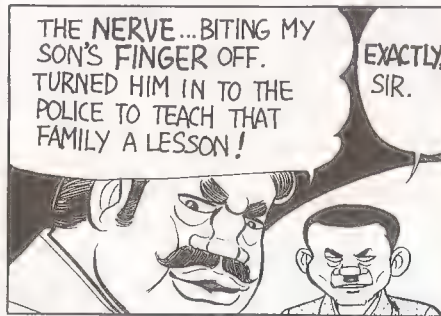
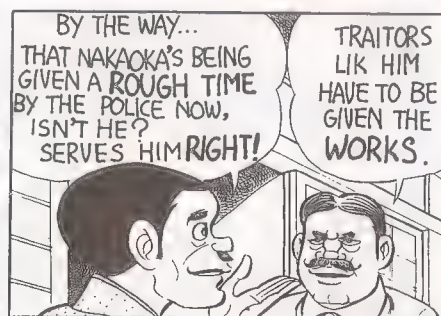
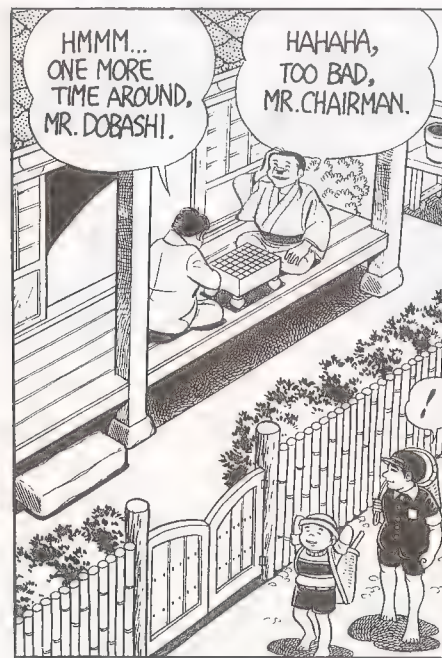
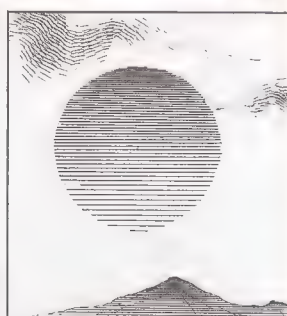
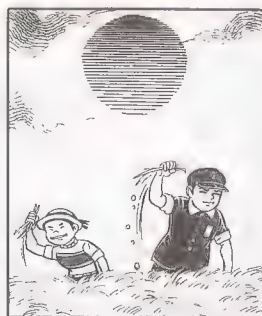




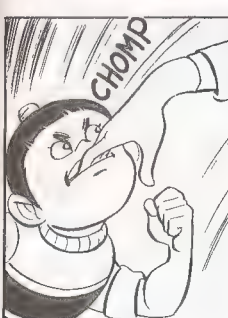
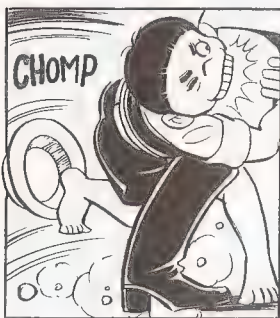
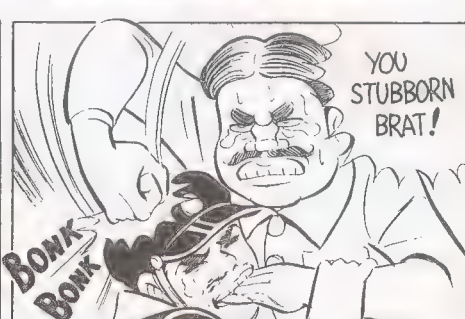
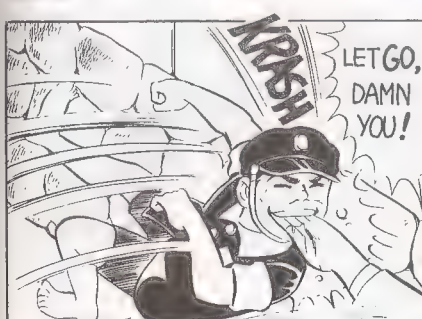
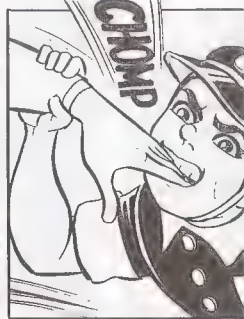
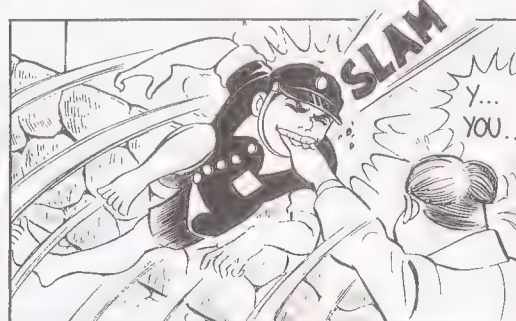
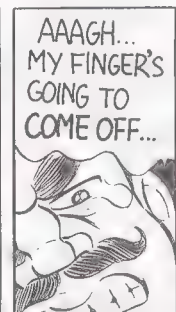
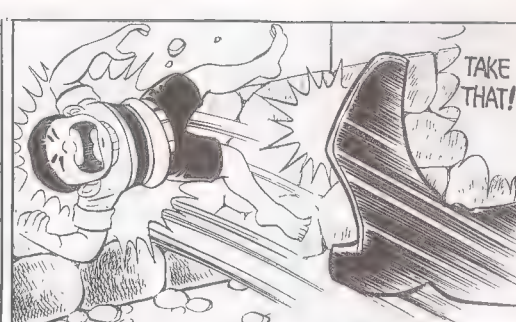
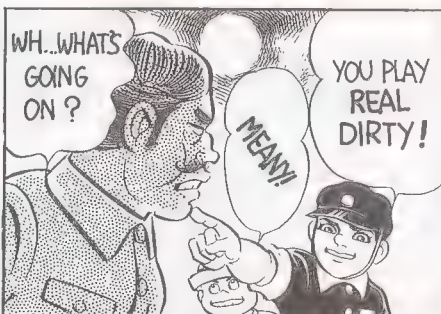
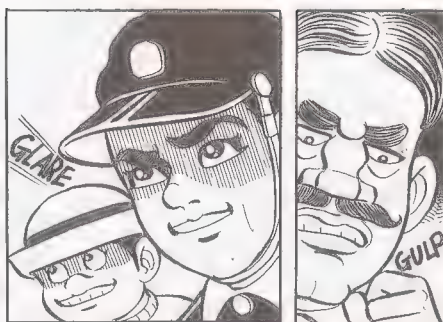




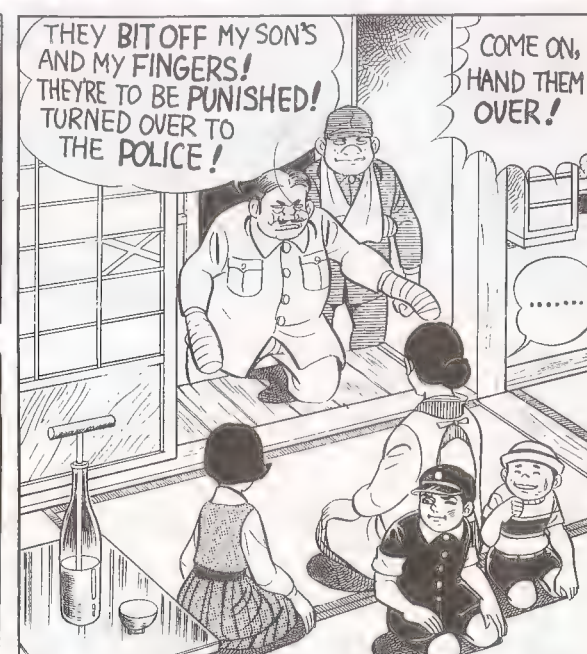
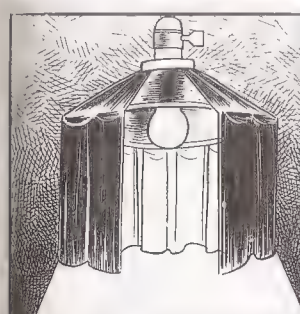
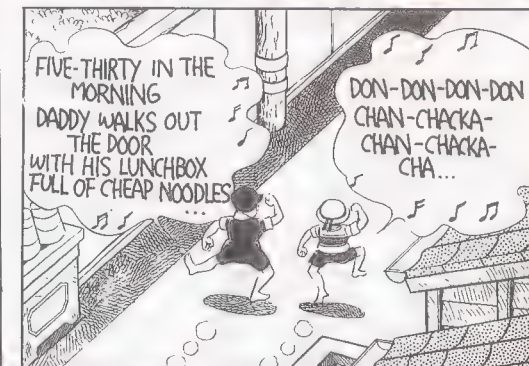
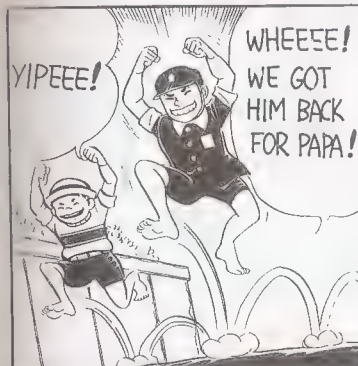
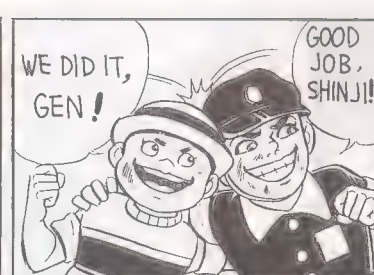
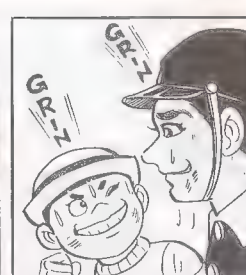
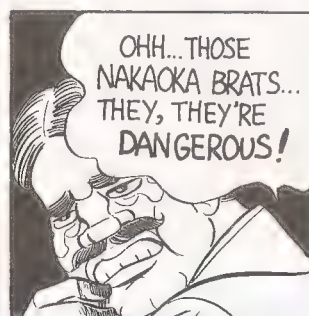
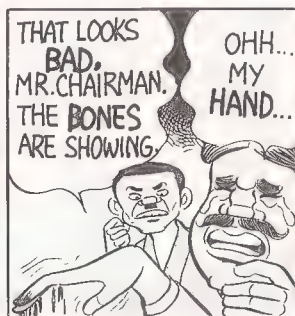




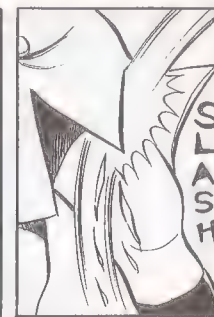
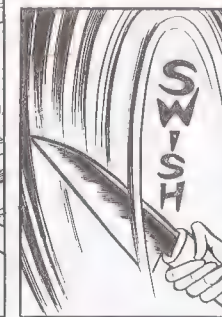
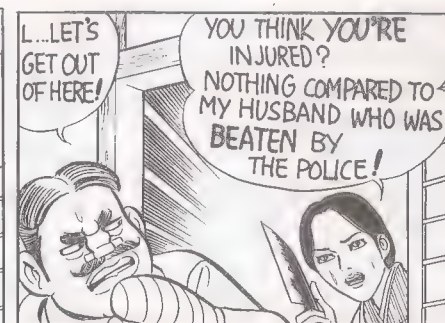
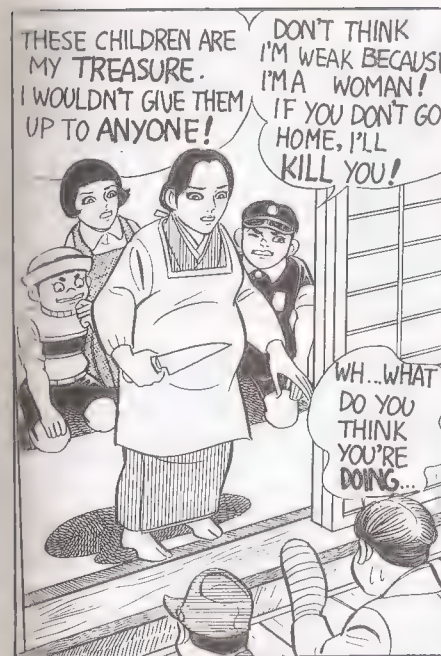
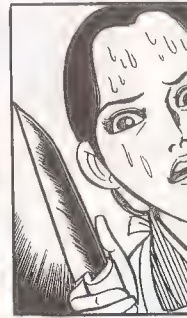
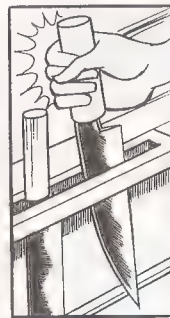
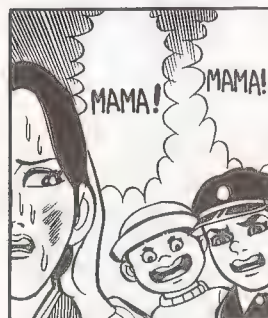
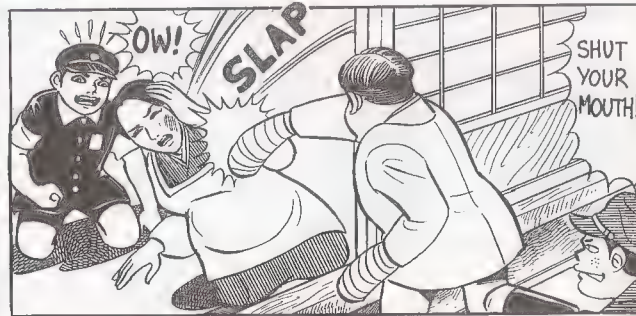
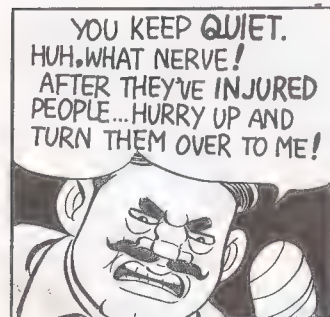
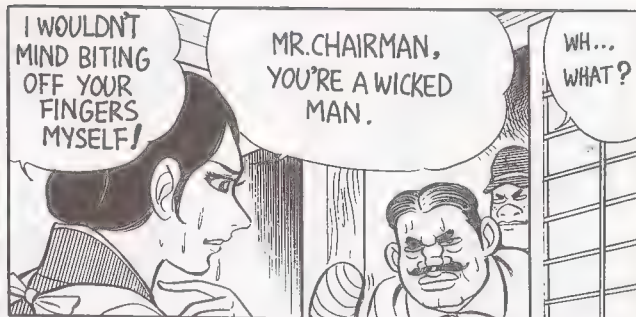




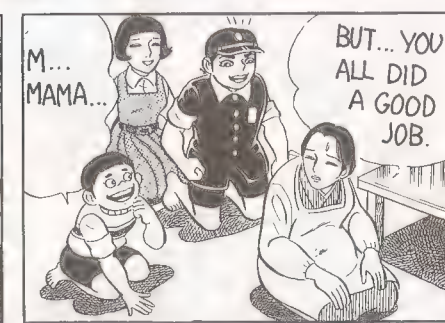
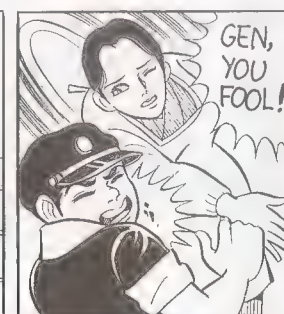
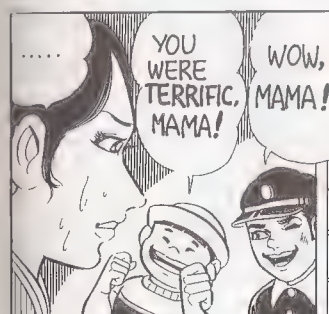
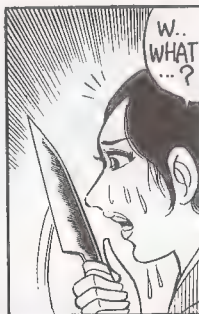
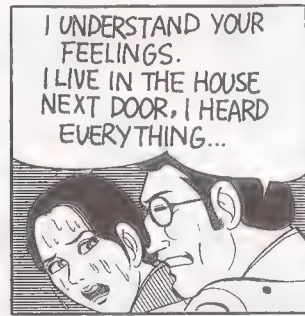
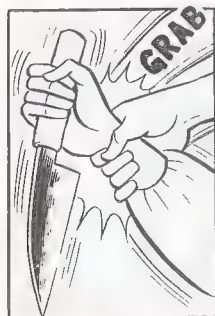
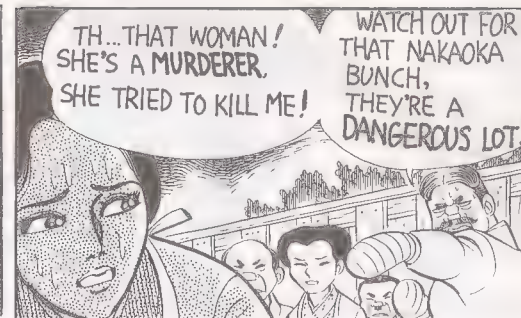
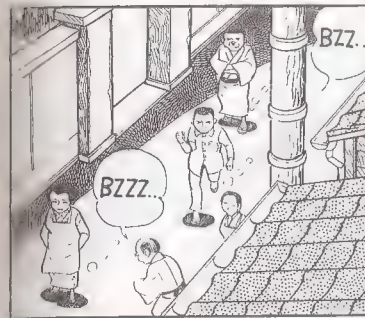
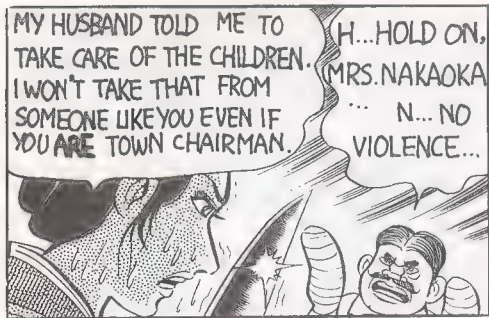




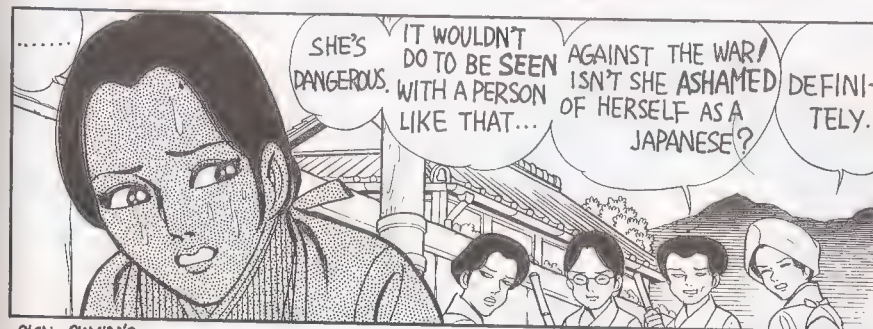
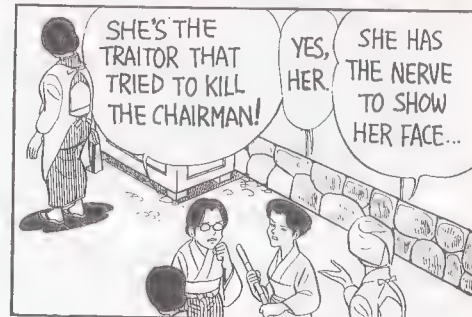
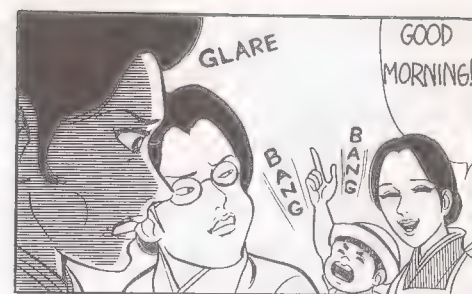
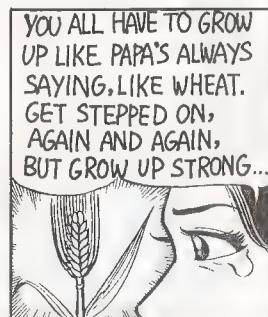
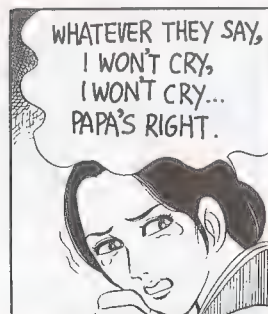
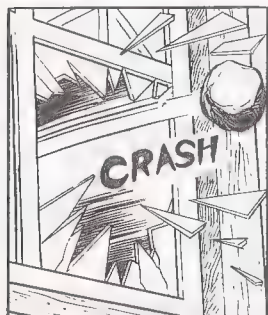
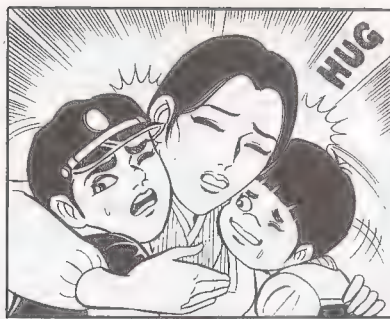




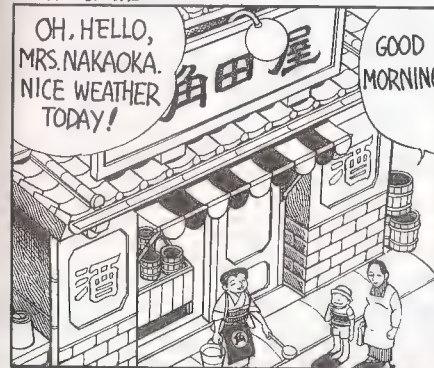




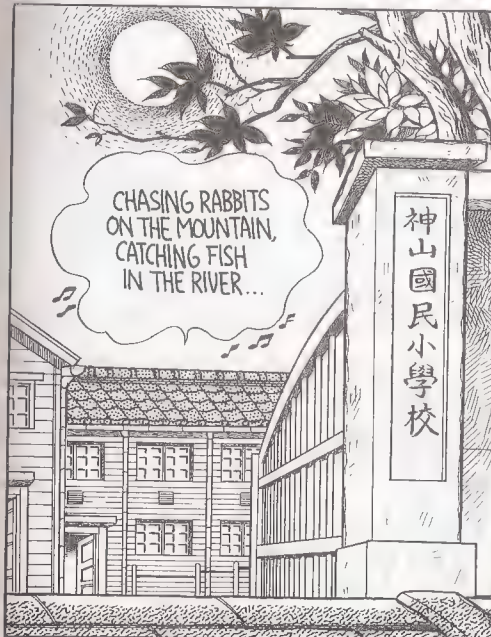
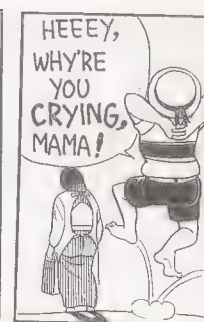
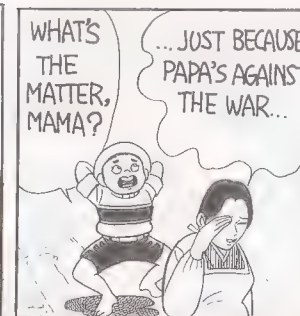
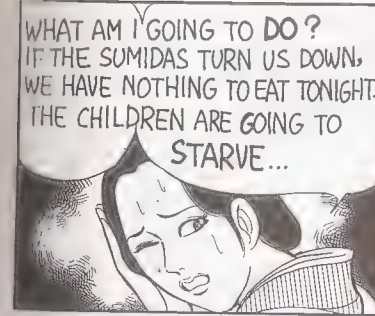
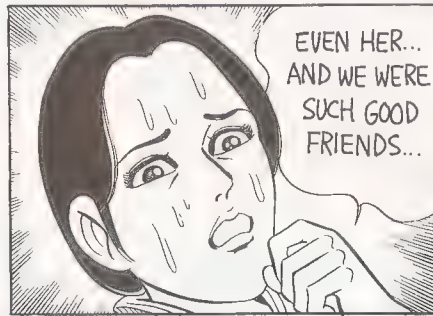
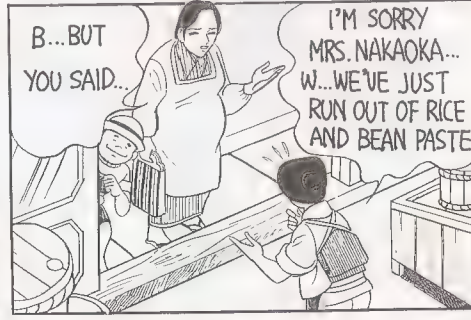
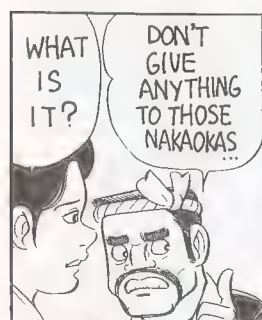




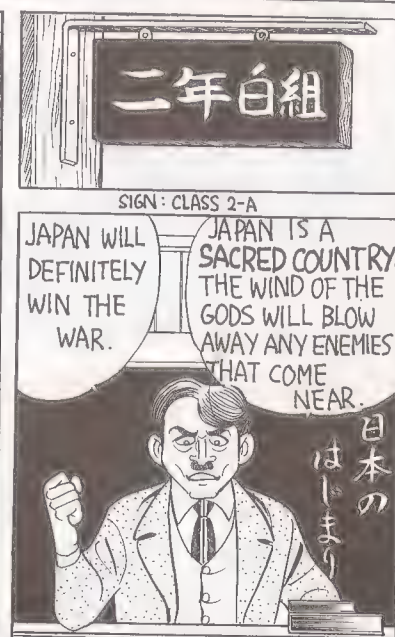
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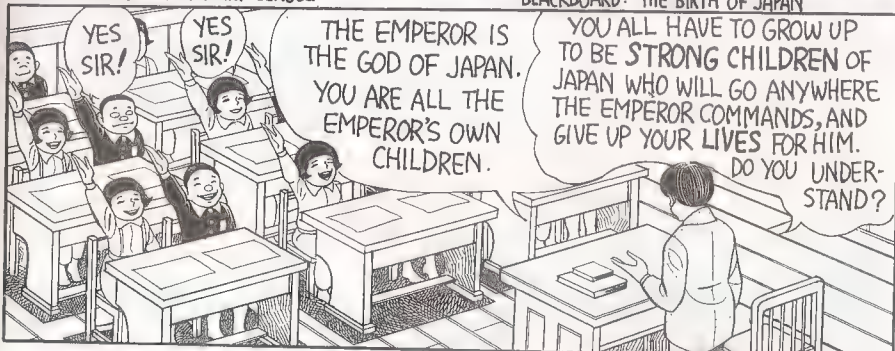




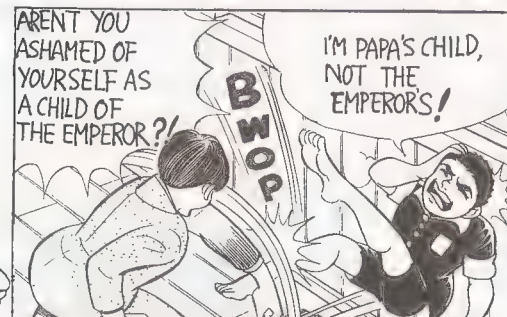
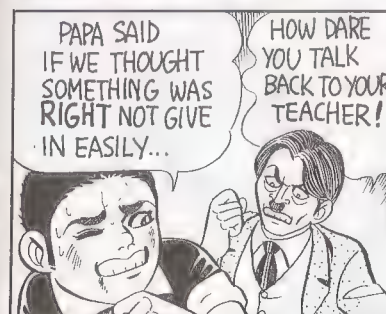
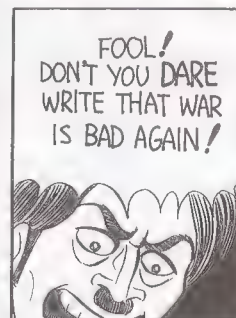
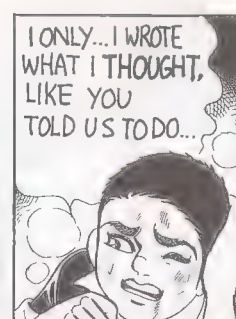
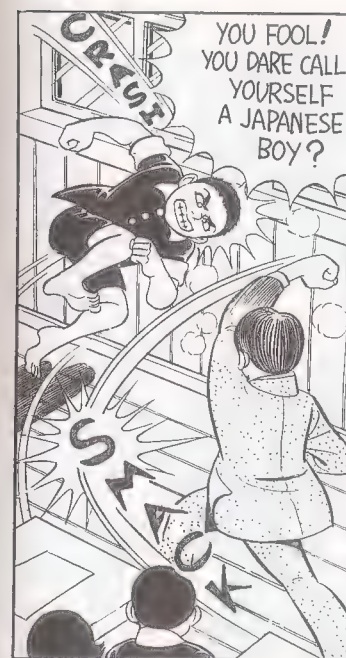
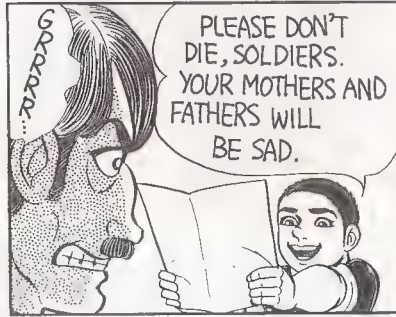
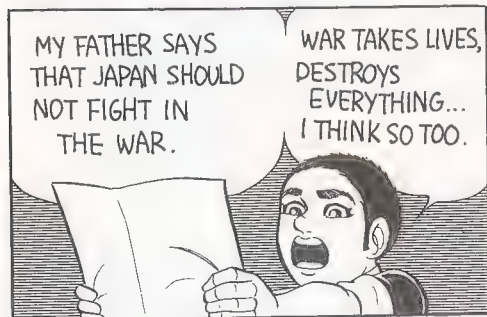
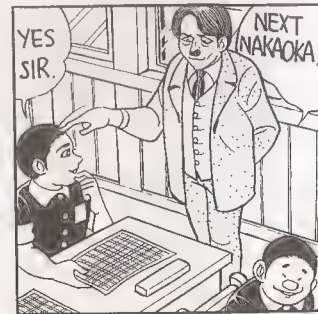
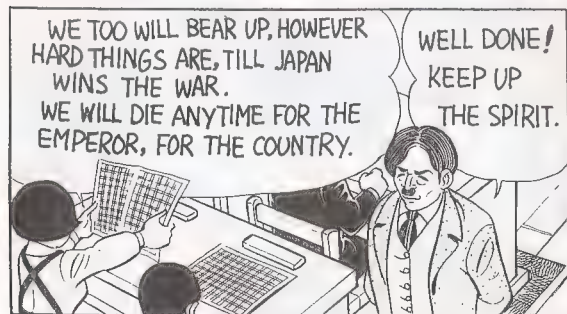
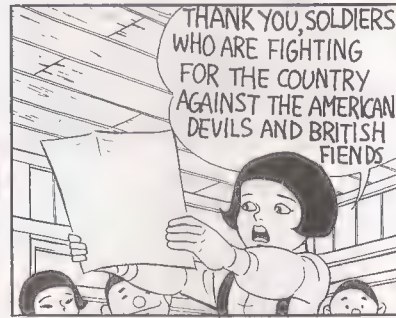
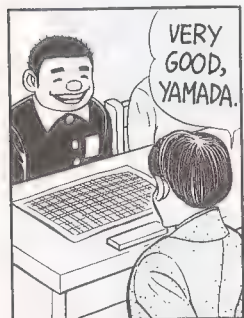
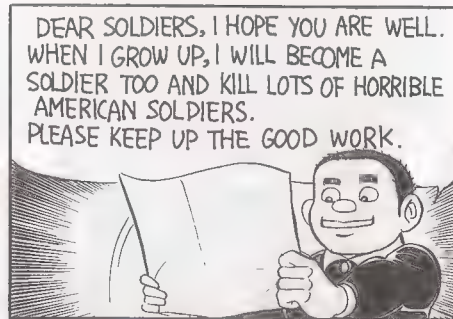
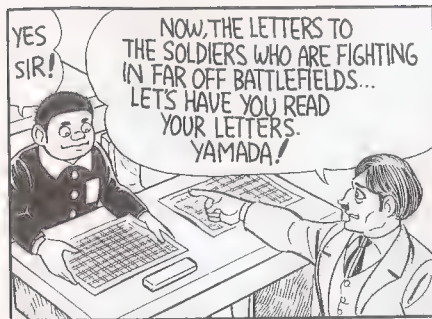
SIGN: KAMIYAMA PRIMARY SCHOOL



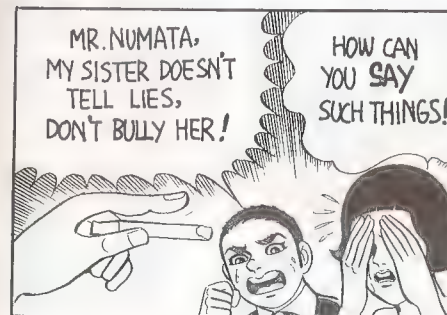
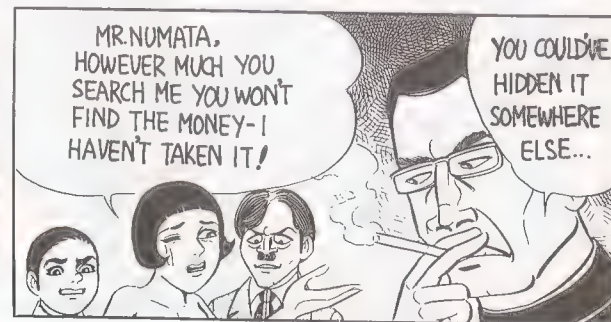
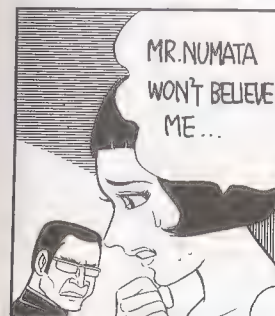
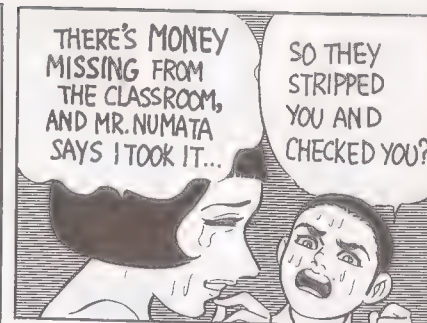
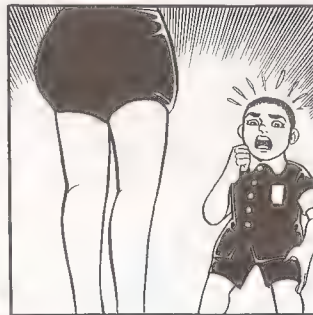
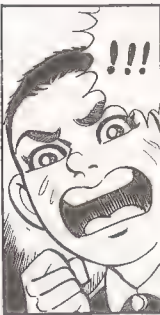
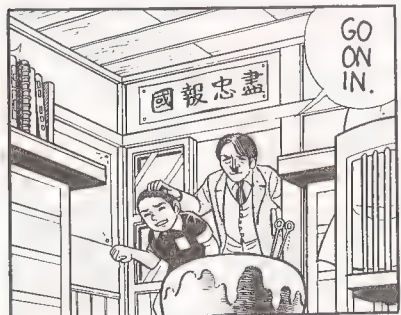
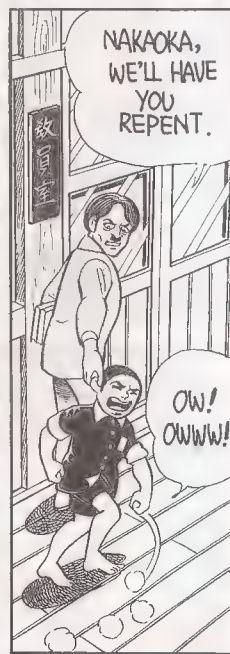
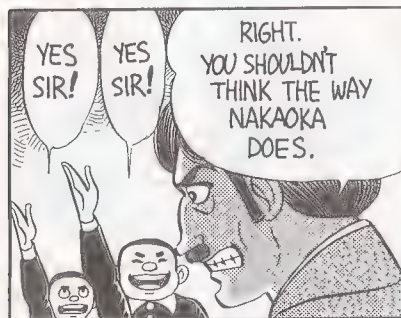
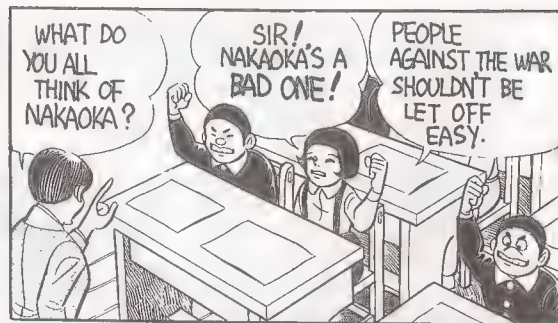
BLACKBOARD: THE BIRTH OF JAPAN



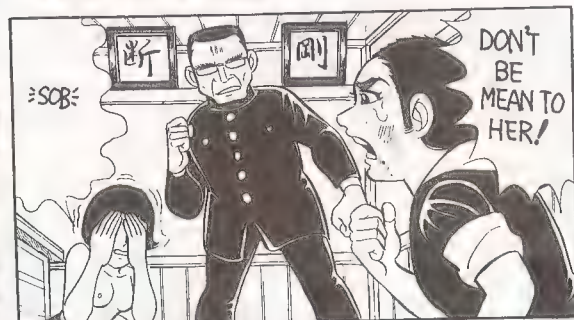
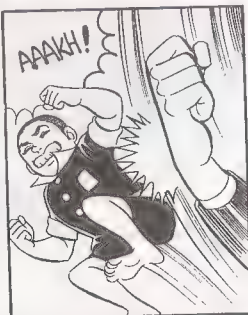
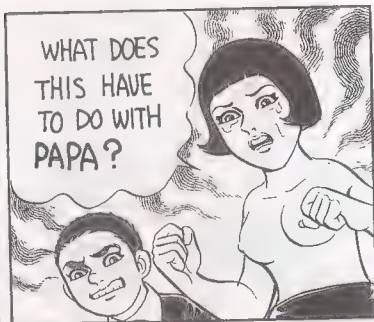
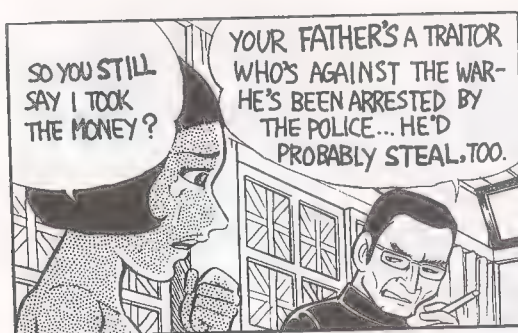




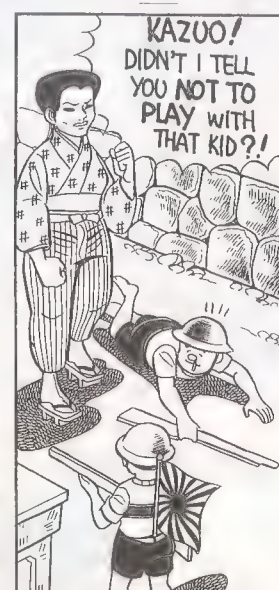
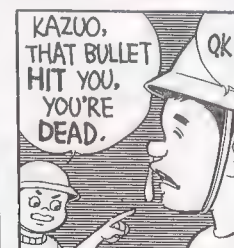
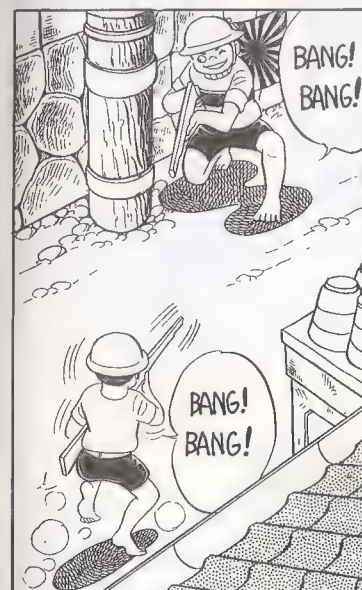
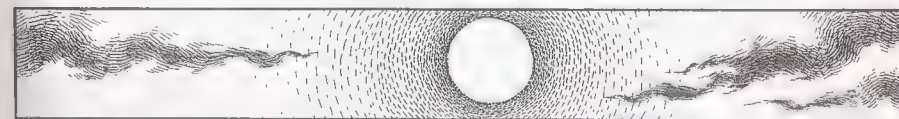
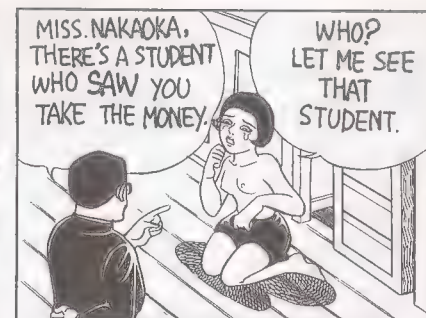
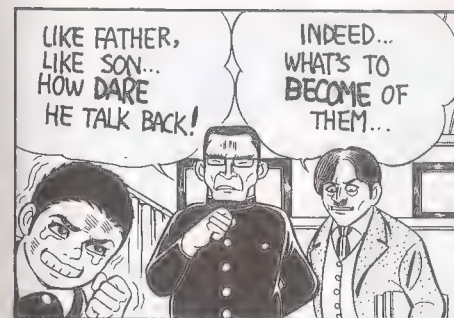




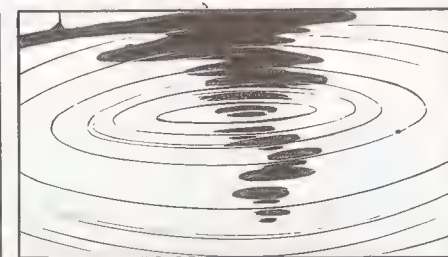
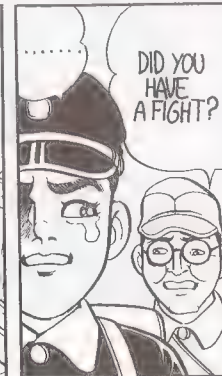
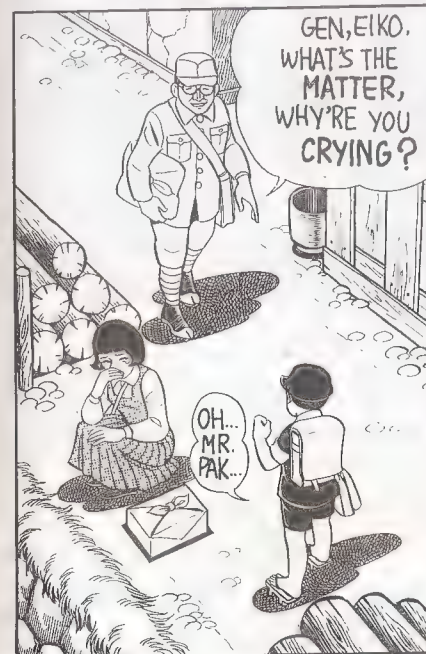
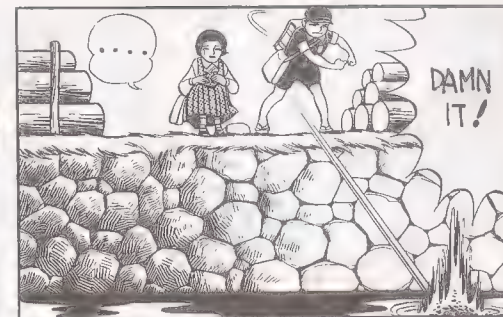
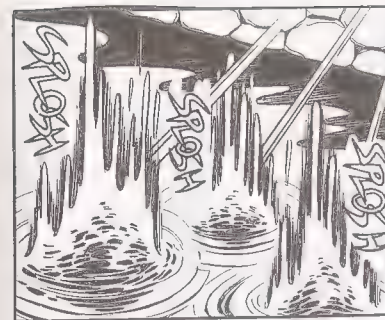
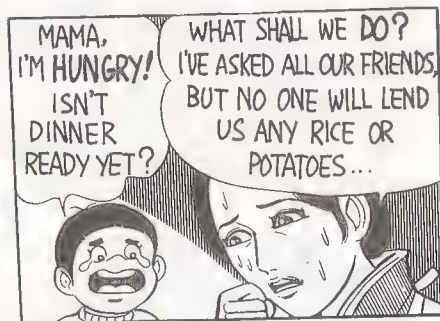
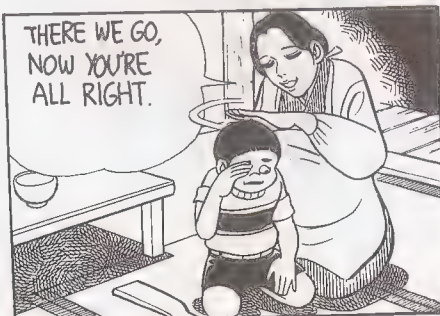
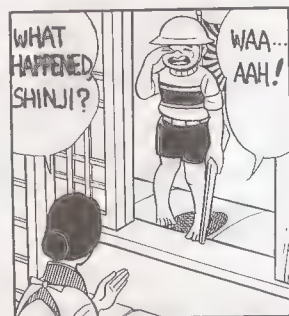
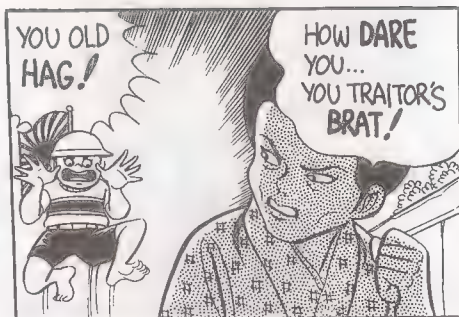
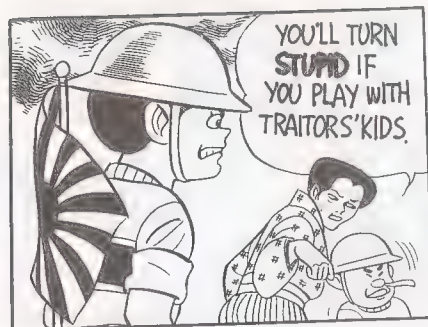




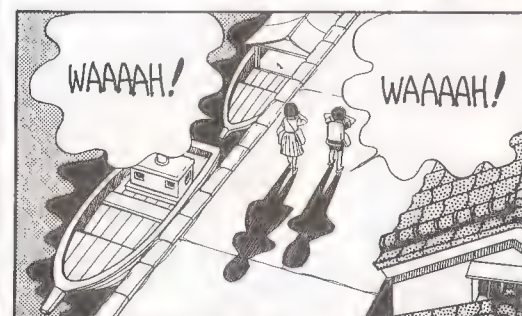
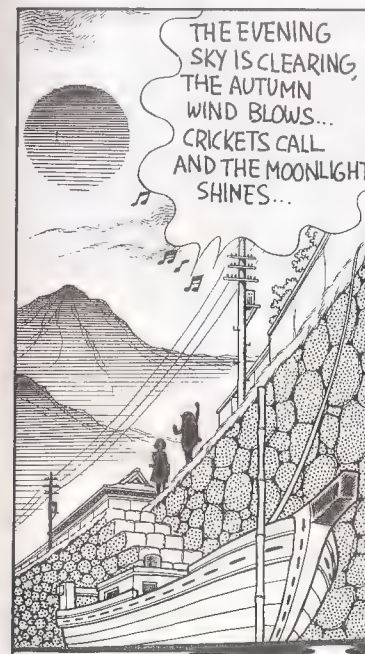
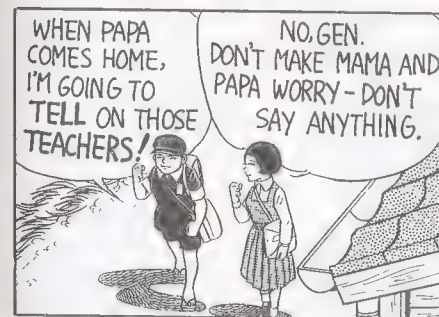
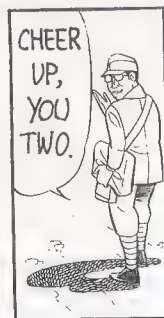
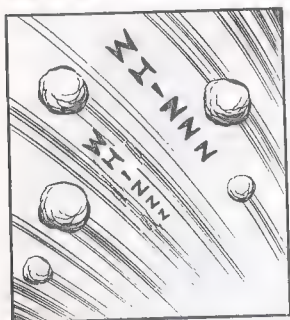
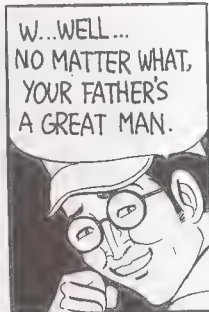
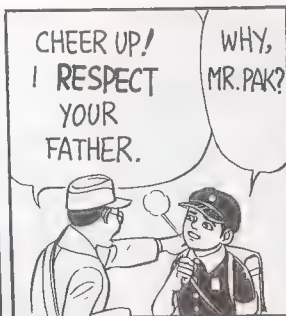
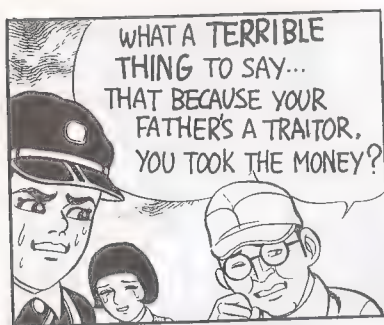
SIGN: BRAVERY SIGN: DETERMINATION



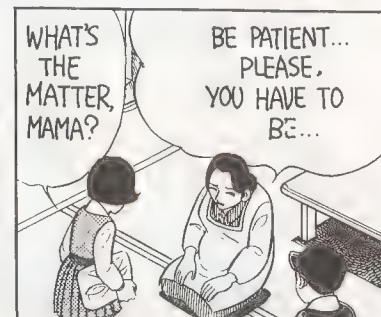
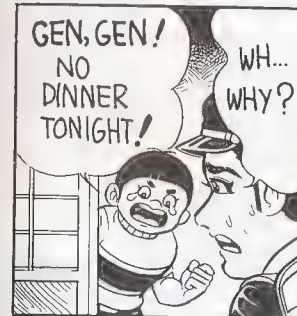
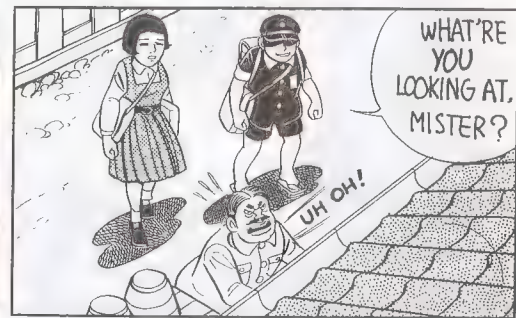
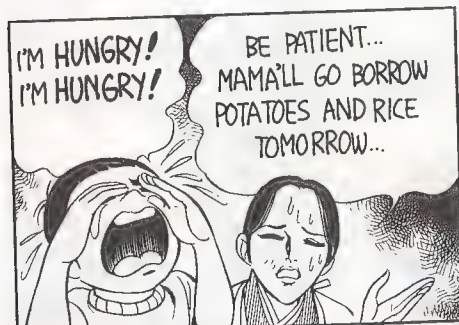
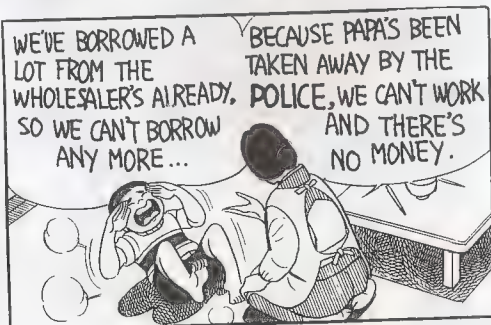
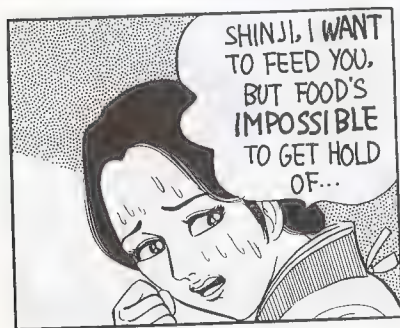
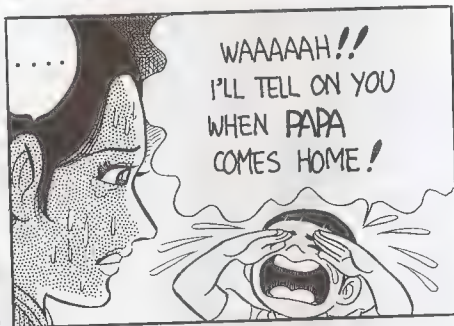
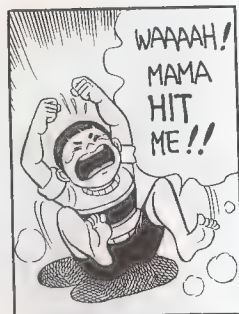




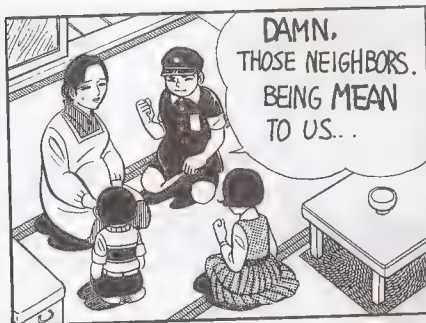
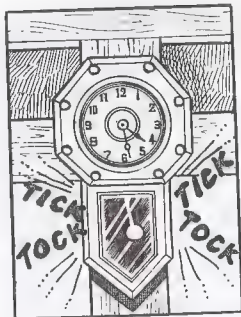












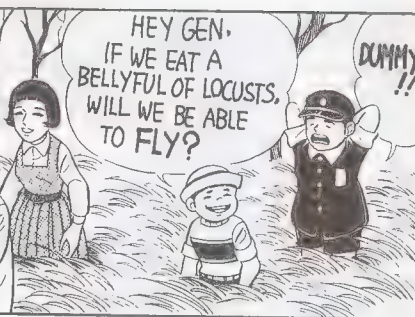
DAMN,  
THOSE NEIGHBORS.  
BEING MEAN  
TO US...



IF ONLY WE  
COULD EAT  
OUR WHEAT  
SOON - THEN  
WE'D BE OKAY.

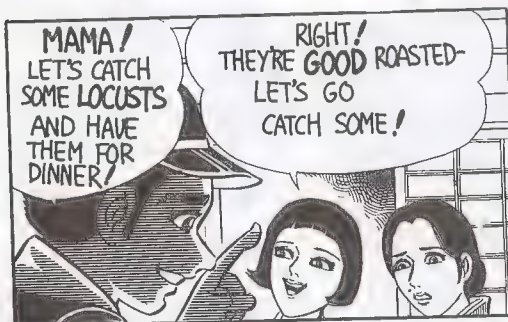


WE'VE  
CAUGHT  
QUITE A  
LOT - LET'S  
GO HOME.



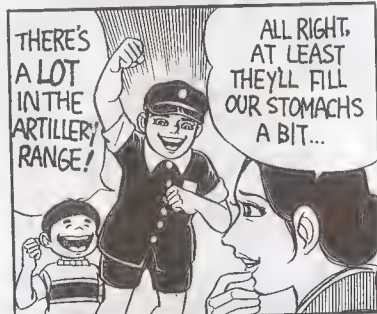
HEY GEN,  
IF WE EAT A  
BELLYFUL OF LOCUSTS,  
WILL WE BE ABLE  
TO FLY?

DUMMY!!



MAMA!  
LET'S CATCH  
SOME LOCUSTS  
AND HAVE  
THEM FOR  
DINNER!

RIGHT!  
THEY'RE GOOD ROASTED -  
LET'S GO  
CATCH SOME!

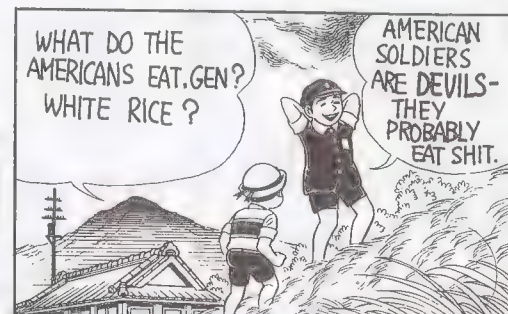


THERE'S  
A LOT  
IN THE  
ARTILLERY  
RANGE!

ALL RIGHT,  
AT LEAST  
THEY'LL FILL  
OUR STOMACHS  
A BIT...

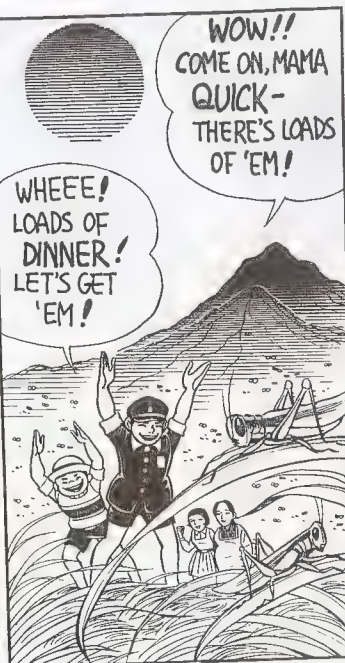


I'D LIKE TO FLY AND SHOOT  
DOWN SOME AMERICAN PLANES -  
THEN I'D TAKE AWAY THEIR  
FOOD AND EAT IT UP!



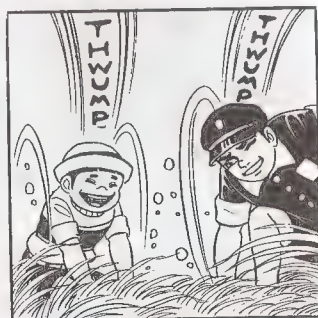
WHAT DO THE  
AMERICANS EAT, GEN?  
WHITE RICE?

AMERICAN  
SOLDIERS  
ARE DEVILS -  
THEY  
PROBABLY  
EAT SHIT.

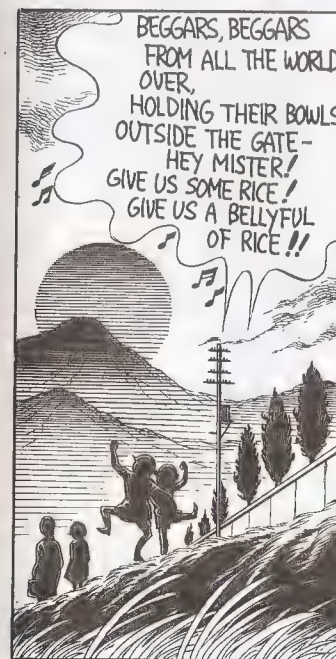


WHEEE!  
LOADS OF  
DINNER!  
LET'S GET  
'EM!

WOW!!  
COME ON, MAMA  
QUICK -  
THERE'S LOADS  
OF 'EM!



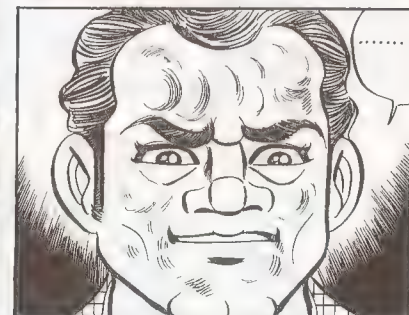
GOT  
ONE  
!!!



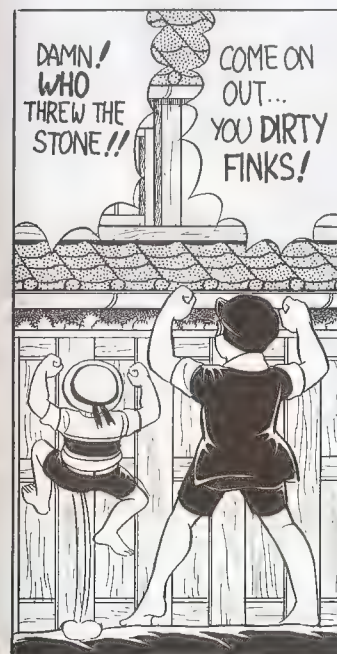
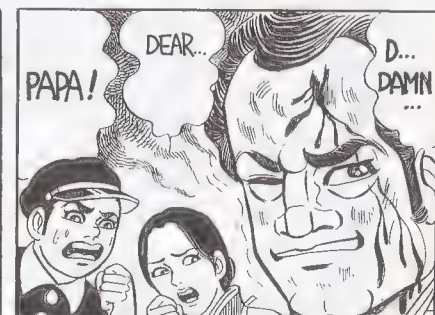
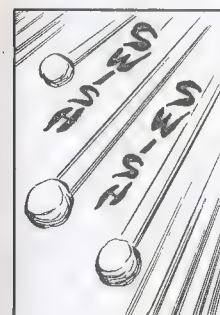
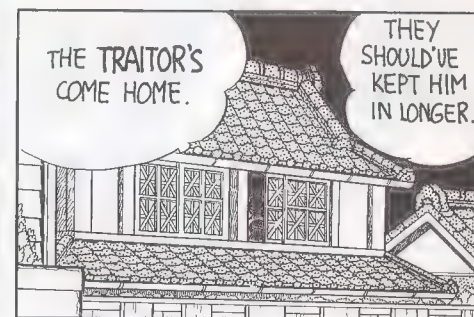
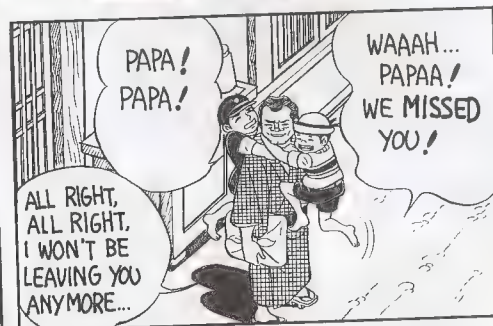
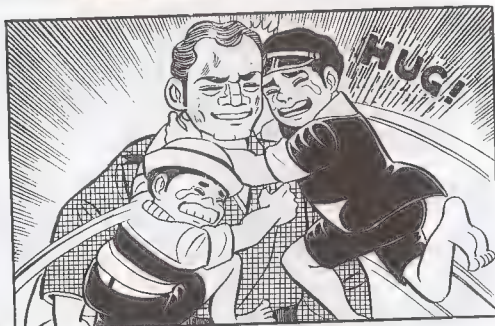
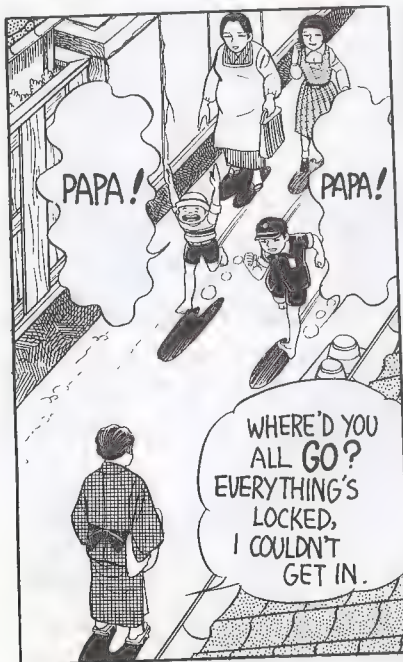
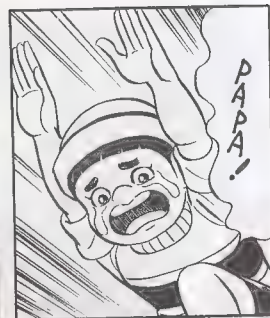
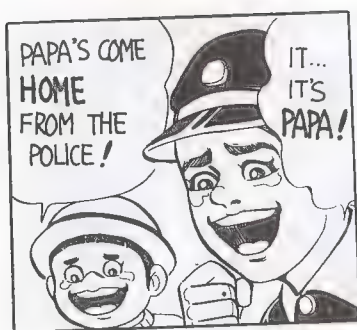
BEGGARS, BEGGARS  
FROM ALL THE WORLD  
OVER,  
HOLDING THEIR BOWLS  
OUTSIDE THE GATE -  
HEY MISTER!  
GIVE US SOME RICE!  
GIVE US A BELLYFUL  
OF RICE!!



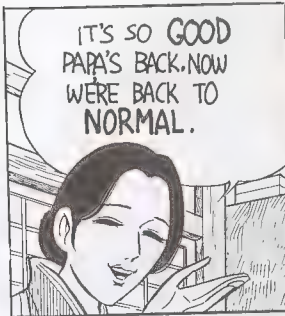
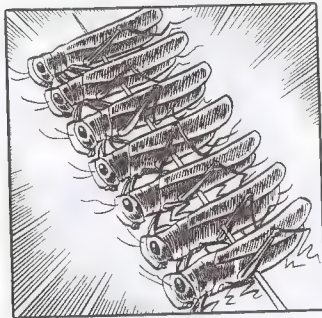
!! ! ?



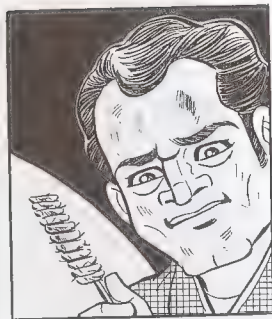








IT'S SO GOOD  
PAPA'S BACK. NOW  
WE'RE BACK TO  
NORMAL.



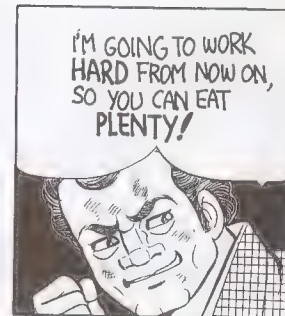
DUMMY!  
SAY  
YOU'RE  
OK!

OW!  
I... I'M  
OK, PAPA.



I'M LUCKY...  
TO HAVE SUCH  
A WIFE,  
SUCH  
CHILDREN...

DON'T  
BE  
SILLY,  
DEAR...



I'M GOING TO WORK  
HARD FROM NOW ON,  
SO YOU CAN EAT  
PLENTY!



I'M SORRY... YOU ALL  
GET CALLED TRAITORS  
BECAUSE OF ME AND  
CAN'T BUY RICE AND  
HAVE TO EAT  
LOCUSTS...



IT'S TOO BAD WE  
CAN'T CELEBRATE  
YOUR COMING  
BACK HOME.

I DON'T  
MIND HOW  
HARD  
THINGS  
GET...



BUT WHEN  
I THINK  
OF YOU  
ALL...

DON'T  
WORRY  
ABOUT  
US,  
PAPA.



GOOD  
EVENING  
...

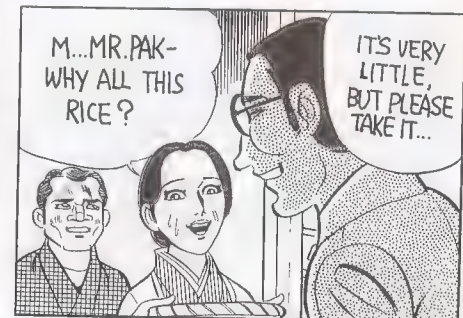
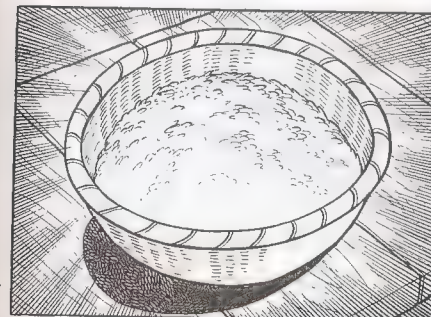
YES,  
WHO IS  
IT?



IT'S  
PAK.



THIS  
IS FOR  
YOU  
ALL...



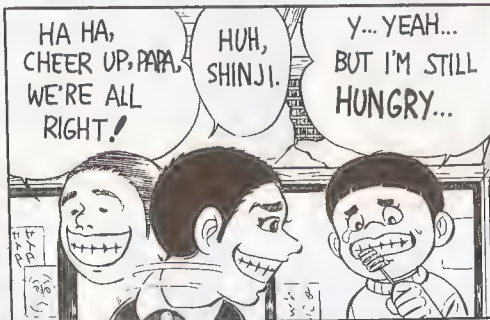
M...MR. PAK-  
WHY ALL THIS  
RICE?

IT'S VERY  
LITTLE,  
BUT PLEASE  
TAKE IT...



FORGIVE  
ME...

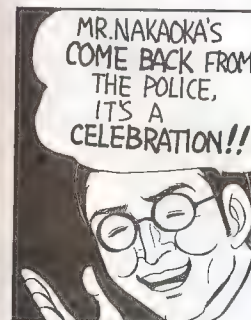
YEAH, WE'LL ALL  
EAT LOTS OF LOCUSTS  
AND FILL OUR  
STOMACHS.  
WE'LL BE



HA HA,  
CHEER UP, PAPA.  
WE'RE ALL  
RIGHT!

HUH,  
SHINJI.

Y... YEAH...  
BUT I'M STILL  
HUNGRY...



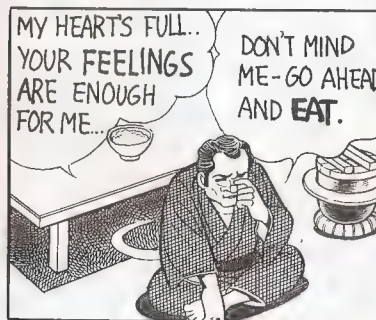
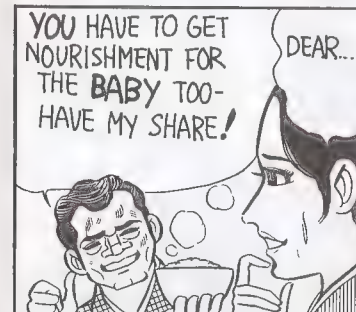
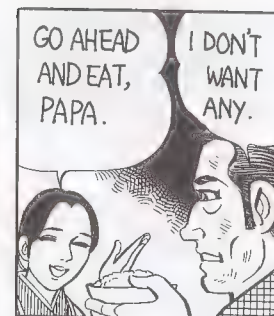
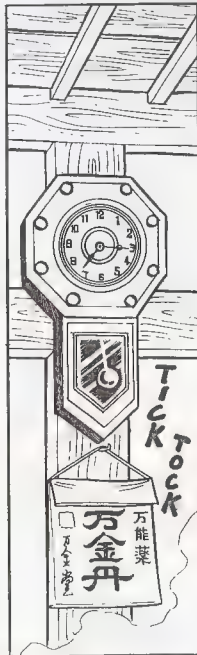
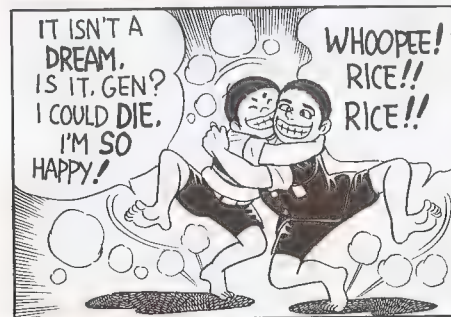
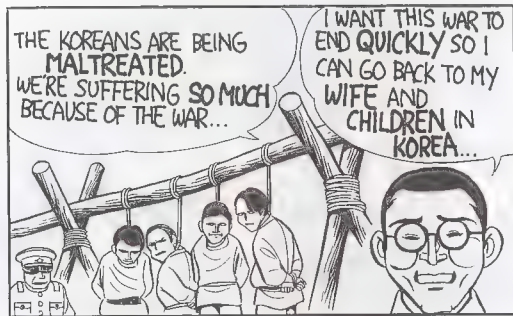
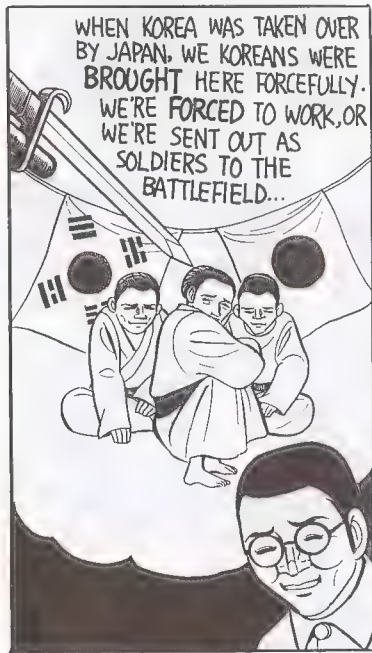
MR. NAKAOKA'S  
COME BACK FROM  
THE POLICE,  
IT'S A  
CELEBRATION!!



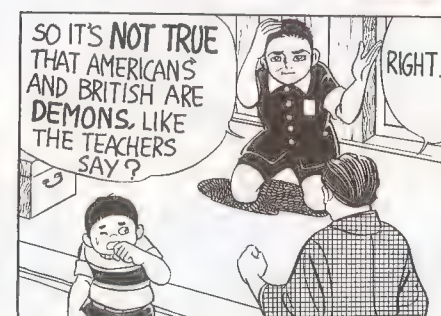
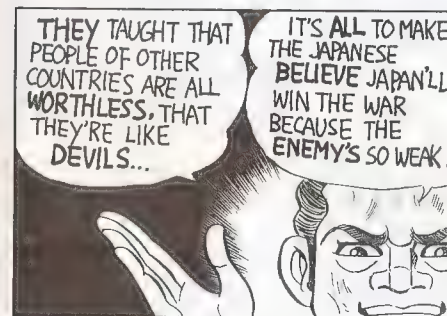
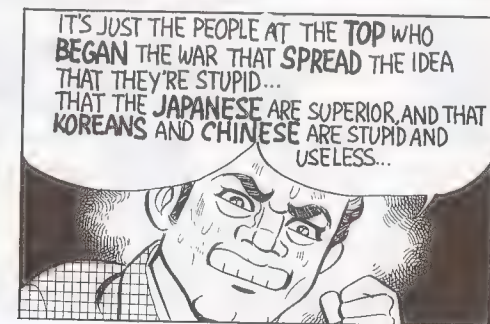
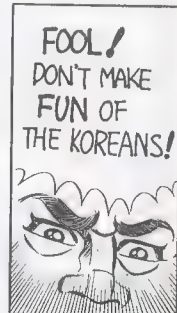
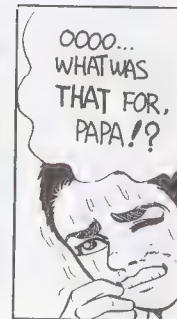
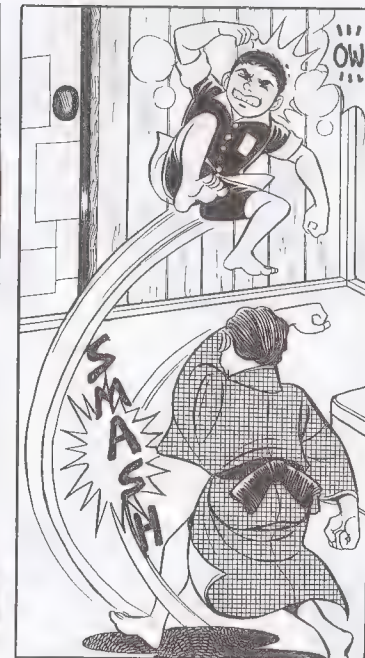
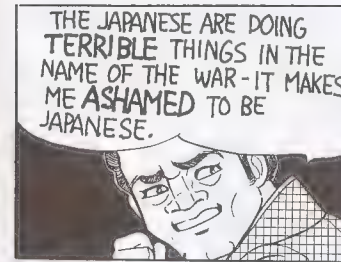
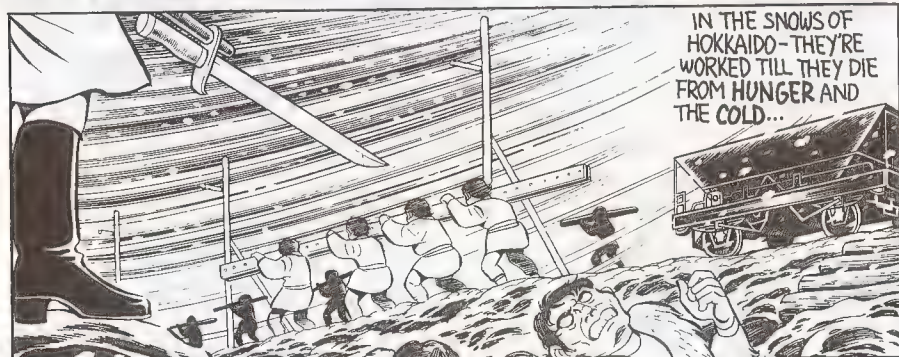
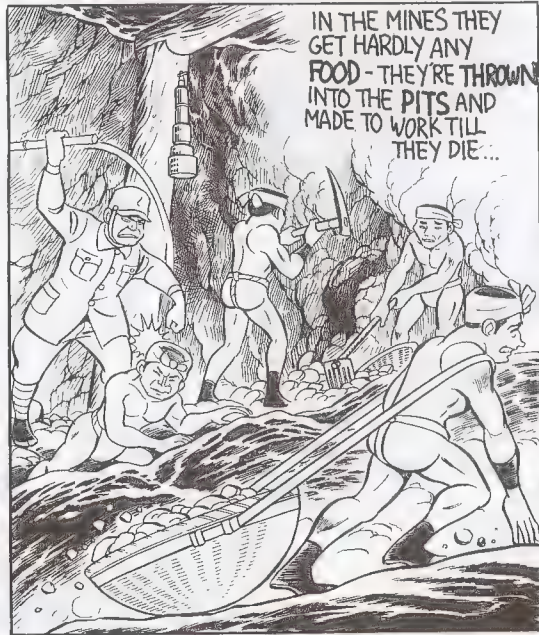
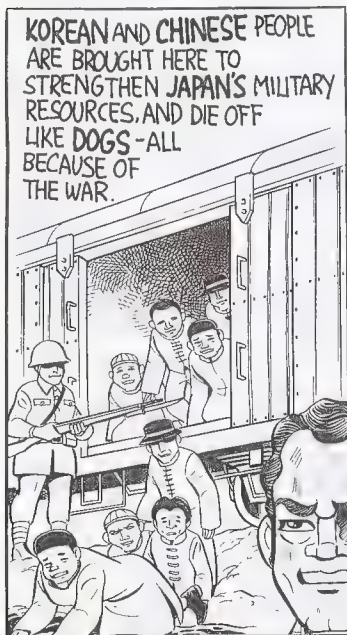
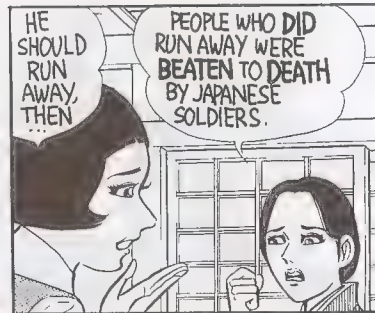
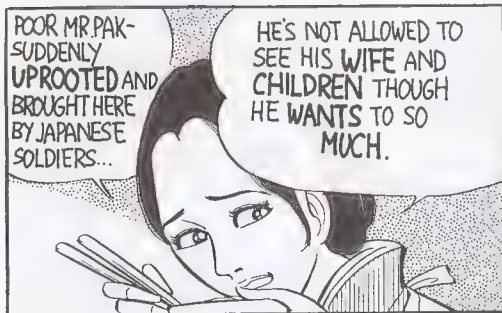
M...  
MR. PAK  
...

TO PROTEST AGAINST  
THE WAR EVEN THOUGH  
HE'S CALLED A TRAITOR...  
I RESPECT MR. NAKAOKA.  
I'M GLAD HE'S BACK.

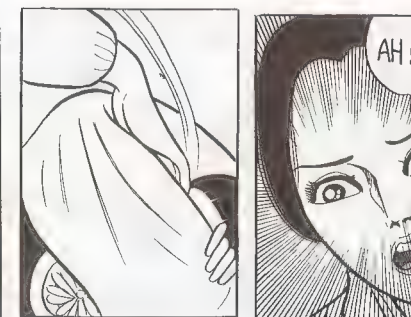
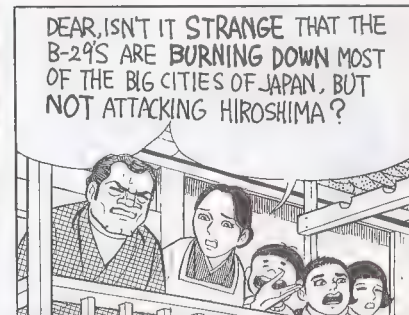
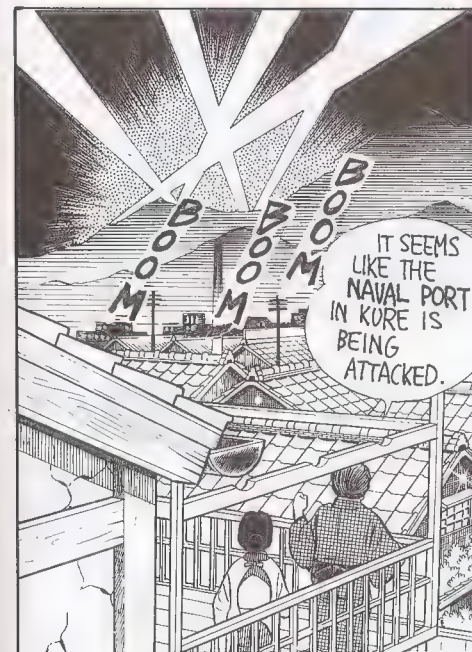
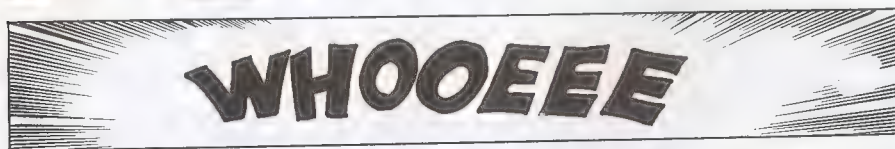
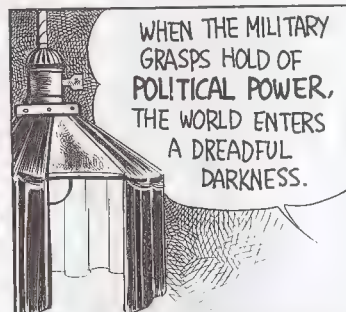
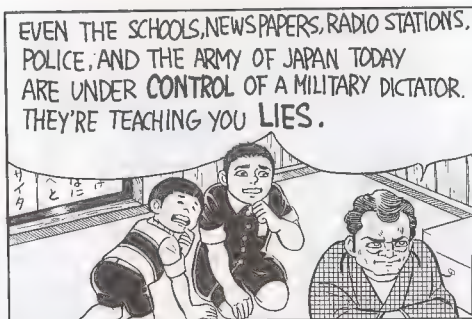
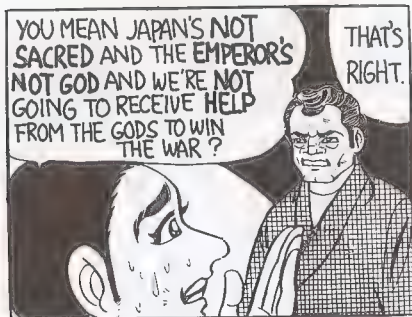




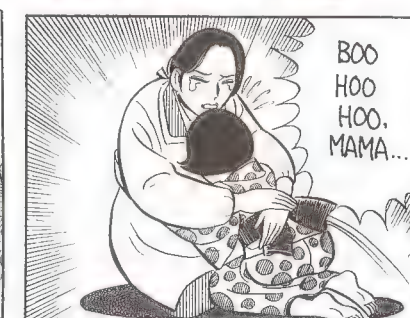
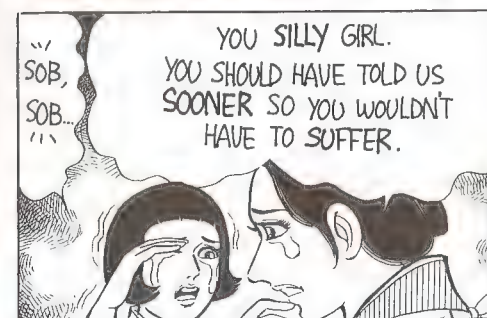
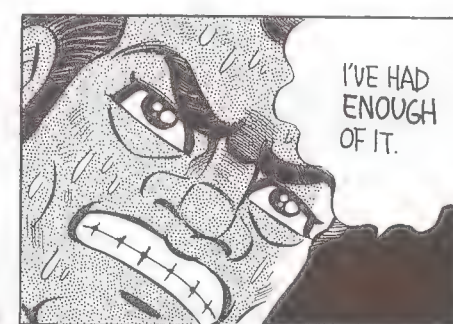
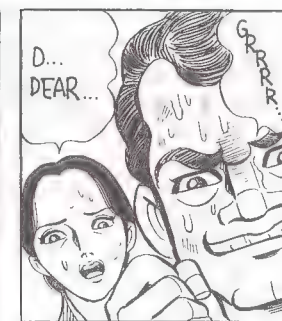
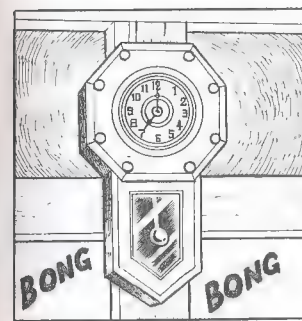
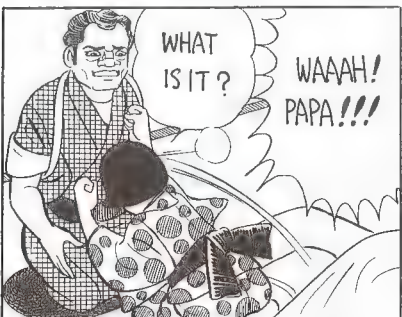
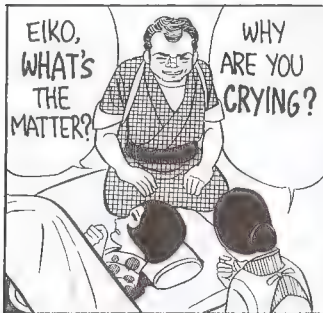




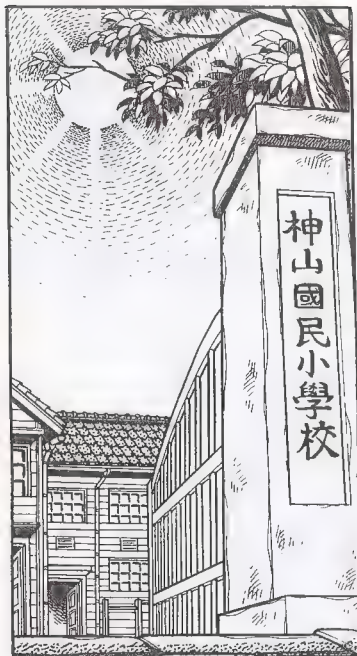








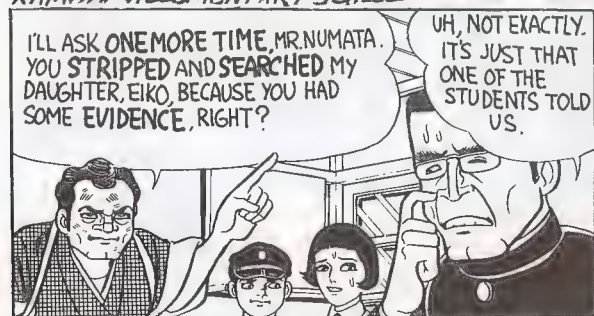
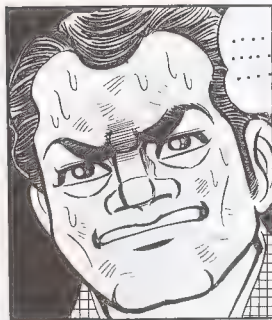




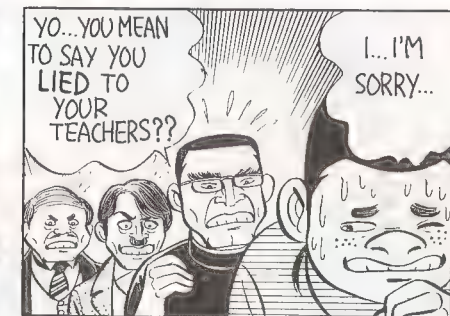
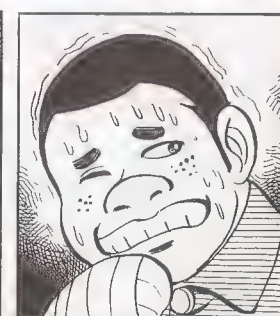
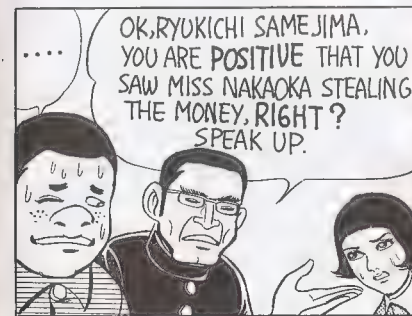
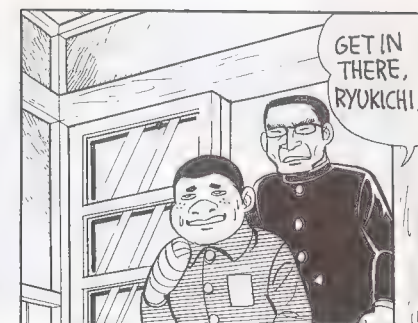
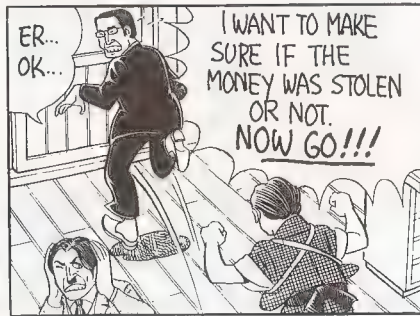
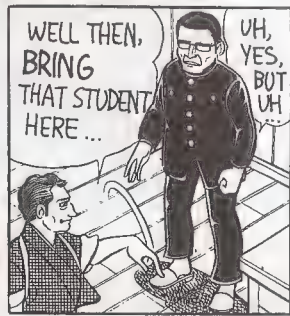
KAMIYAMA ELEMENTARY SCHOOL



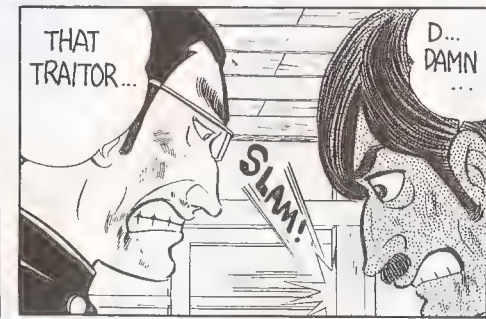
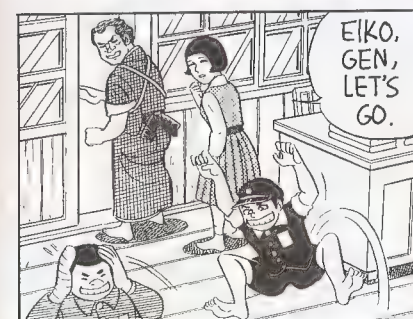
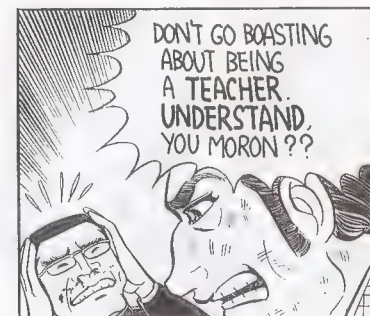
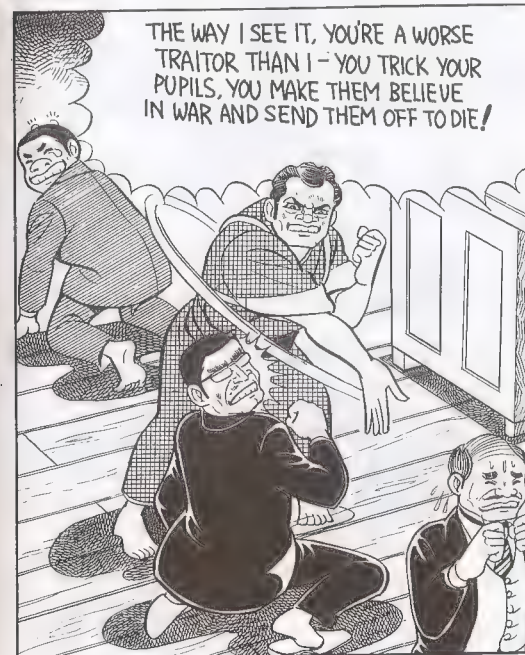
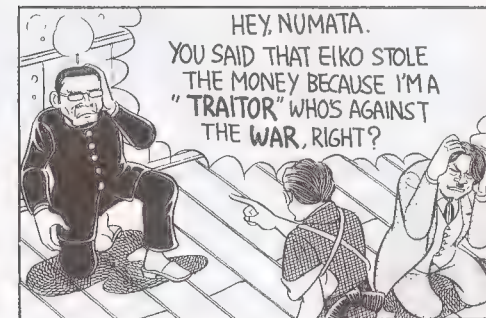
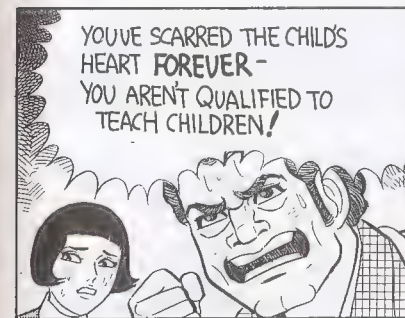
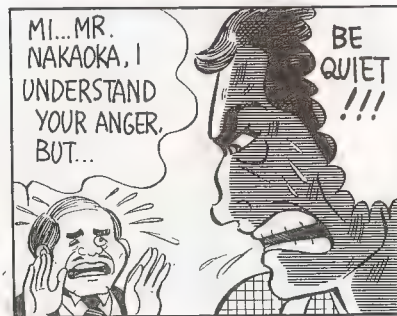
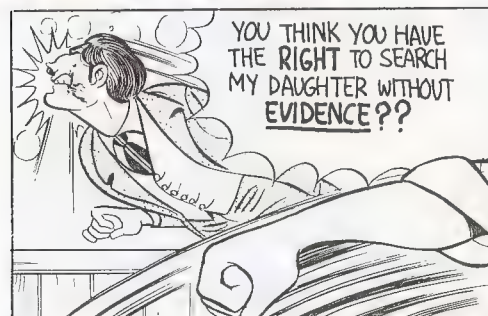
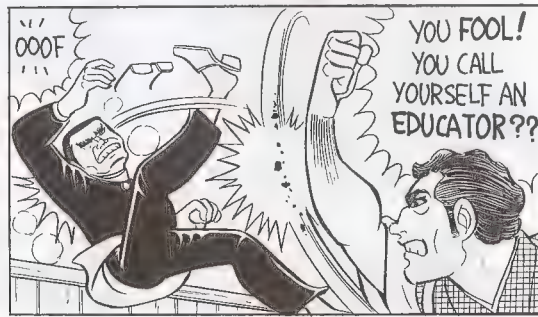
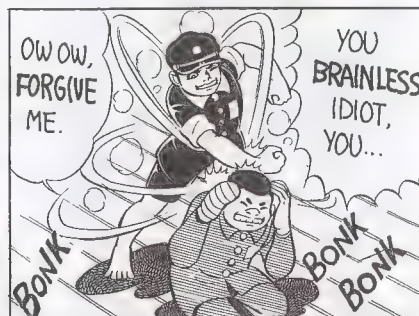
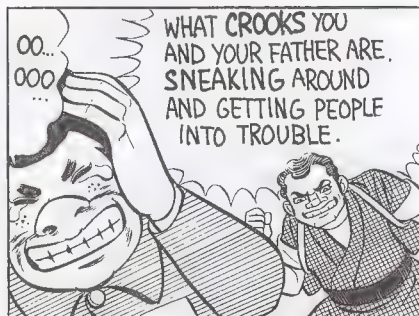
FACULTY ROOM



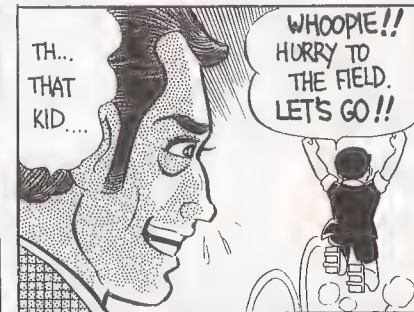
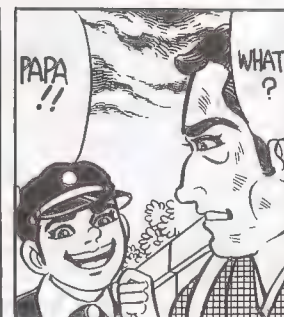
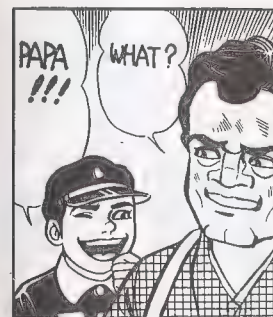
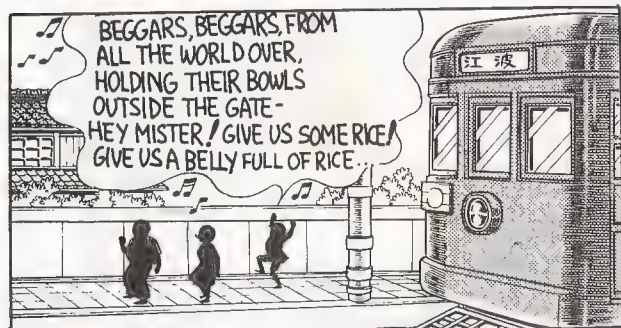
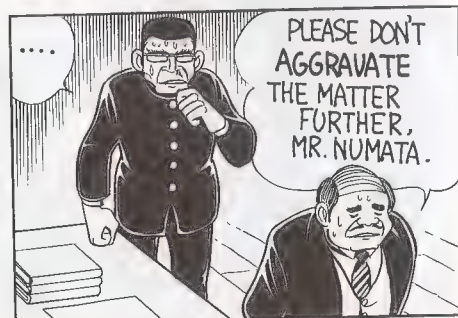
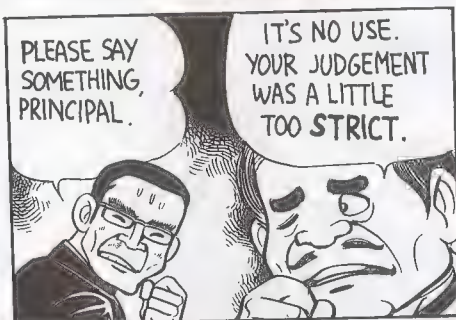
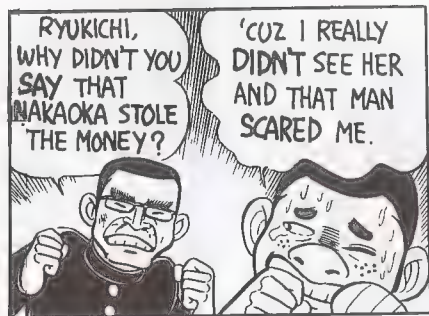
UH, NOT EXACTLY. IT'S JUST THAT ONE OF THE STUDENTS TOLD US.



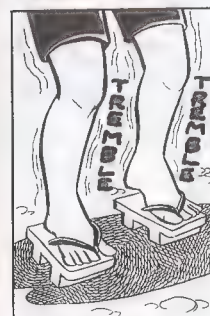
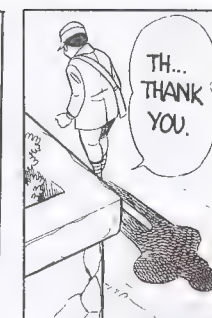
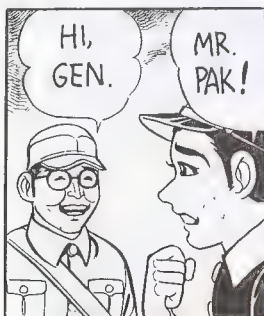
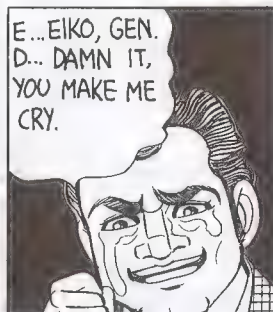
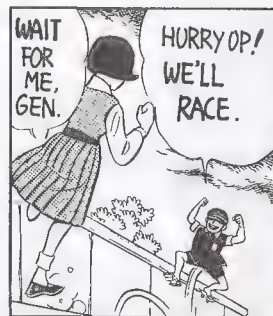




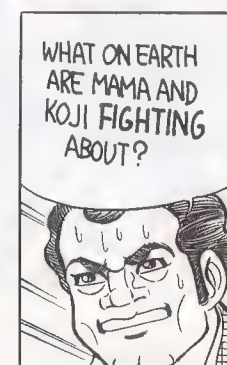
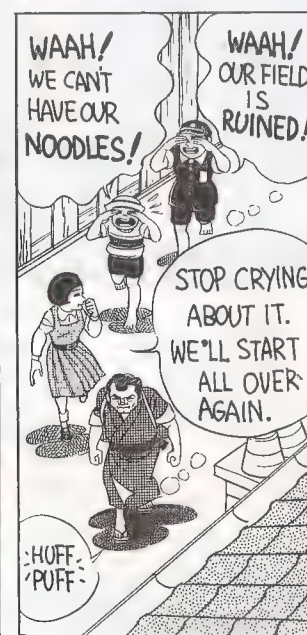
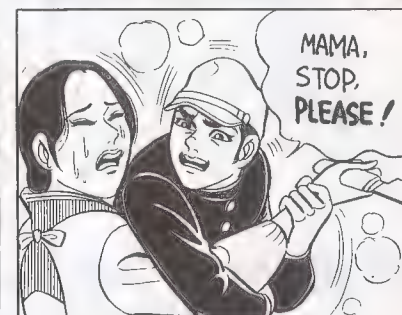
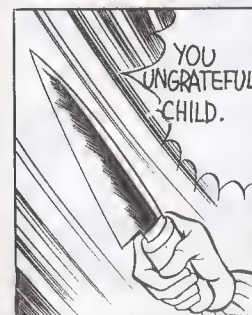
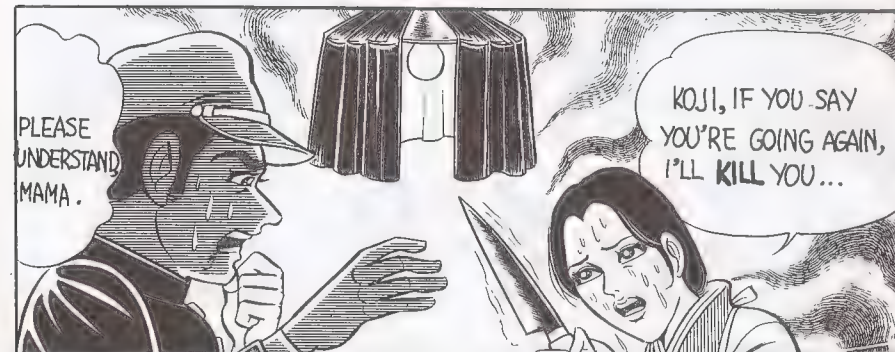
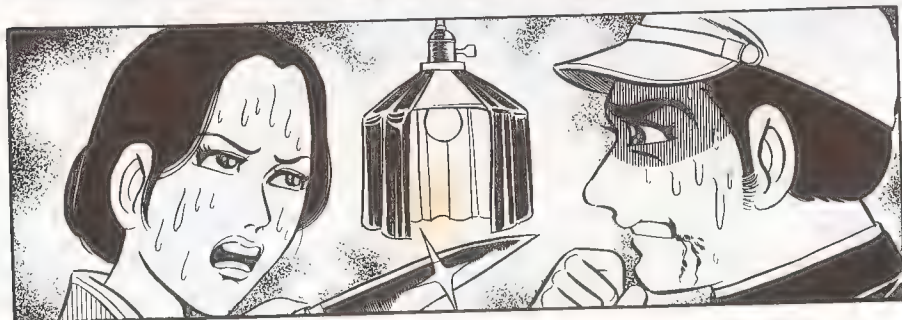
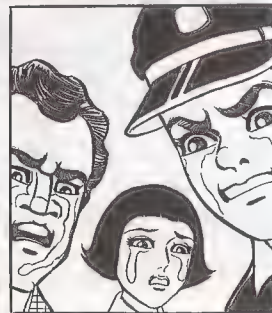
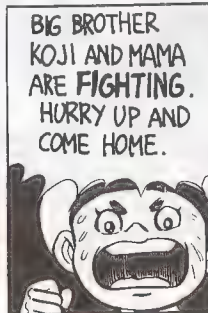
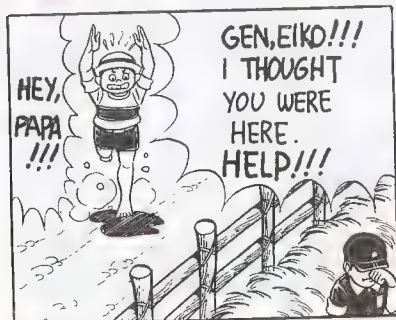
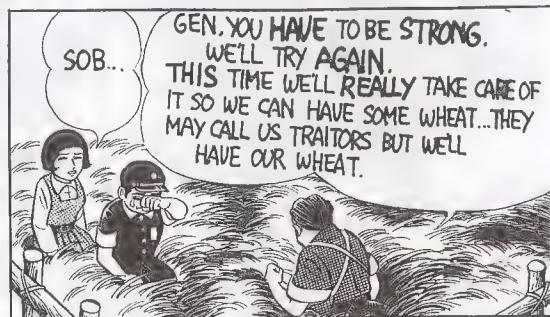
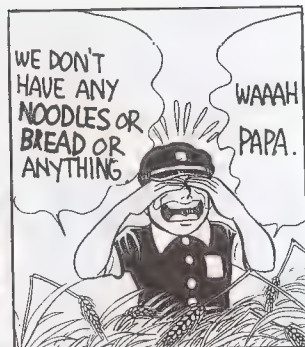
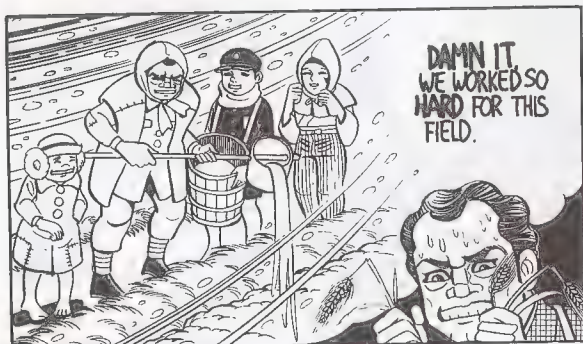




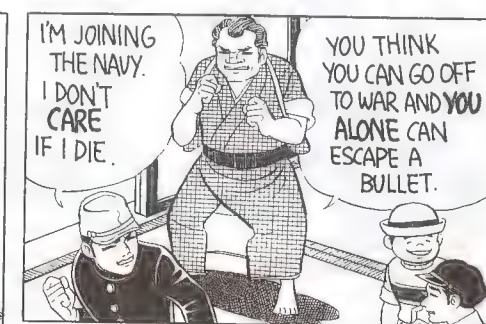
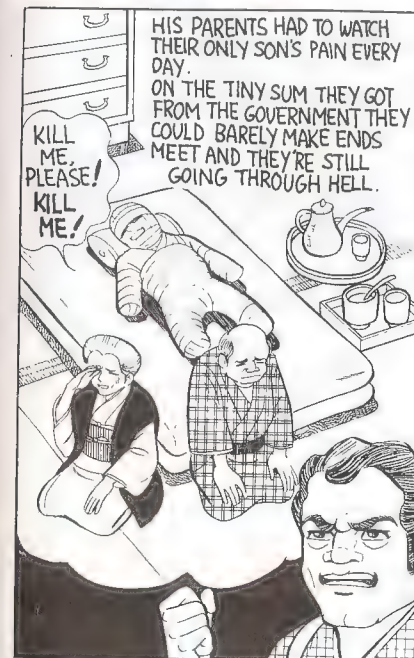
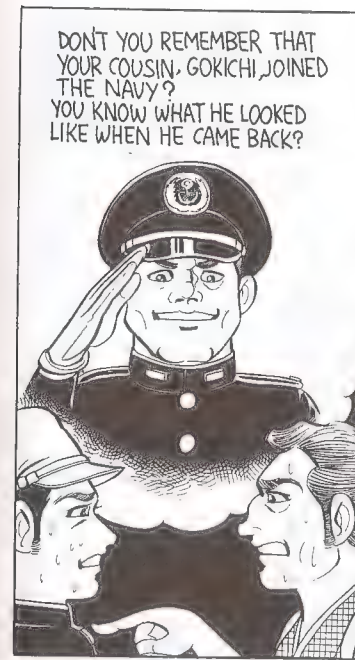
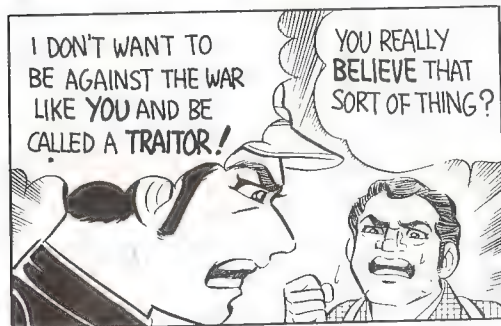
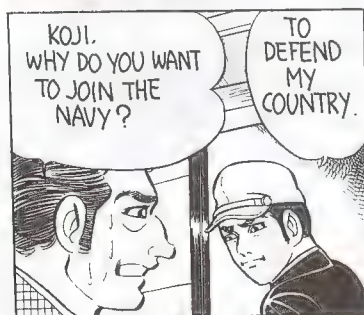
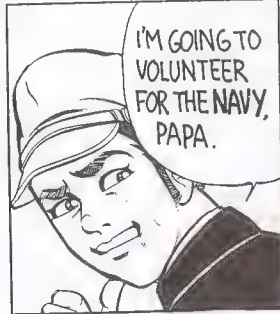




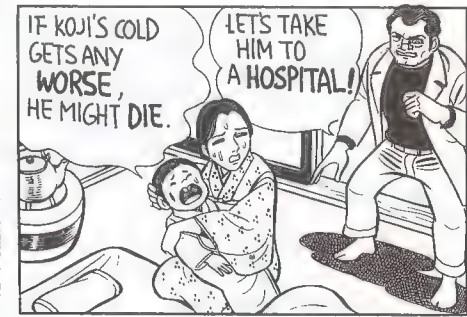
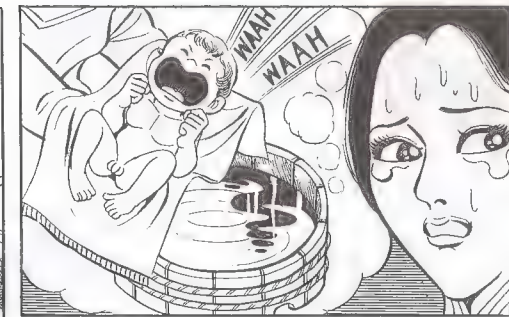
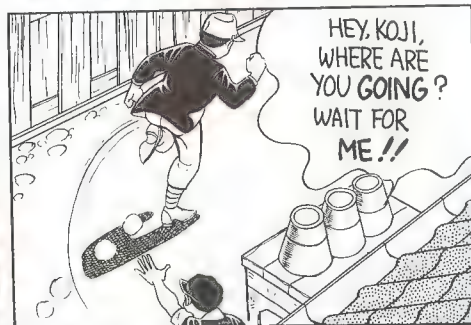
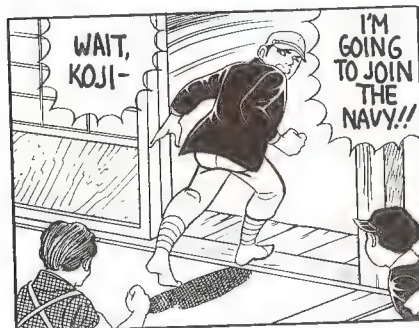
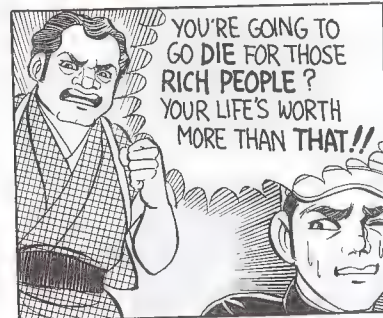
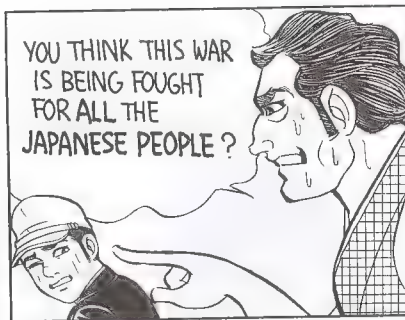
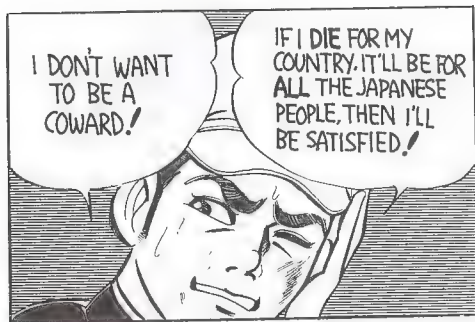




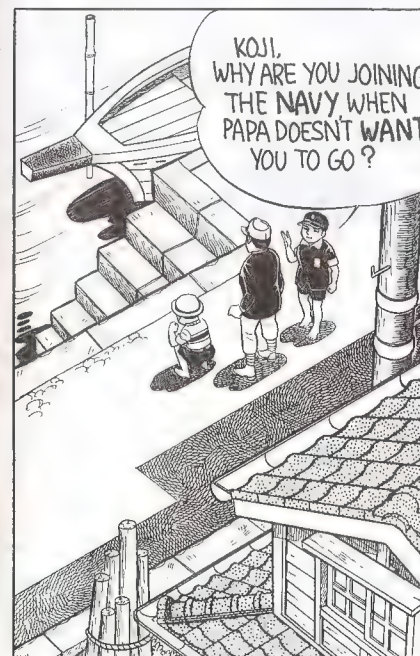
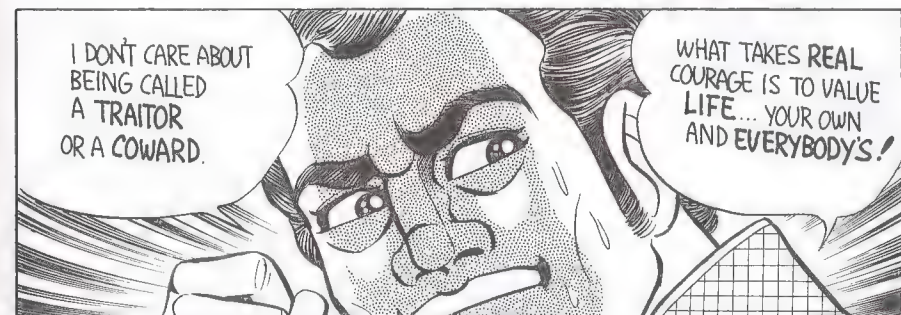
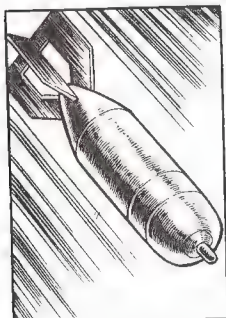
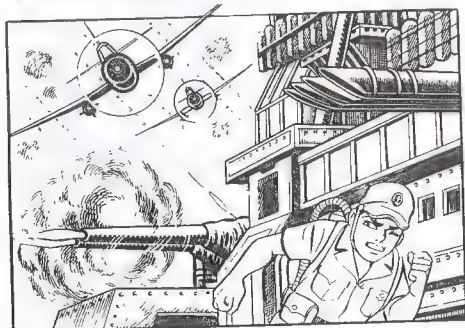
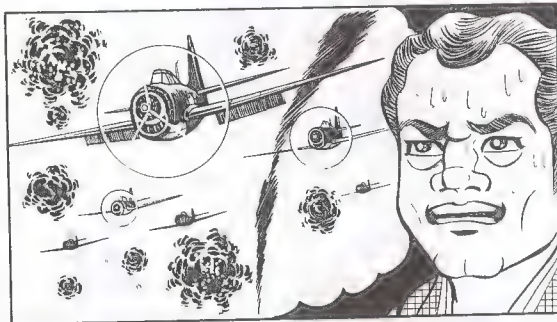




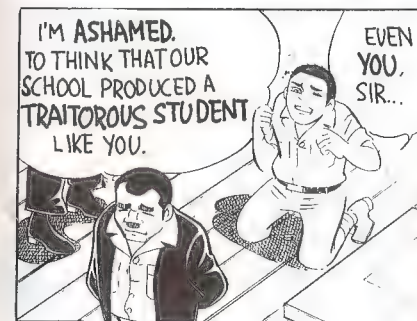
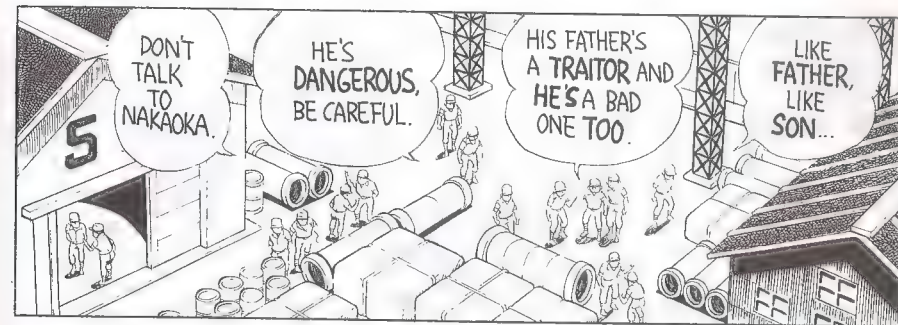
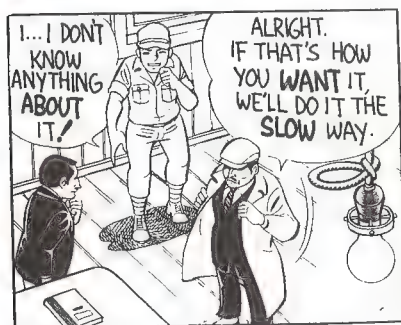
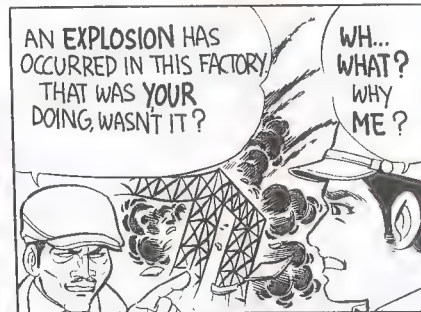




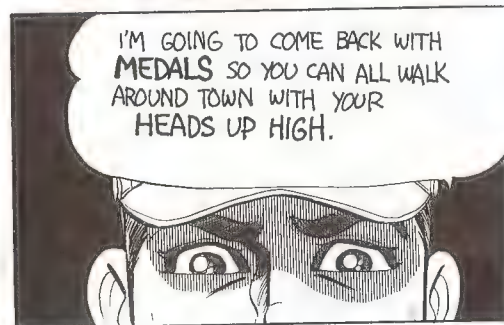
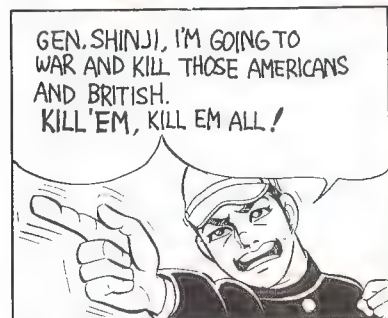
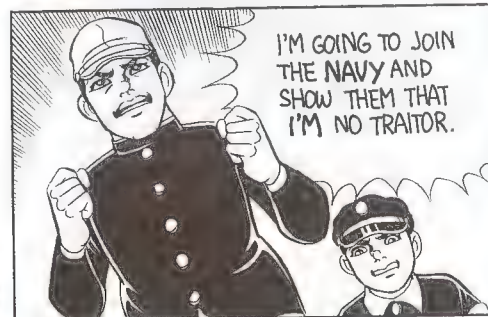
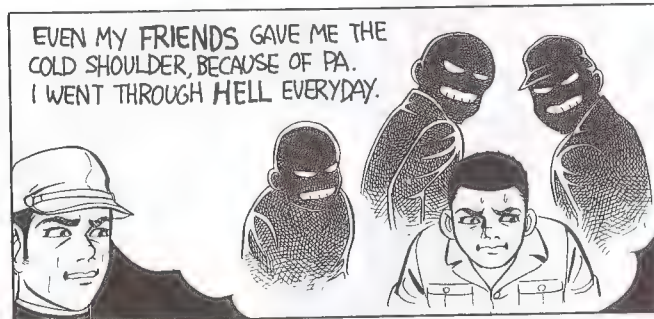
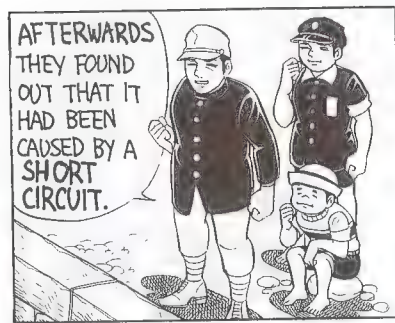




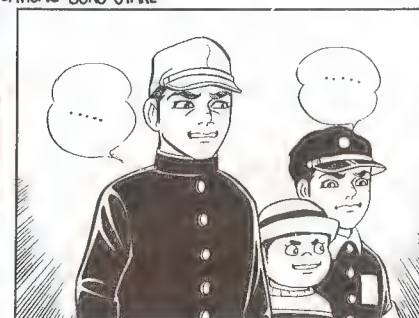




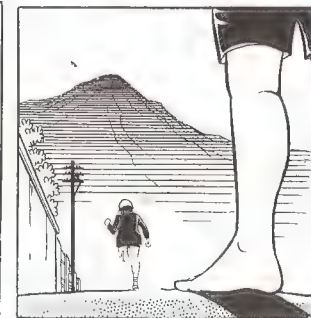
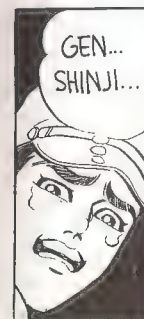
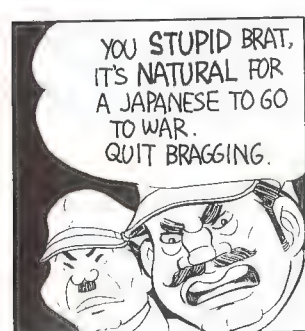
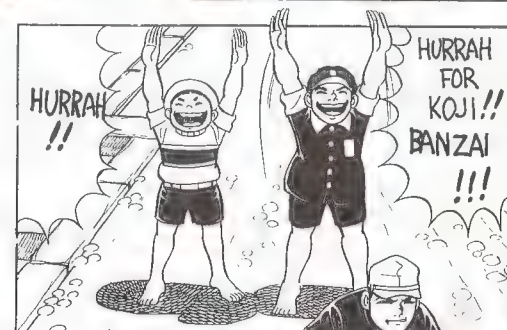
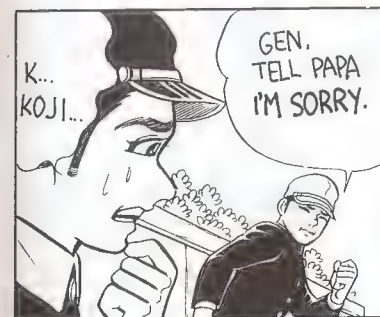
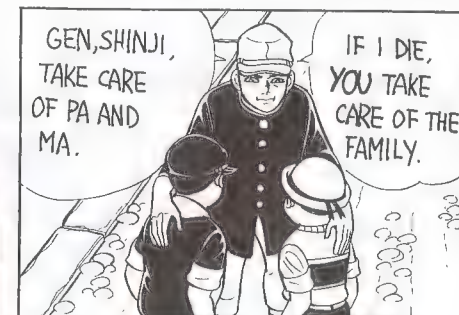
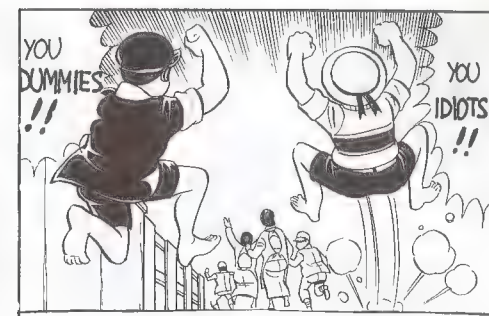
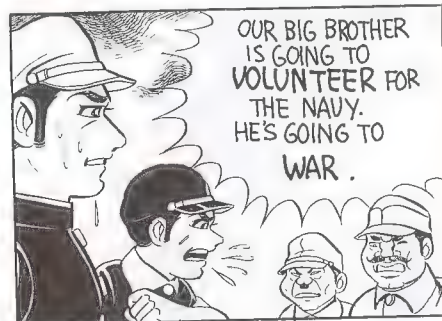




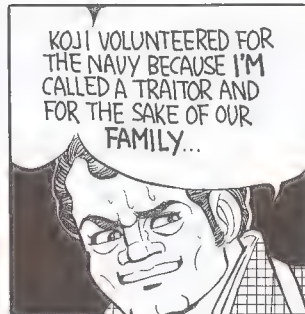
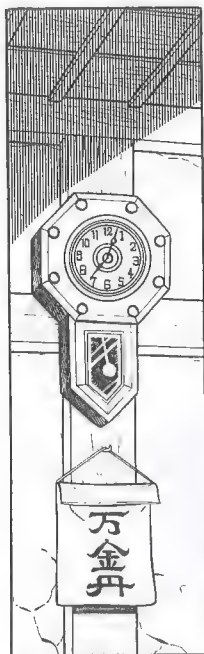
BANNERS: CONGRATULATIONS GORO OTAKE



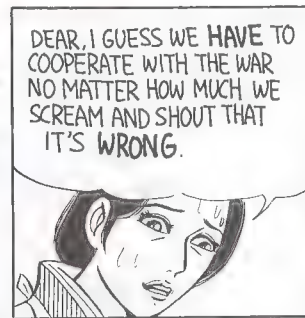








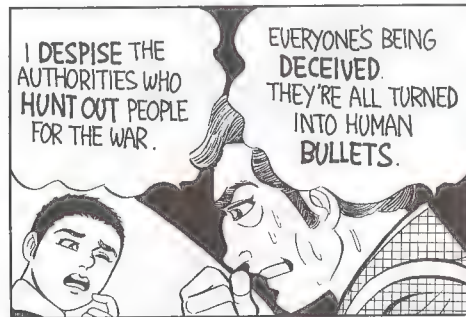
KOJI VOLUNTEERED FOR THE NAVY BECAUSE I'M CALLED A TRAITOR AND FOR THE SAKE OF OUR FAMILY...



DEAR, I GUESS WE HAVE TO COOPERATE WITH THE WAR NO MATTER HOW MUCH WE SCREAM AND SHOUT THAT IT'S WRONG.

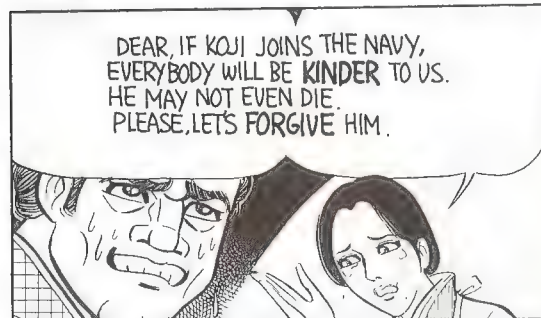


SOB... I CAN'T STAND IT. I CAN'T STAND BEING CALLED A TRAITOR ANYMORE!

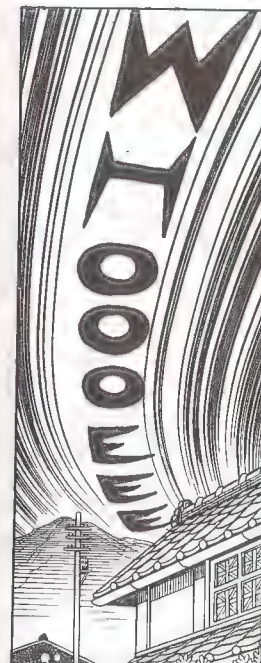


I DESPISE THE AUTHORITIES WHO HUNT OUT PEOPLE FOR THE WAR.

EVERYONE'S BEING DECEIVED. THEY'RE ALL TURNED INTO HUMAN BULLETS.



DEAR, IF KOJI JOINS THE NAVY, EVERYBODY WILL BE KINDER TO US. HE MAY NOT EVEN DIE. PLEASE, LET'S FORGIVE HIM.



IT'S AN AIR RAID



D... DEAR, IT'S AN AIR RAID!!



FOOL!!!



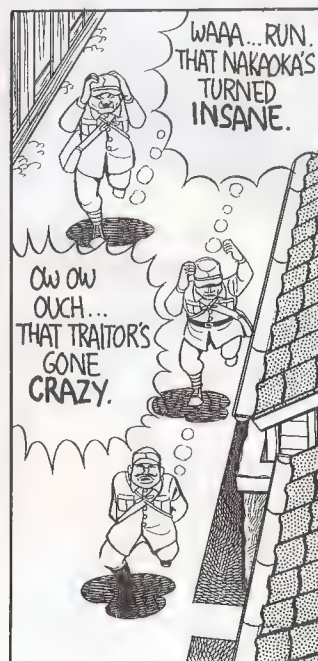
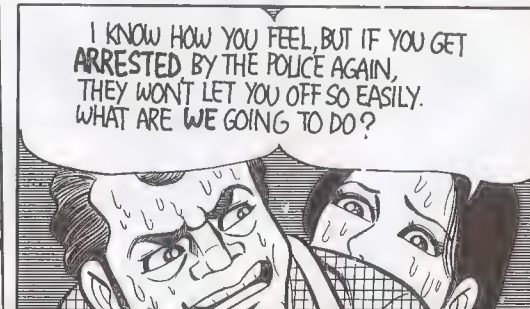
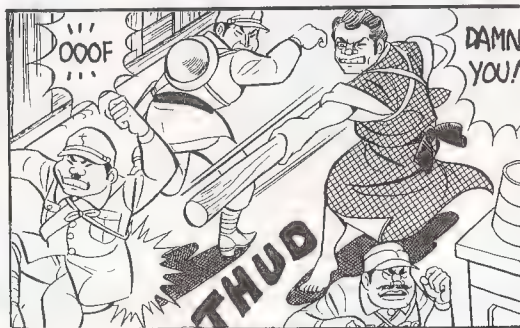
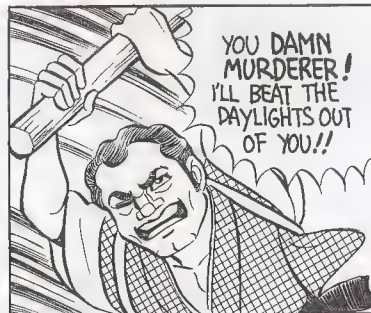
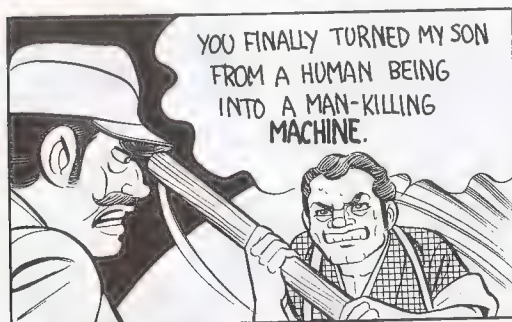
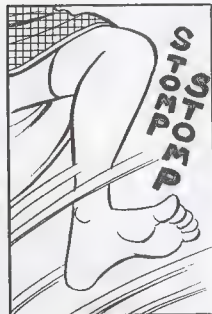
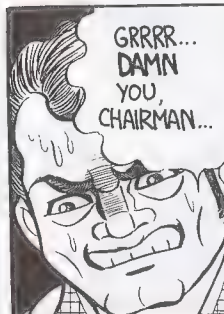
YOU FOOL. YOU'RE A FOOL, KOJI!!



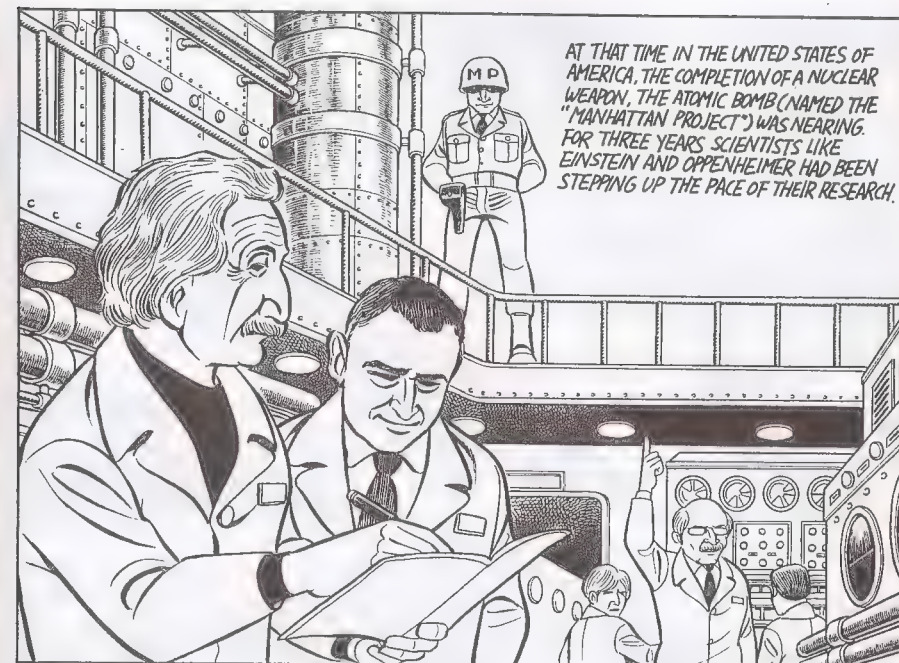
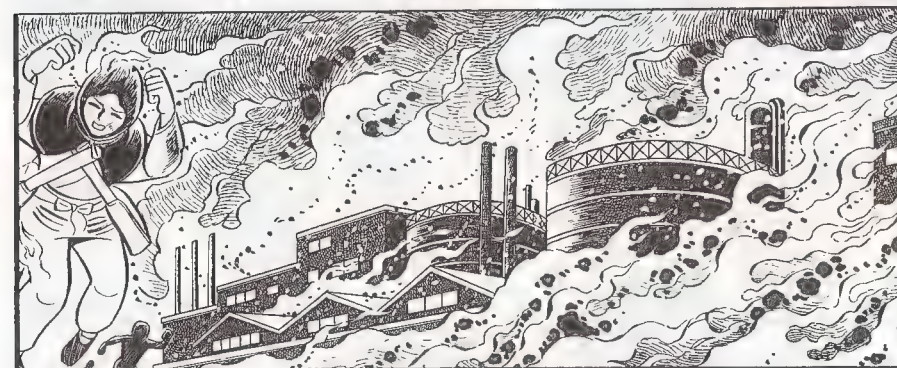
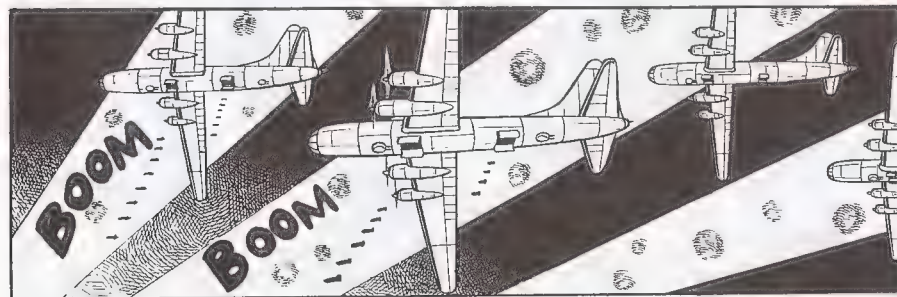
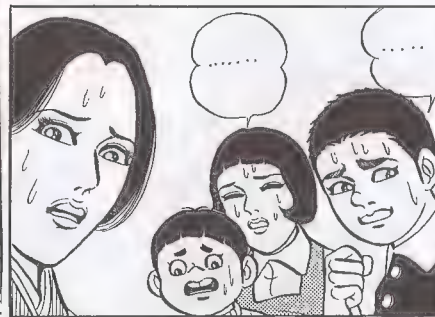
KOJI, DON'T YOU EVER DIE!! WHAT EVER HAPPENS DON'T YOU DIE!!!

BE A COWARD, A WEAKLING... JUST COME BACK ALIVE!!!

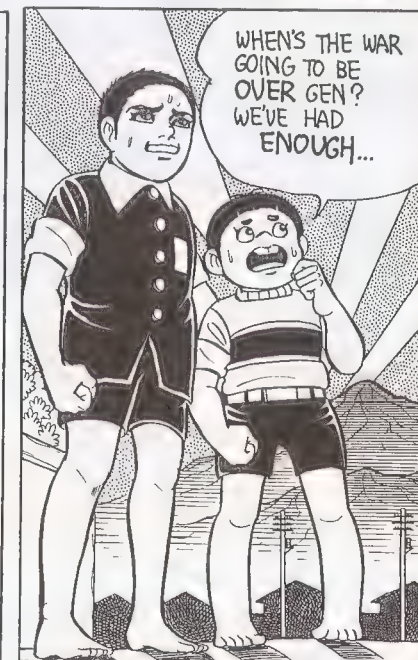
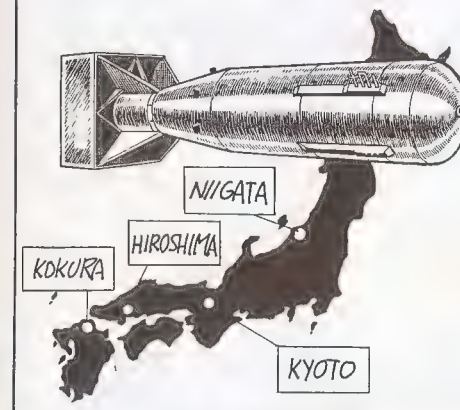




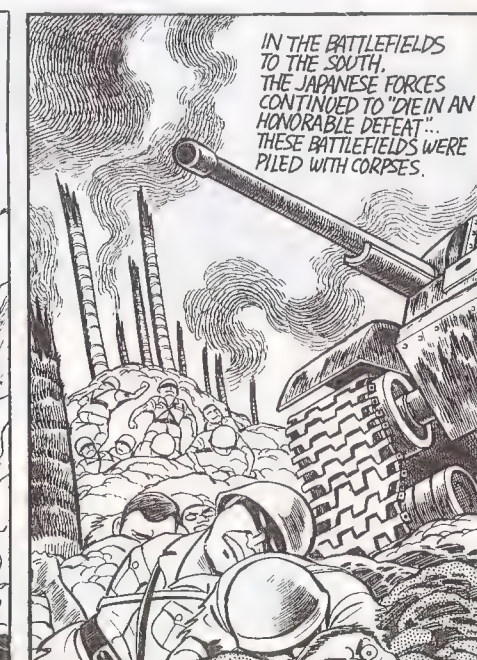
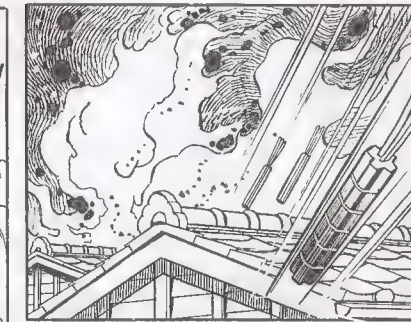
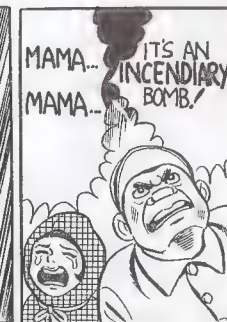
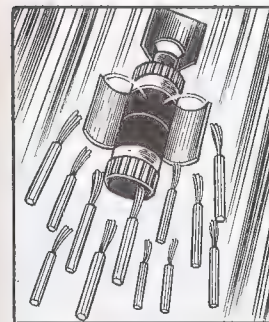
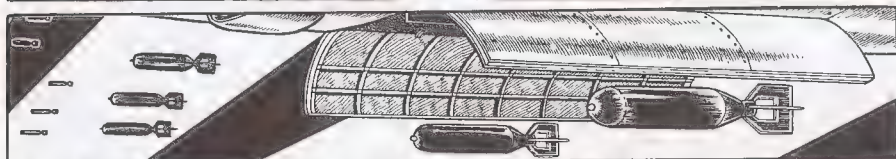
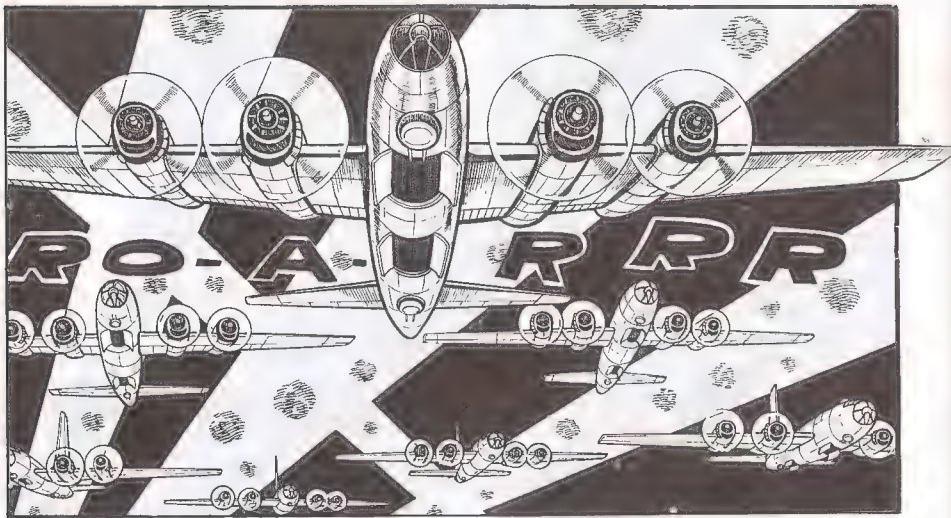




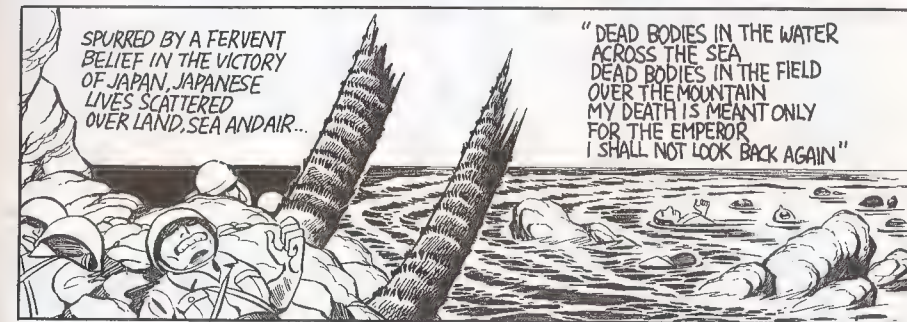
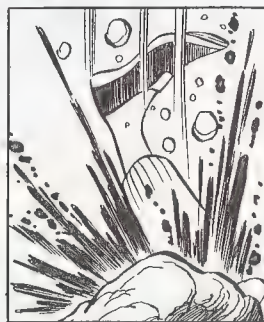
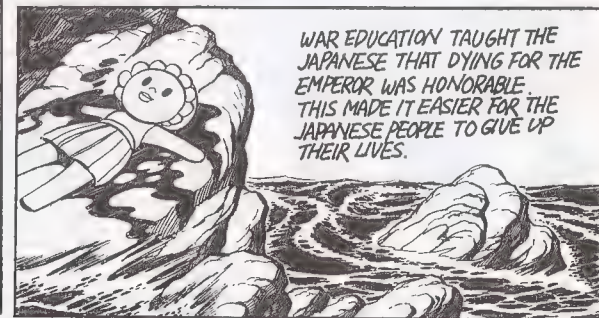
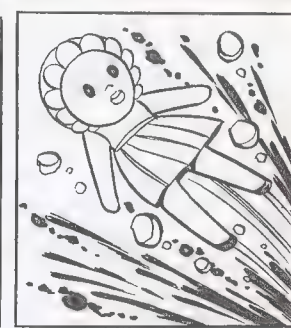
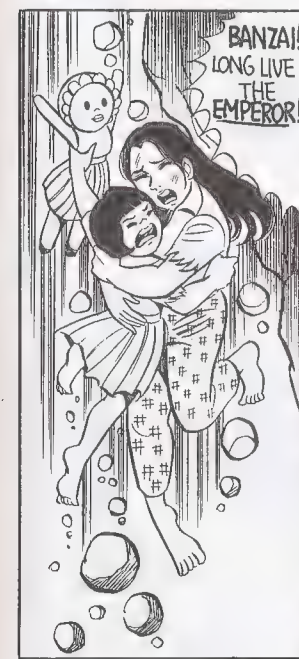
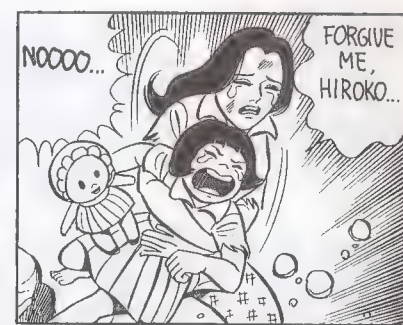
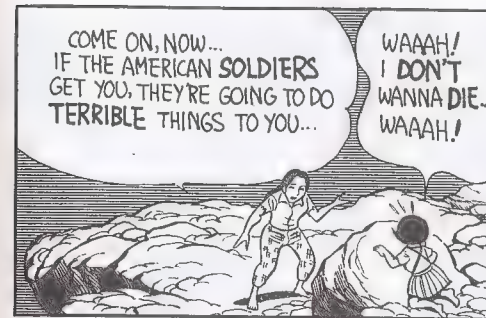
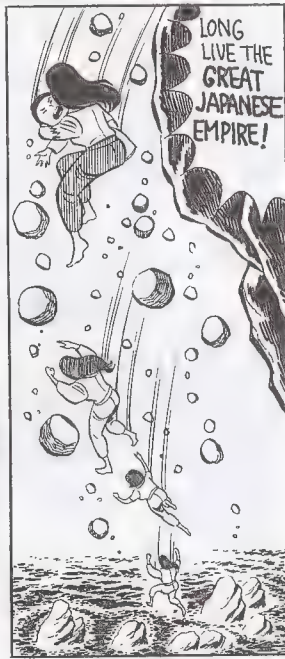
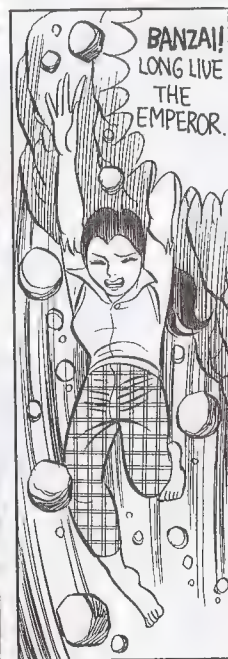
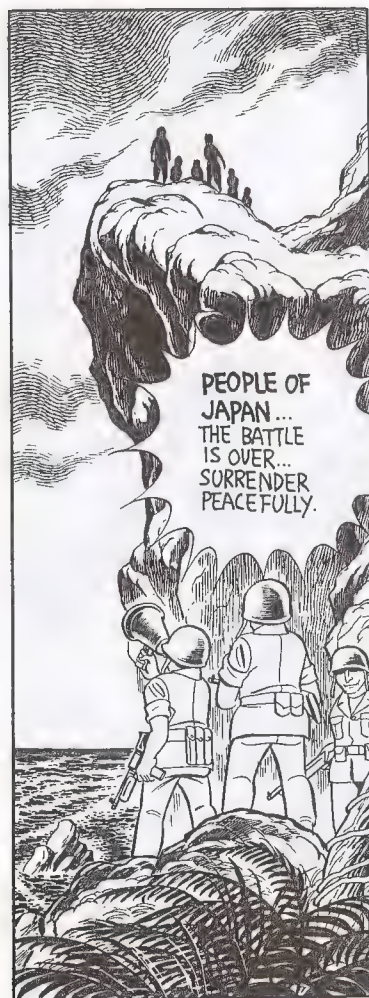
TO EXPLODE AN ATOMIC BOMB WITH IMMEASURABLE POWERS OF DESTRUCTION OVER JAPAN WOULD PUT AN END TO THE PACIFIC WAR ADVANTAGEOUSLY... THE TARGETS FOR THE DROPPING HAD BEEN NARROWED DOWN TO FOUR CITIES - KOKURA, HIROSHIMA, KYOTO, AND NIIGATA - AND PREPARATIONS WENT ON SMOOTHLY.



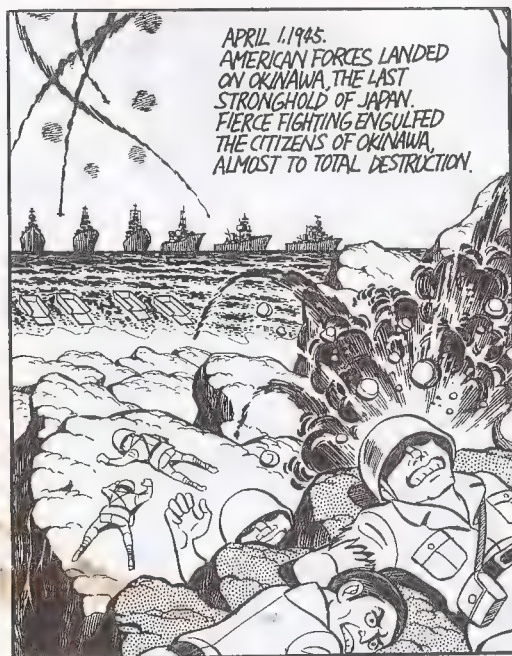




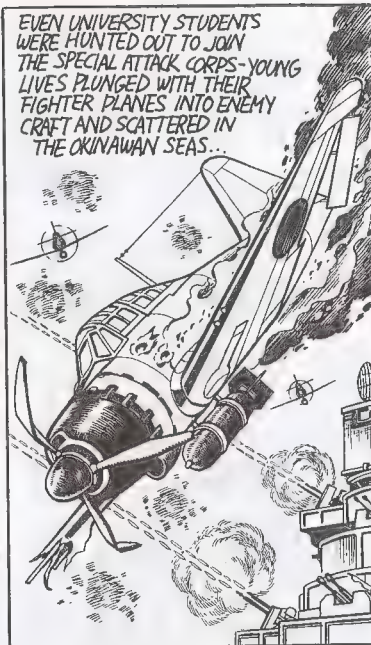




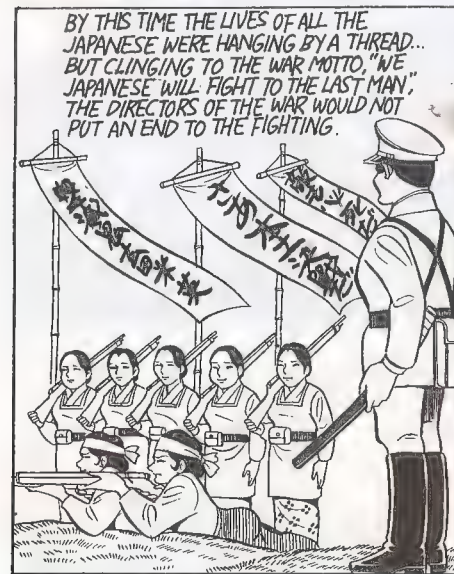




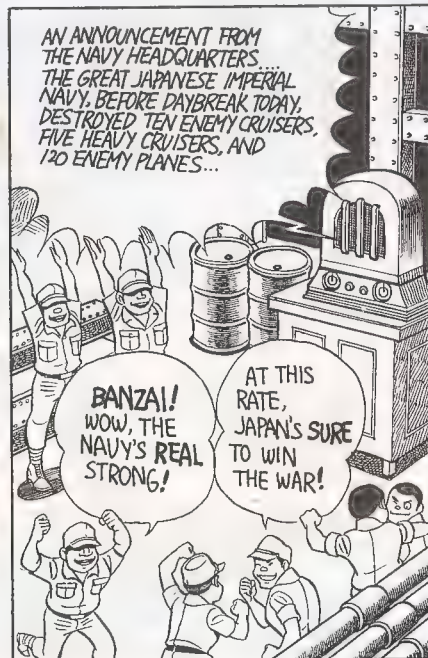
APRIL 1, 1945.  
AMERICAN FORCES LANDED  
ON OKINAWA, THE LAST  
STRONGHOLD OF JAPAN.  
PIERCE FIGHTING ENGULFED  
THE CITIZENS OF OKINAWA,  
ALMOST TO TOTAL DESTRUCTION.



EVEN UNIVERSITY STUDENTS  
WERE HUNTED OUT TO JOIN  
THE SPECIAL ATTACK CORPS-YOUNG  
LIVES PLUNGED WITH THEIR  
FIGHTER PLANES INTO ENEMY  
CRAFT AND SCATTERED IN  
THE OKINAWAN SEAS...



BY THIS TIME THE LIVES OF ALL THE  
JAPANESE WERE HANGING BY A THREAD...  
BUT CLINGING TO THE WAR MOTTO, "WE  
JAPANESE WILL FIGHT TO THE LAST MAN,"  
THE DIRECTORS OF THE WAR WOULD NOT  
PUT AN END TO THE FIGHTING.



AN ANNOUNCEMENT FROM  
THE NAVY HEADQUARTERS...  
THE GREAT JAPANESE IMPERIAL  
NAVY, BEFORE DAYBREAK TODAY,  
DESTROYED TEN ENEMY CRUISERS,  
FIVE HEAVY CRUISERS, AND  
120 ENEMY PLANES...

BANZAI!  
WOW, THE  
NAVY'S REAL  
STRONG!

AT THIS  
RATE,  
JAPAN'S SURE  
TO WIN  
THE WAR!

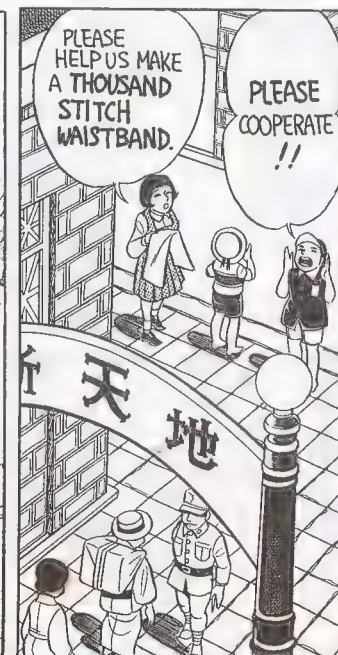
SIGNS: "THE ENEMY IS DESPERATE!  
PREPARE FOR THE MAINLAND BATTLE!  
TOTAL DEFEAT TO AMERICAN DEVILS  
AND BRITISH FIENDS!"



THE WAR DIRECTORS  
SPREAD FALSE INFORMATION  
OVER THE RADIO AND IN THE  
NEWSPAPERS WHILE HATCHING  
FURTHER PLANS FOR URGING  
THE PEOPLE ON.



IT WAS THE CITIZENS  
WHO WERE MADE FOOLS OF...  
THEY WERE THE ONES  
WHO HAD TO RUN AND HIDE.  
IT WAS THEIR LIVES THAT  
WERE EXPOSED TO BOMBS  
EACH AND EVERY DAY.



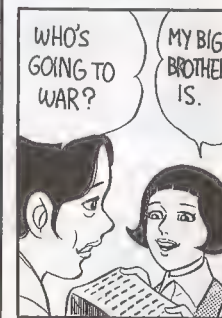
PLEASE  
HELP US MAKE  
A THOUSAND  
STITCH  
WAISTBAND.

PLEASE  
COOPERATE  
!!



MA'AM,  
WILL YOU  
COOPERATE?

YES,  
OF COURSE.



WHO'S  
GOING TO  
WAR?

MY BIG  
BROTHER  
IS.



HAVE HIM  
FIGHT  
COURAGEOUSLY  
...



HERE  
YOU  
ARE.

THANK  
YOU,  
MA'AM.



SIS,  
HOW MANY MORE  
STITCHES DO  
WE NEED?

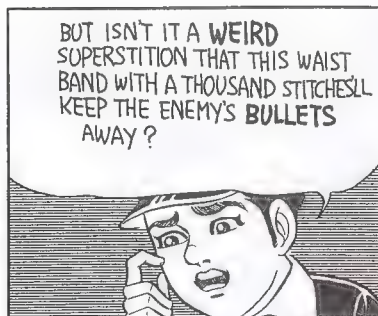
FIFTEEN  
MORE...  
THEN WE'LL  
HAVE ONE  
THOUSAND!



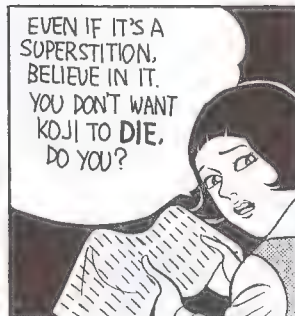


JUST A FEW MORE, SHINJI.

YEAH



BUT ISN'T IT A WEIRD SUPERSTITION THAT THIS WAIST BAND WITH A THOUSAND STITCHESLL KEEP THE ENEMY'S BULLETS AWAY?

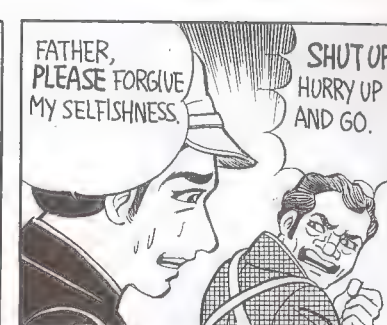


EVEN IF IT'S A SUPERSTITION, BELIEVE IN IT. YOU DON'T WANT KOJI TO DIE, DO YOU?



JOINING THE PREPARATORY TRAINING COURSE, YOU DON'T EVEN CARE HOW I FEEL.

THERE'S NO OTHER CHOICE, DEAR. YOU COULD AT LEAST GIVE KOJI SOME KIND WORDS OF ENCOURAGEMENT.



FATHER, PLEASE FORGIVE MY SELFISHNESS.

SHUT UP. HURRY UP AND GO.



THAT'S RIGHT. IF YOU BELIEVE STRONGLY ENOUGH, IT'LL COME TRUE. WE'LL BELIEVE IN IT.



PLEASE COOPERATE

PLEASE COOPERATE.

PLEASE COOPERATE FOR A THOUSAND STITCH WAISTBAND.



PLEASE SEE HIM OFF, DEAR.

DON'T BOTHER ME. I'M NOT GOING TO SEE HIM OFF.



FATHER, I'LL TRY MY BEST SO THAT EVERYBODY WILL STOP SAYING THAT YOU'RE A TRAITOR.



KOJI, WHEN YOU'RE IN THE NAVAL AIR FLEET, TAKE CARE OF YOURSELF.

Y... YES.



IT'S TIME TO GO.



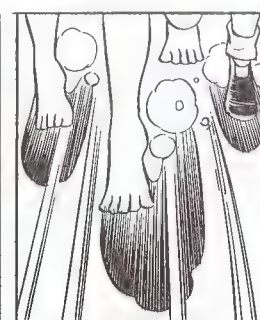
I'M GOING, FATHER.

GO AHEAD. YOU'RE NO SON OF MINE. GO GET YOURSELF KILLED IN THE BATTLEFIELD.



LET'S GO. THE TRAIN WILL BE LEAVING.

GOOD BYE, FATHER.



HUFF, PUFF, JUST IN TIME.



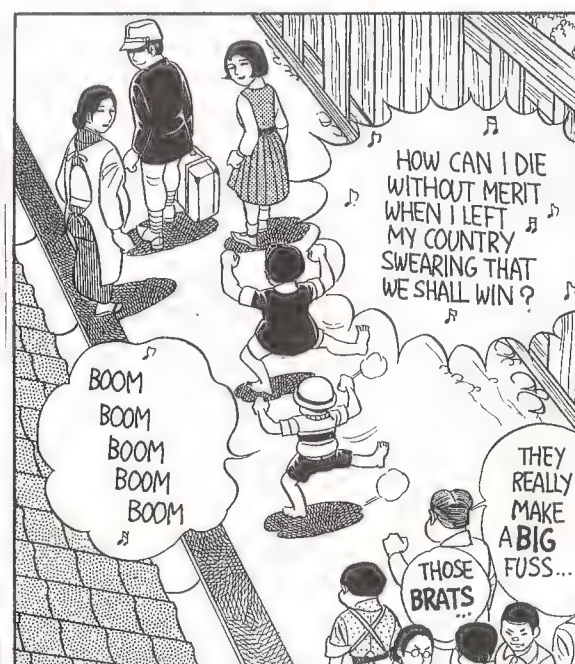
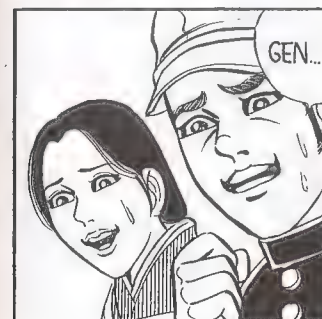
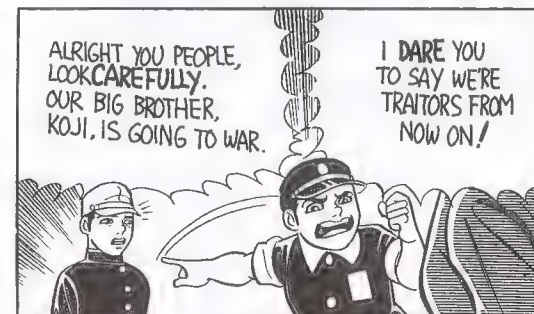
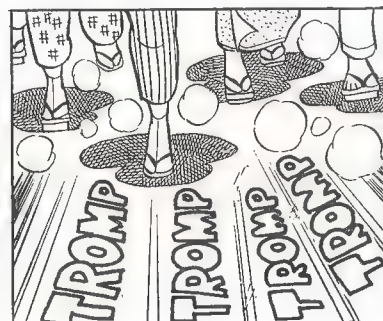
WHAT IS THAT?

HERE.

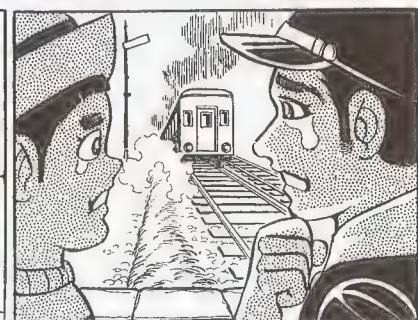
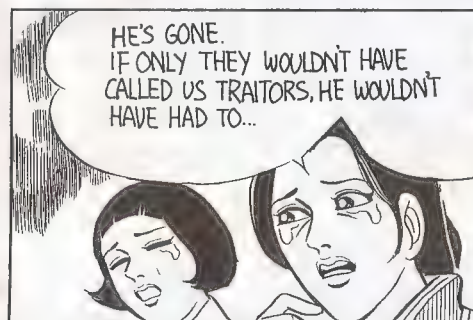
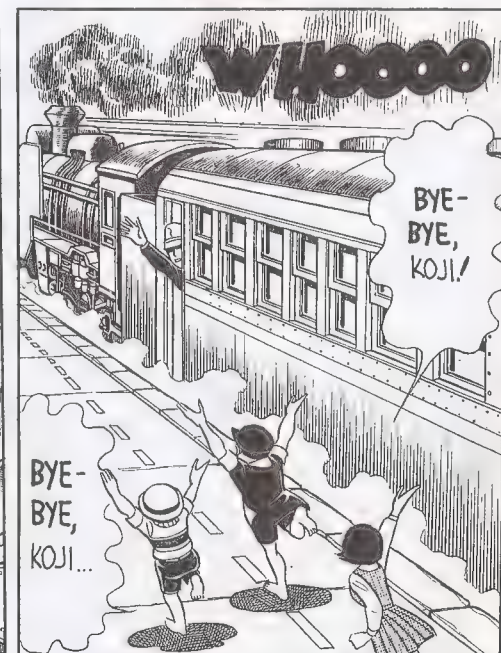
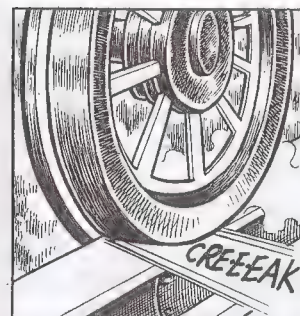
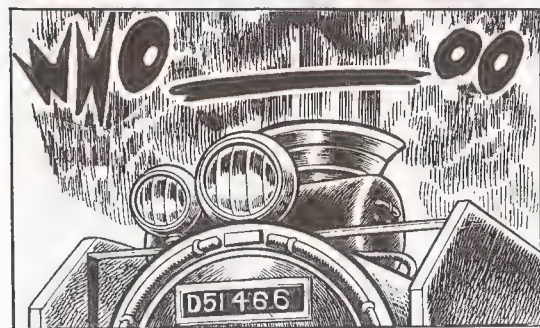
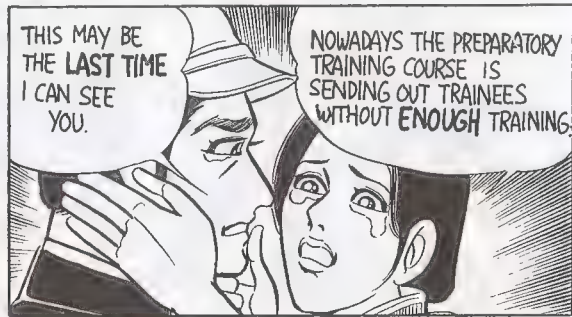
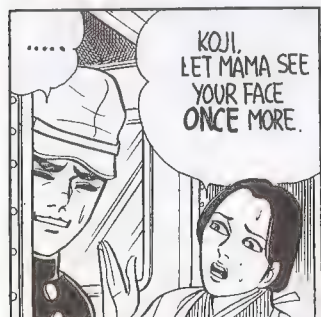
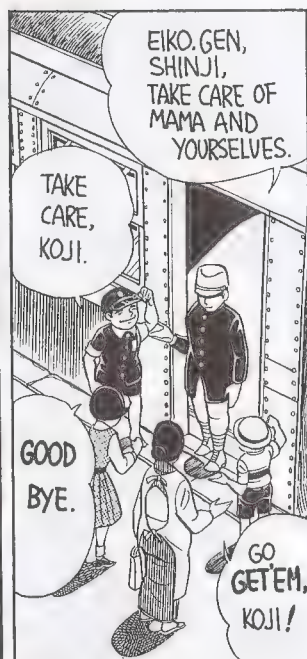
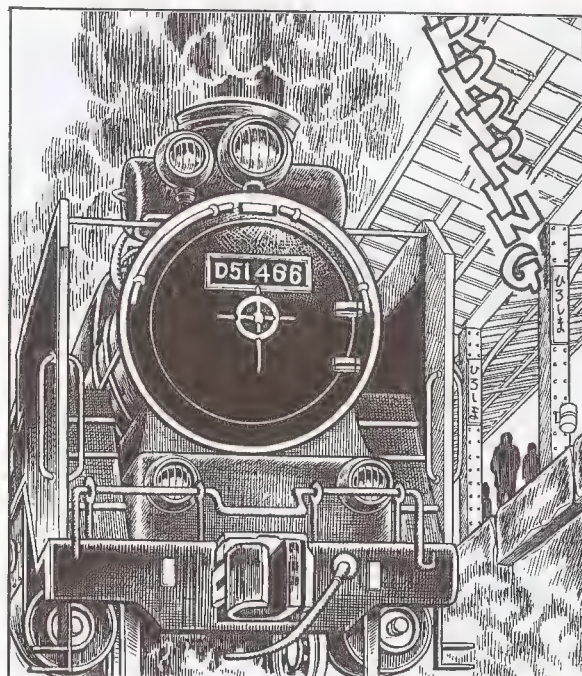


IT'S A THOUSAND STITCH WAISTBAND. WE WERE HAVING PEOPLE SEW IT ALL MORNING.

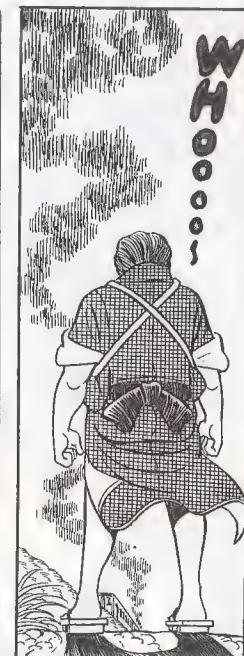
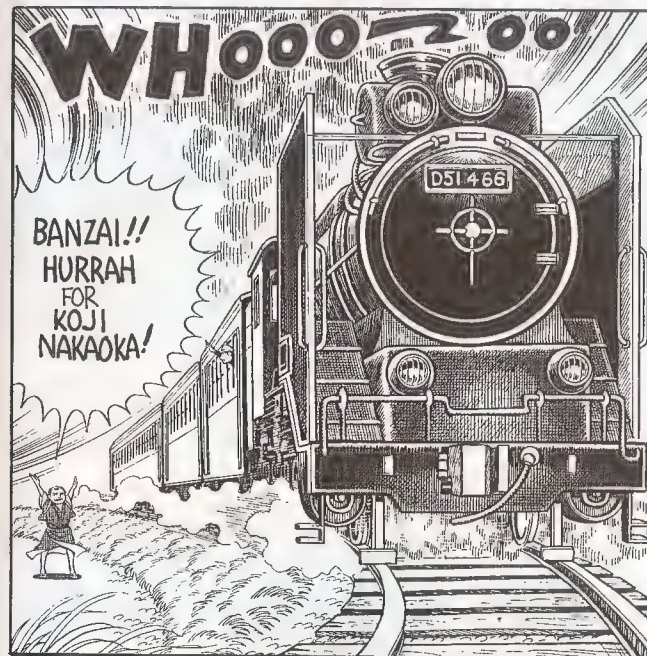
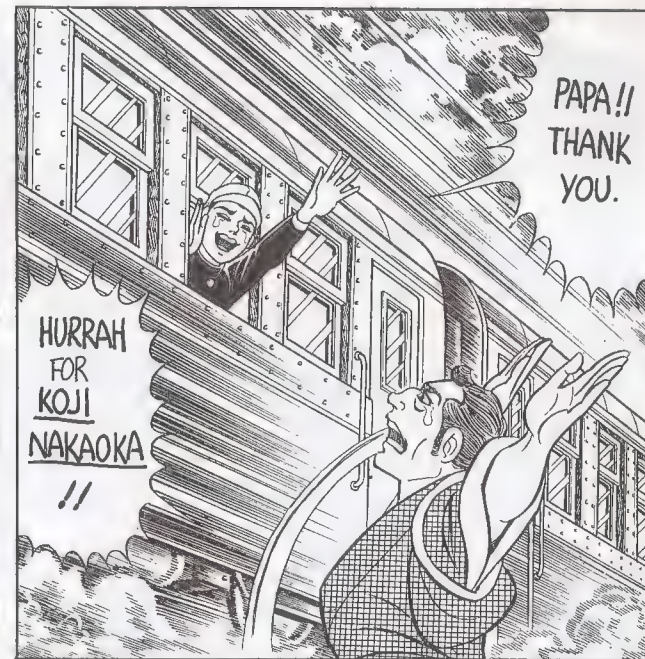
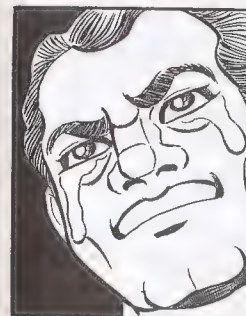
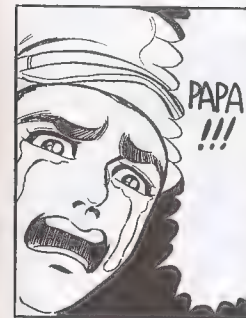
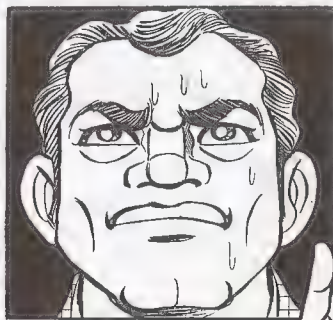
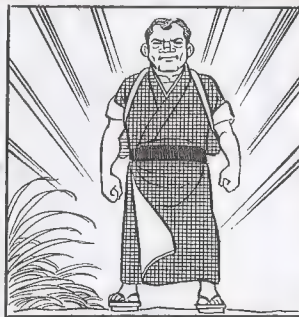
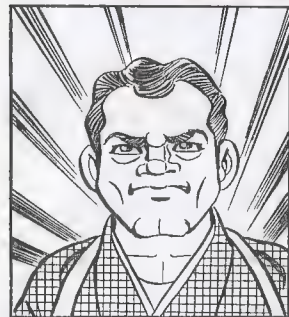
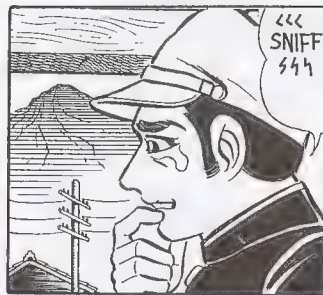




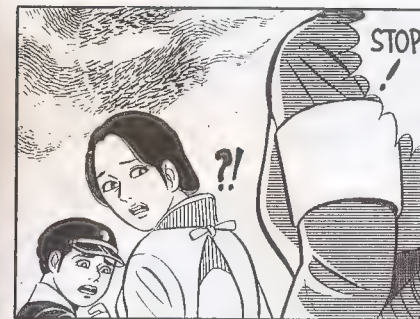
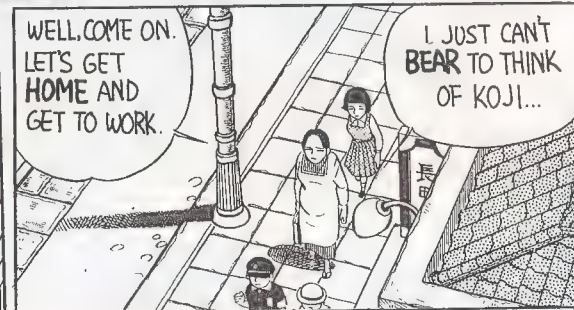
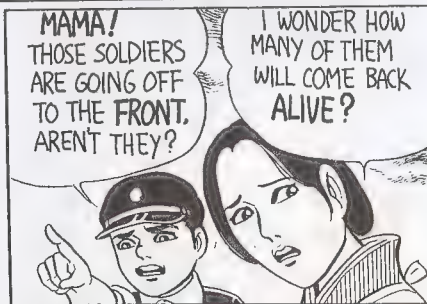
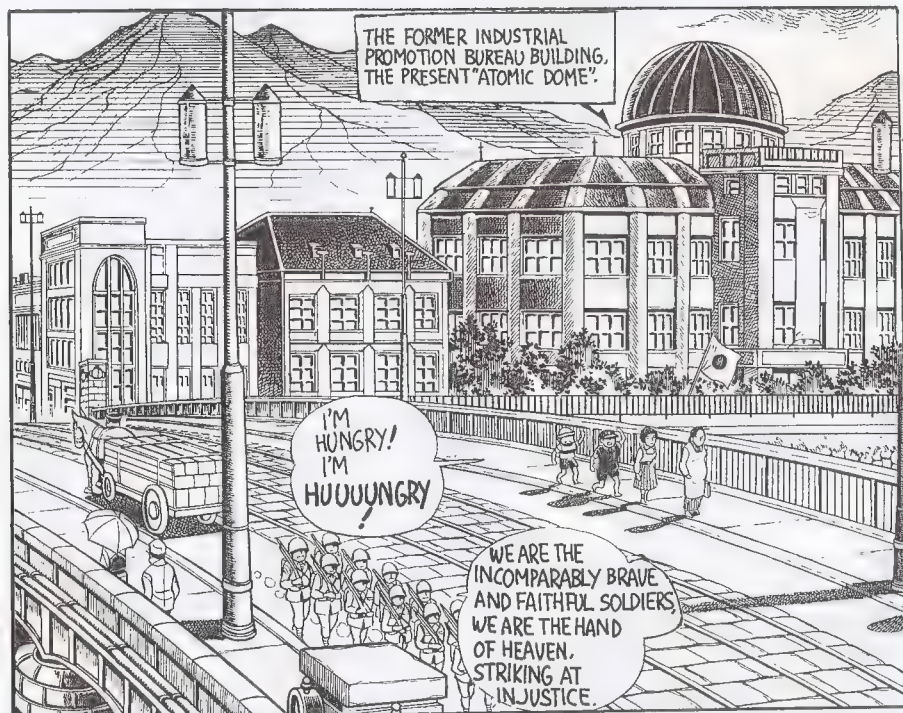




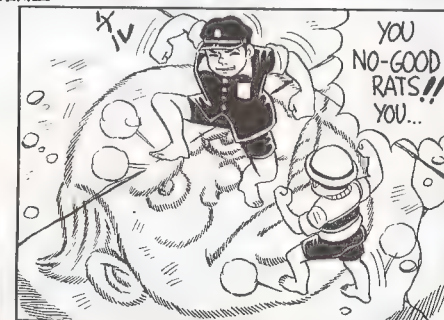
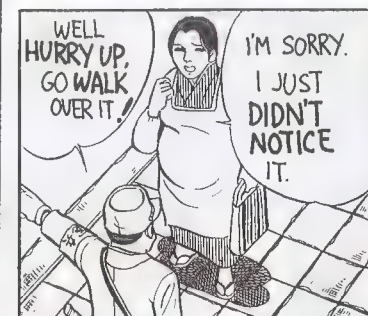




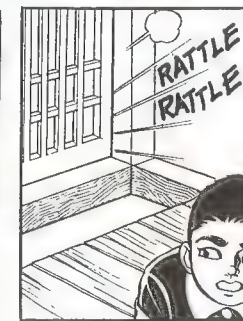
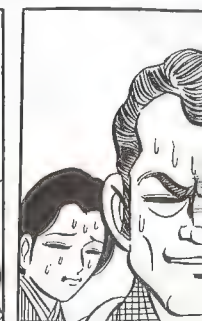
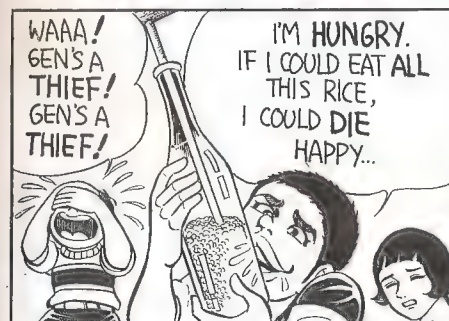
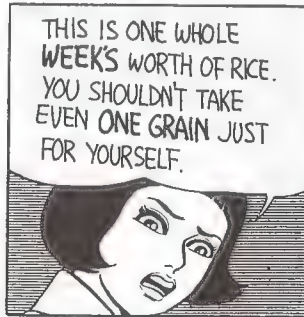
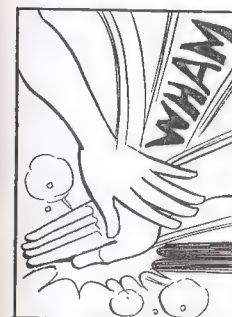
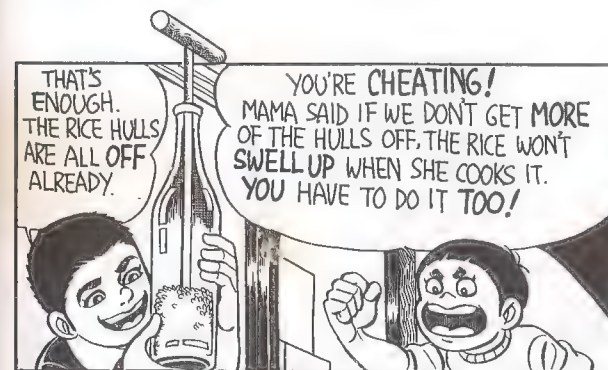
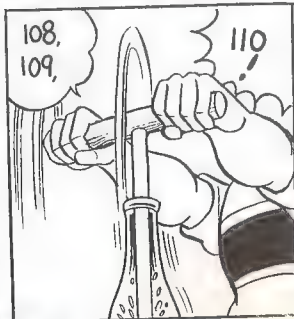
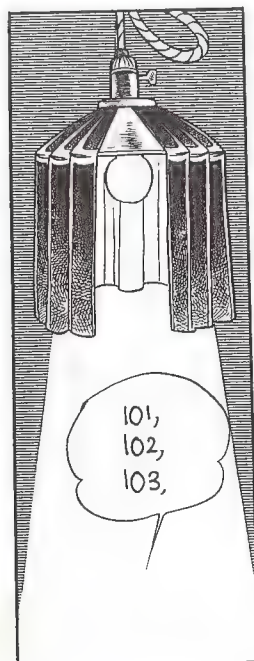
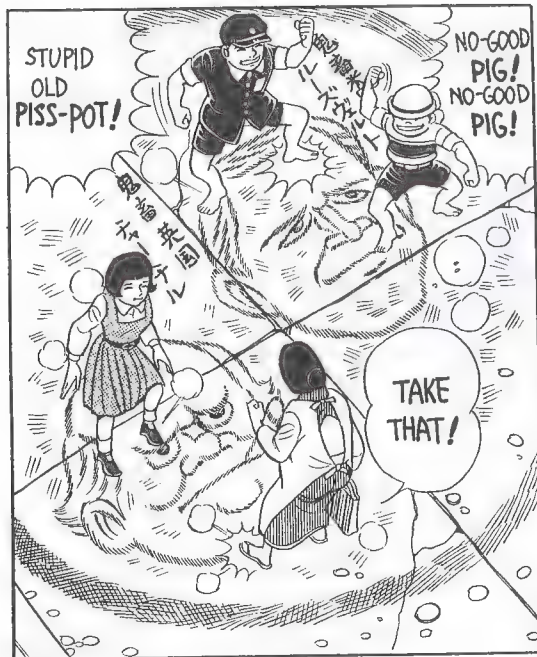




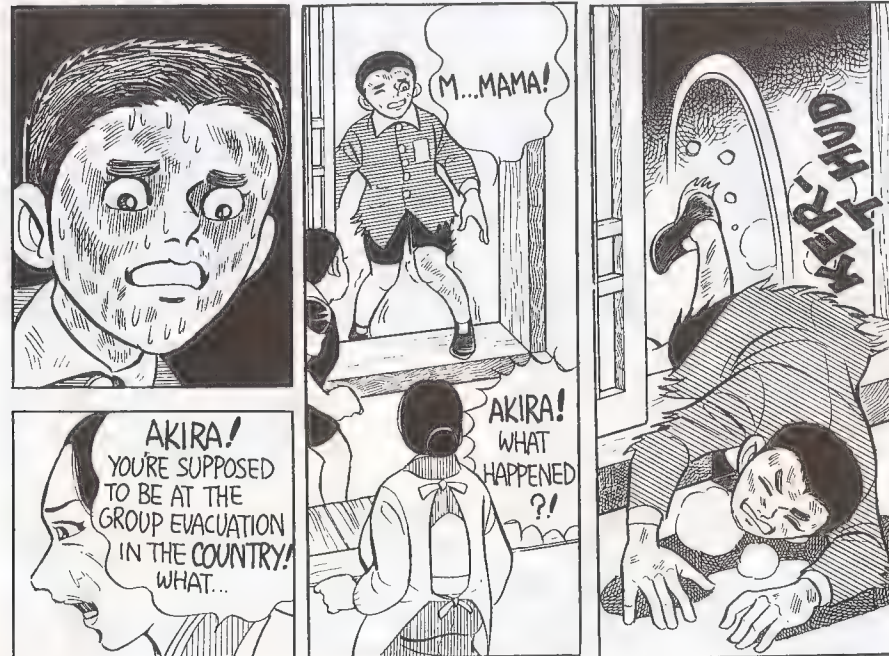
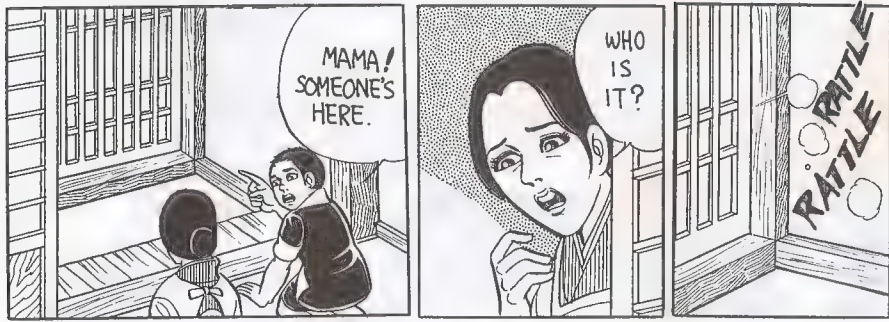
SIGN: AMERICAN DEVIL ROOSEVELT-- ENGLISH DEVIL CHURCHILL



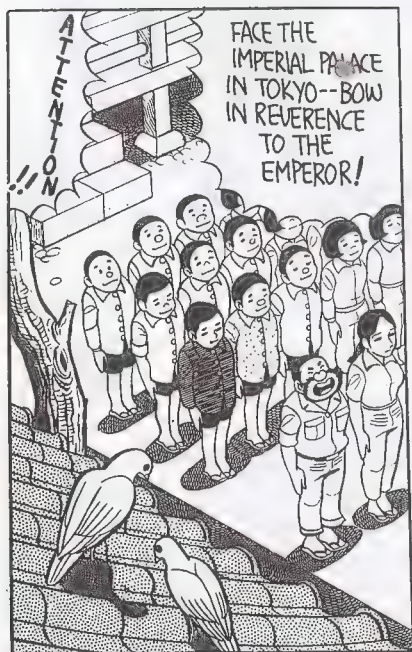




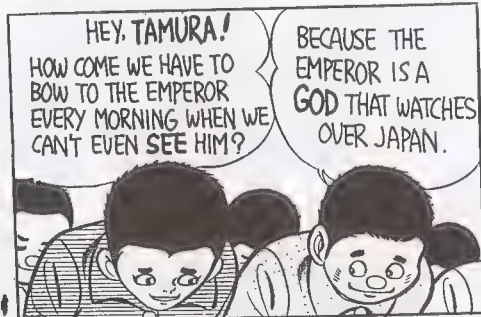






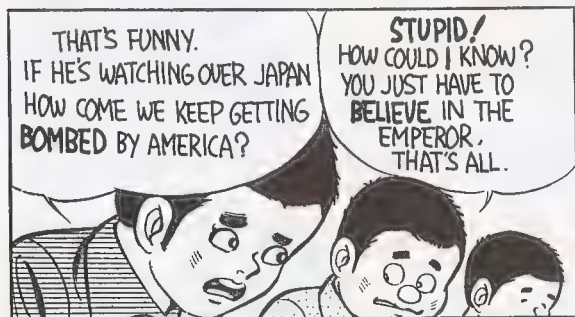


FACE THE IMPERIAL PALACE IN TOKYO--BOW IN REVERENCE TO THE EMPEROR!



HEY, TAMURA!  
HOW COME WE HAVE TO BOW TO THE EMPEROR EVERY MORNING WHEN WE CAN'T EVEN SEE HIM?

BECAUSE THE EMPEROR IS A GOD THAT WATCHES OVER JAPAN.



THAT'S FUNNY.  
IF HE'S WATCHING OVER JAPAN  
HOW COME WE KEEP GETTING BOMBED BY AMERICA?

STUPID!  
HOW COULD I KNOW?  
YOU JUST HAVE TO BELIEVE IN THE EMPEROR.  
THAT'S ALL.



LEFT FACE!!  
FACE HIROSHIMA  
--MORNING SALUTE!



GOOD MORNING, FATHER!  
GOOD MORNING, MOTHER!

WE ARE ALL IN GOOD HEALTH TODAY AND ARE WORKING HARD TO BECOME STRONG CHILDREN OF JAPAN!

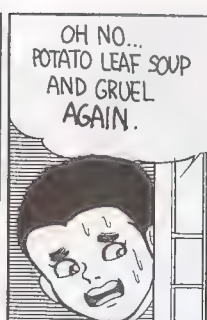
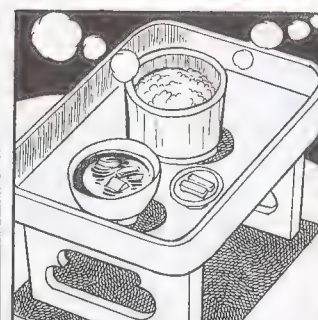


DISMISSED!!



YAY!

OH BOY! BREAKFAST!



OH NO...  
POTATO LEAF SOUP  
AND GRUEL  
AGAIN.



ALRIGHT NOW,  
LET'S GIVE THANKS  
TO THE EMPEROR,  
THEN WE'LL EAT.

SIGH.  
I WISH I COULD  
EAT ENOUGH  
TO GET FULL  
JUST ONCE.

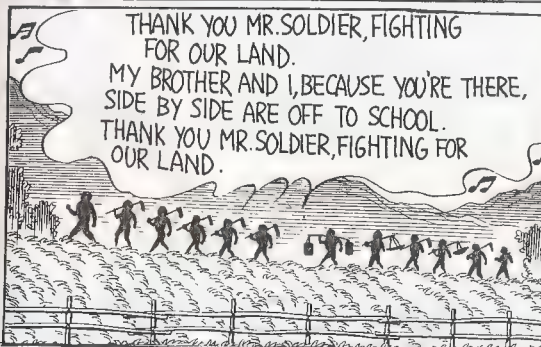


I THOUGHT WHEN WE  
CAME OUT HERE TO  
THE COUNTRY THERE'D  
BE PLENTY TO EAT...



LOOK!  
THE TEACHERS  
GET TO EAT  
WHITE RICE.  
ALL THEY WANT,  
TOO!

OH MAN,  
TEACHERS  
ARE SURE  
A LUCKY...

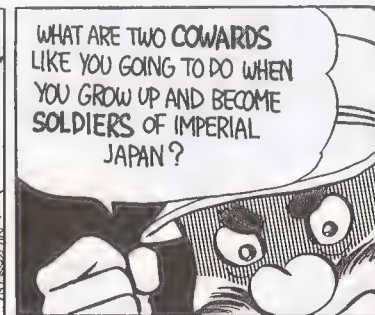
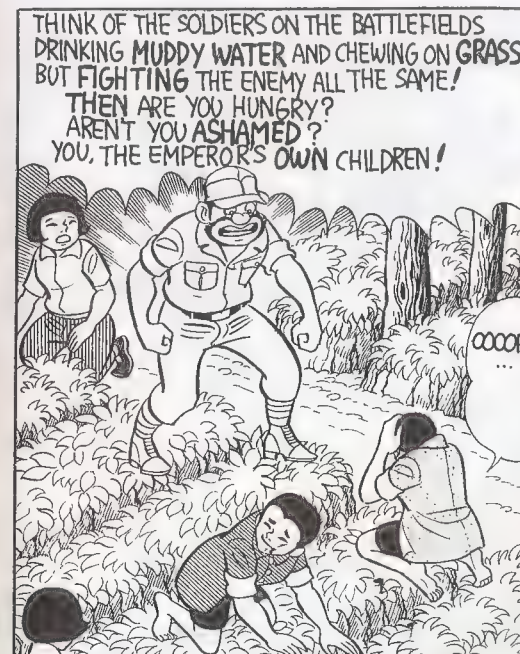
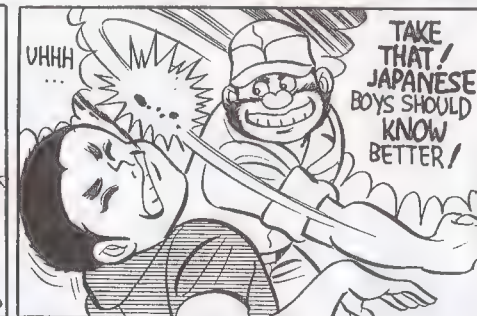
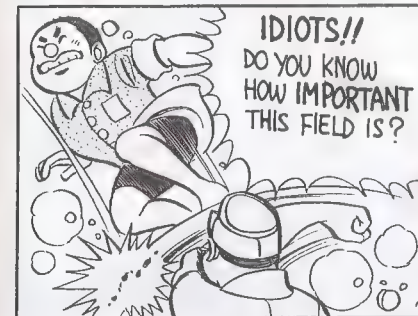
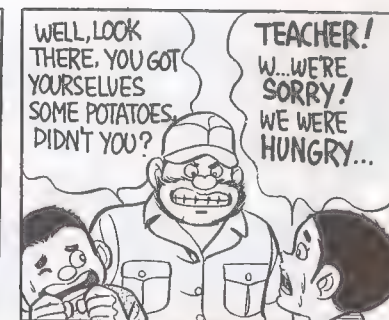
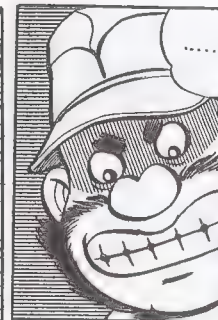
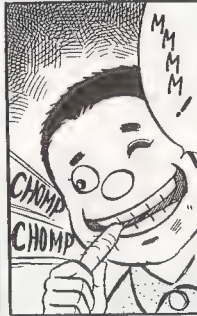
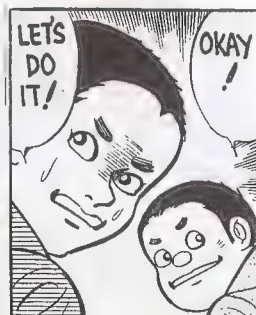
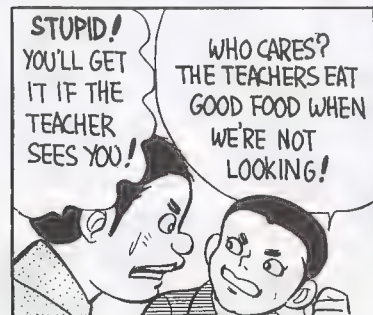
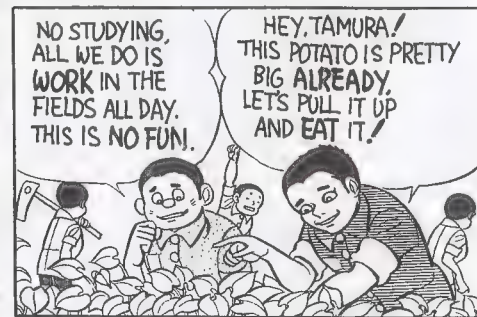


THANK YOU MR.SOLDIER,FIGHTING FOR OUR LAND.  
MY BROTHER AND I,BECAUSE YOU'RE THERE,  
SIDE BY SIDE ARE OFF TO SCHOOL.  
THANK YOU MR.SOLDIER,FIGHTING FOR OUR LAND.

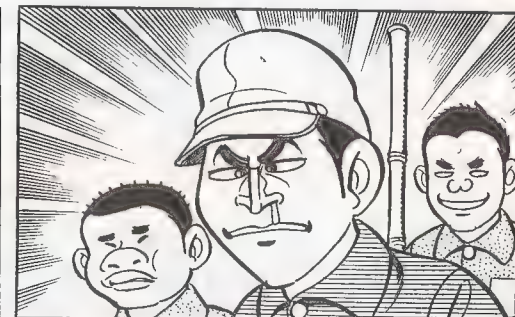
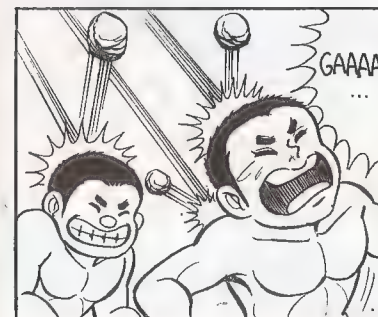
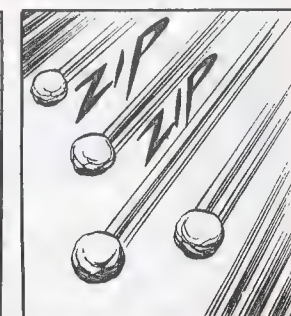
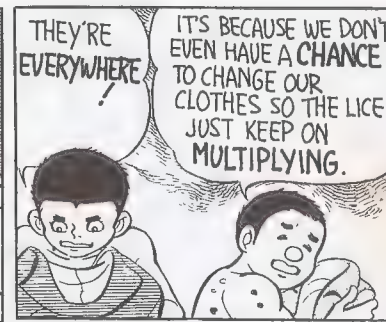
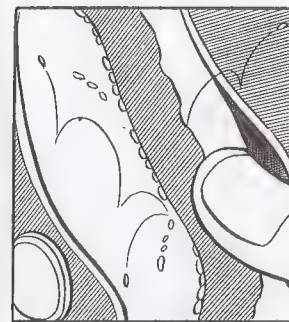
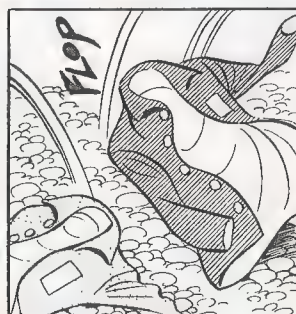
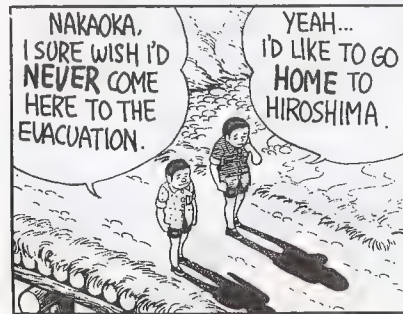


BEGIN  
WORK!

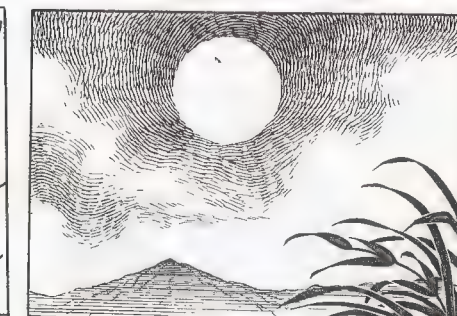
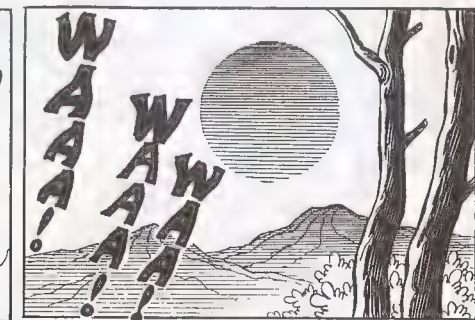
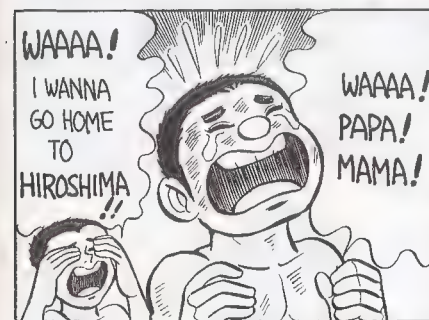
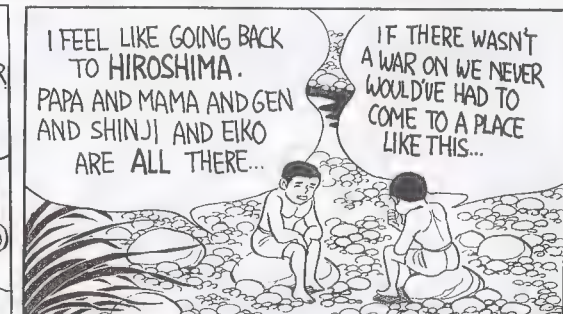
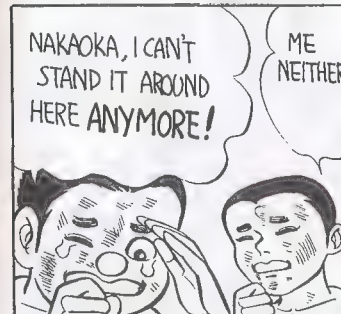
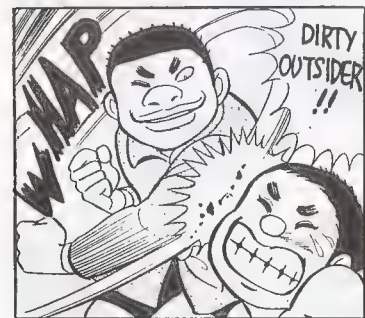




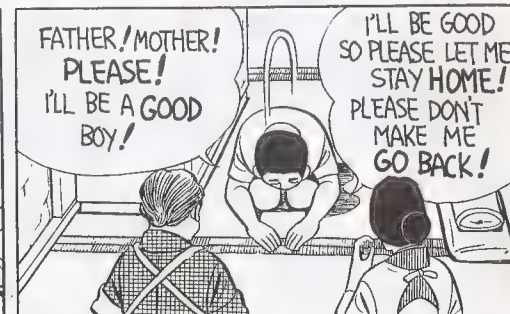
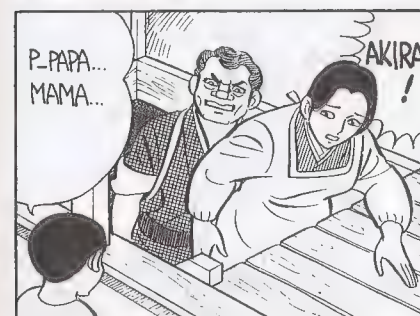
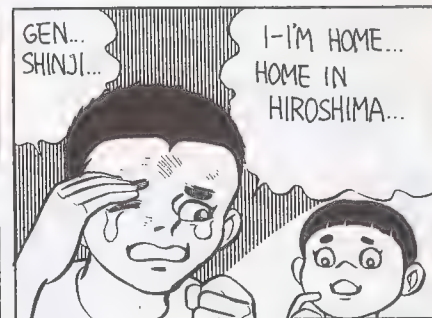
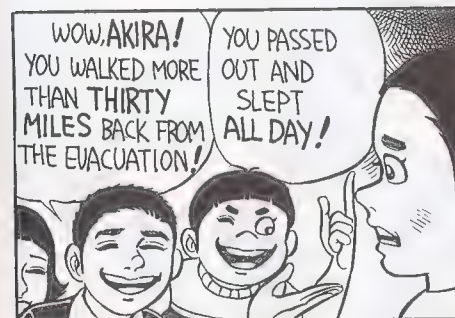
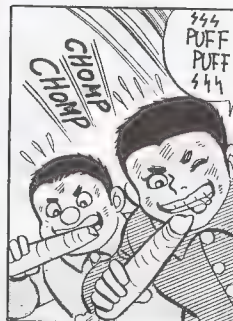
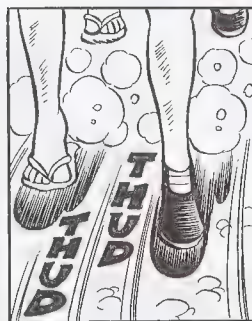
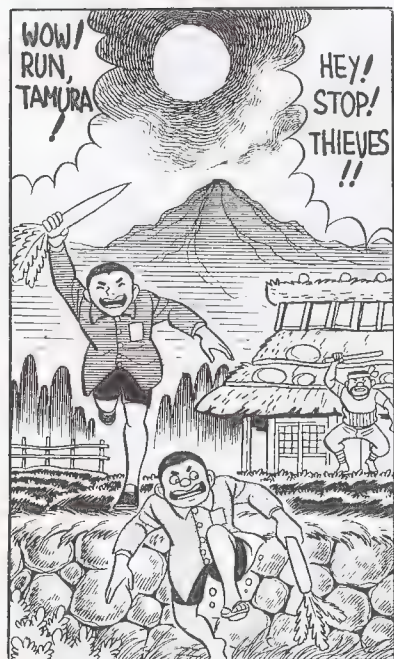




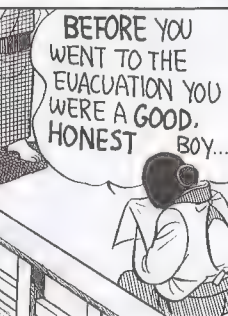
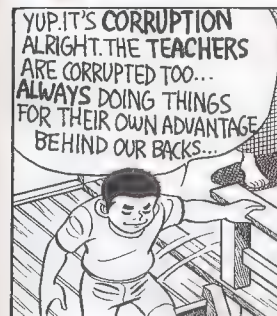
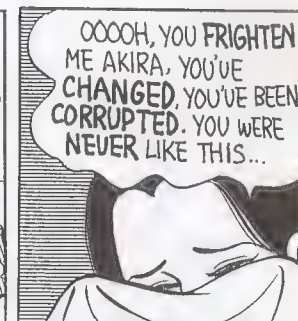
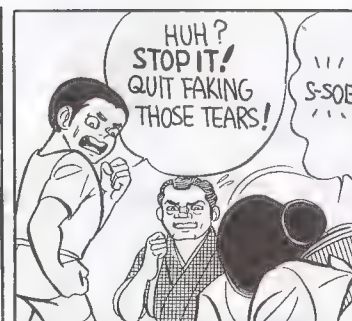
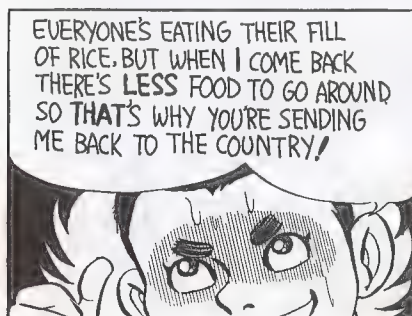
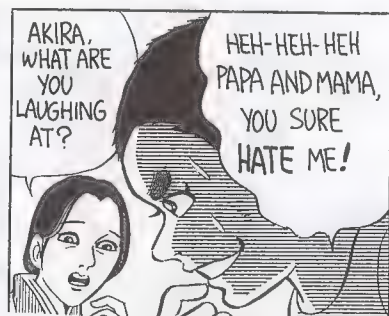
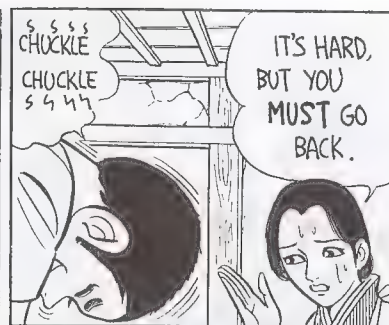
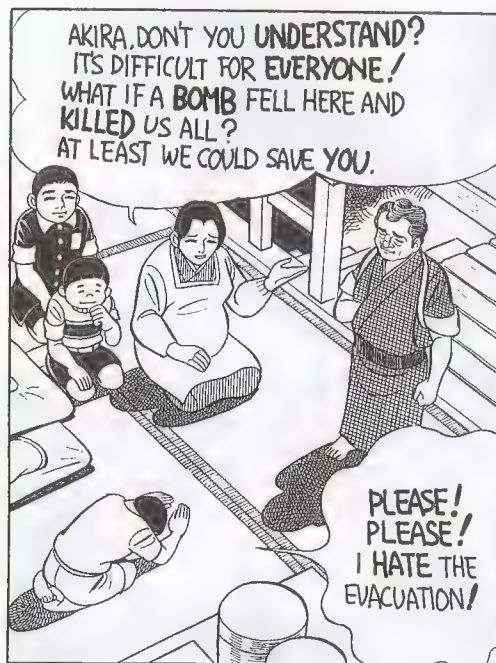




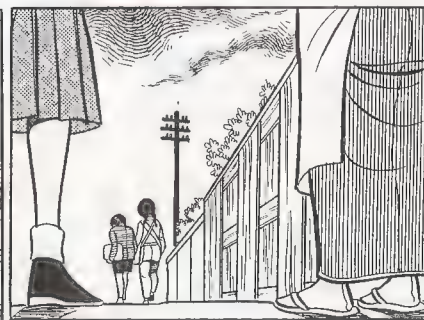
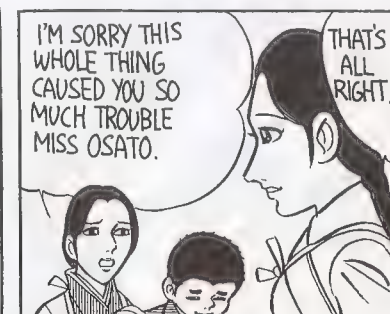
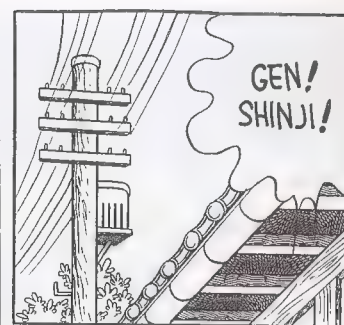
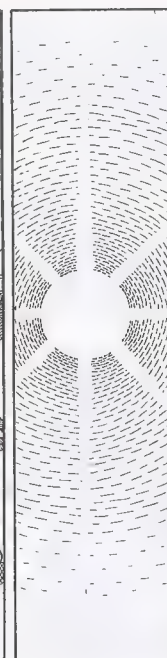
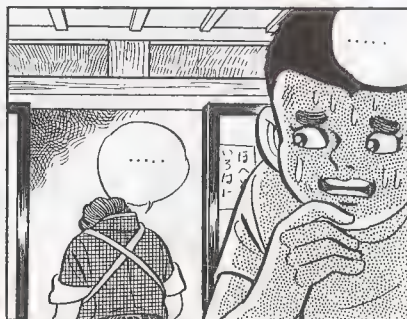
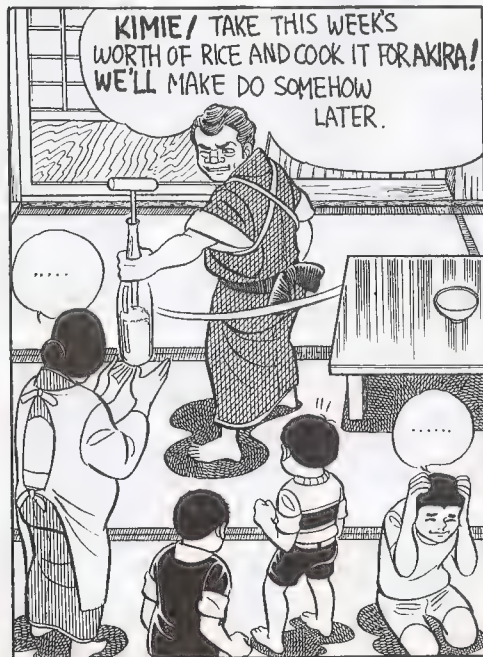
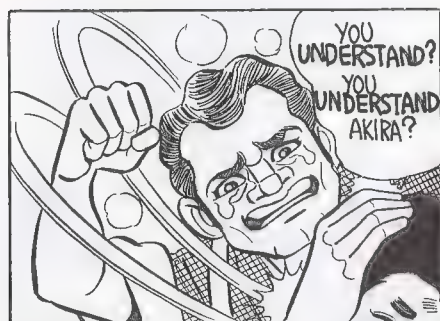




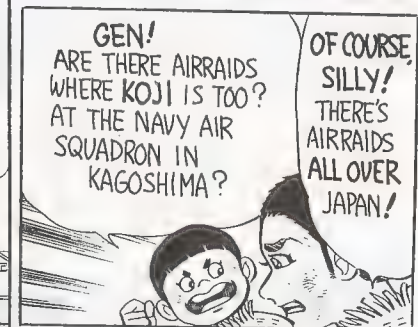
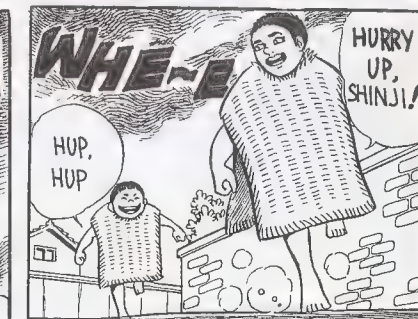
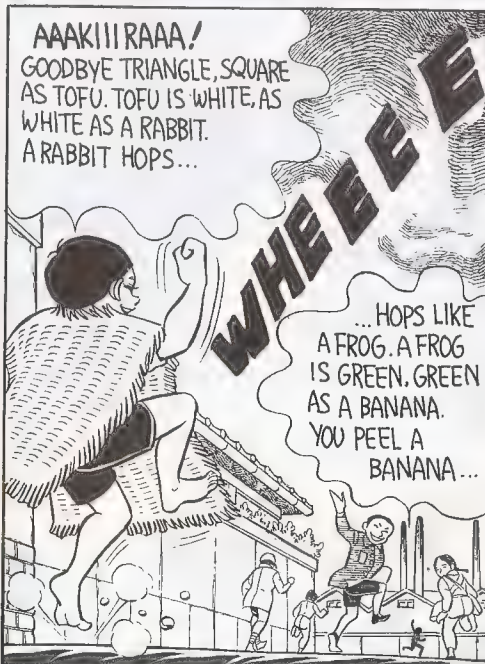
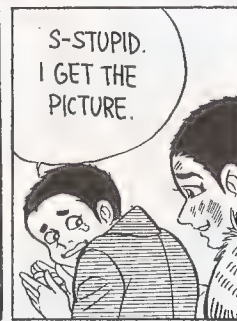
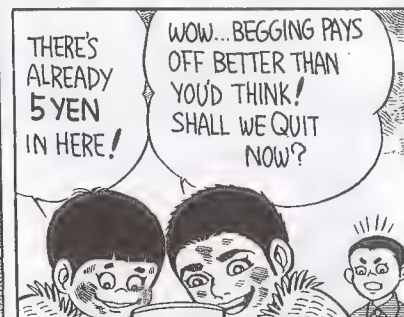




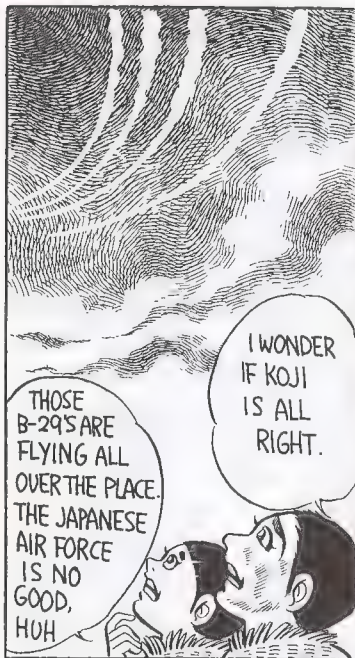










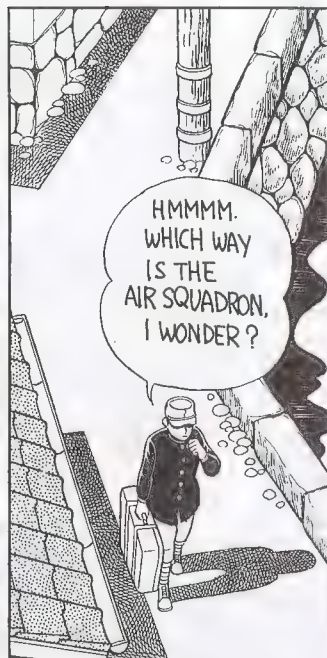


I WONDER  
IF KOJI  
IS ALL  
RIGHT.

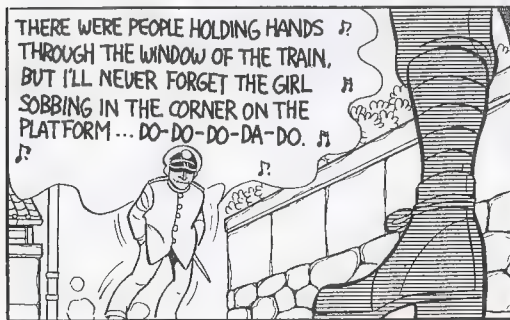
THOSE  
B-29'S ARE  
FLYING ALL  
OVER THE PLACE.  
THE JAPANESE  
AIR FORCE  
IS NO  
GOOD,  
HUH



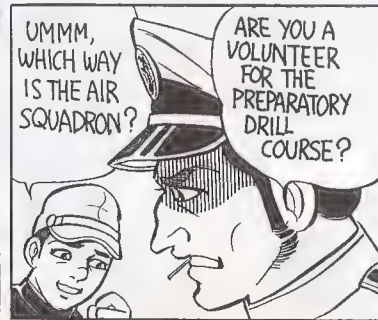
KAGOSHIMA



HMMMM.  
WHICH WAY  
IS THE  
AIR SQUADRON,  
I WONDER?

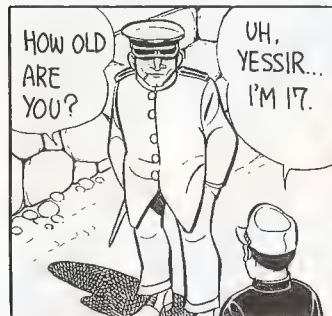


THERE WERE PEOPLE HOLDING HANDS  
THROUGH THE WINDOW OF THE TRAIN.  
BUT I'LL NEVER FORGET THE GIRL  
SOBBING IN THE CORNER ON THE  
PLATFORM... DO-DO-DO-DA-DO.



UMMM,  
WHICH WAY  
IS THE AIR  
SQUADRON?

ARE YOU A  
VOLUNTEER  
FOR THE  
PREPARATORY  
DRILL  
COURSE?



HOW OLD  
ARE  
YOU?

UH,  
YESSIR...  
I'M 17.

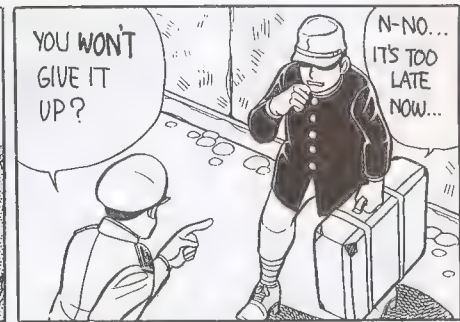


HAH. YOU THINK A SPRING CHICKEN  
LIKE YOU IS GOING TO BE ANY USE TO  
THE NAVY AIR SQUADRON?  
GO ON. BEAT IT! GO HOME,  
YOU FOOL!



I'M SUPPOSED  
TO JOIN THE  
SQUADRON  
TODAY.

HAH.  
SO NO MATTER  
WHAT YOU'RE  
DETERMINED  
TO JOIN?



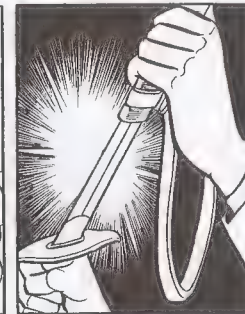
YOU WON'T  
GIVE IT  
UP?

N-NO...  
IT'S TOO  
LATE  
NOW...



B-BUT...  
BUT...

OKAY THEN.  
I GUESS I'LL JUST HAVE  
TO FIX YOU UP SO  
YOU CAN'T JOIN.  
YOU MIGHT AS WELL  
GIVE UP THE IDEA.



W-WHAT  
ARE YOU  
DOING?



STOP!  
PLEASE!

I'M GOING TO CUT OFF YOUR ARMS  
AND LEGS AND THEN IF YOU STILL  
WANT TO JOIN, YOU'RE GOING TO  
HAVE A HARD TIME DOING IT.  
I'M GOING TO CHOP THEM  
RIGHT OFF...

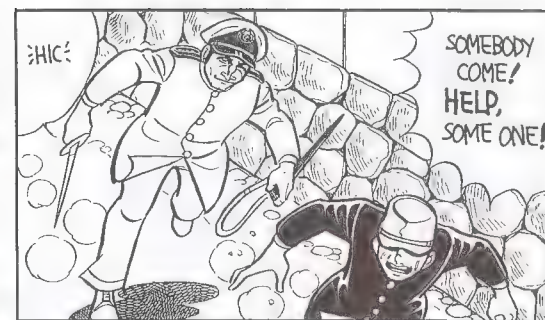
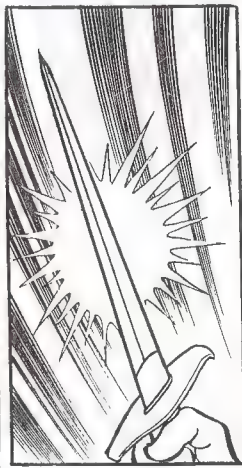
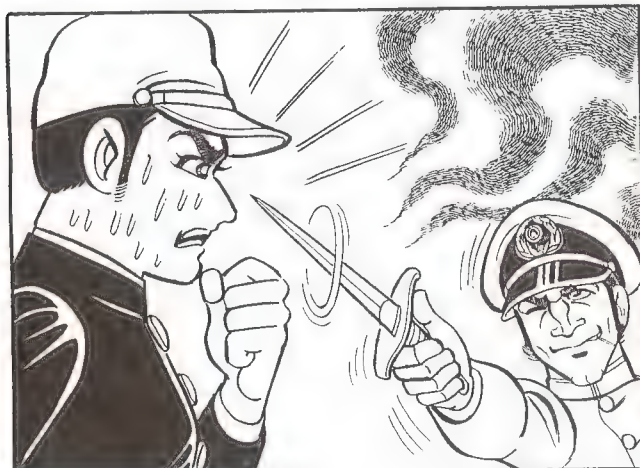
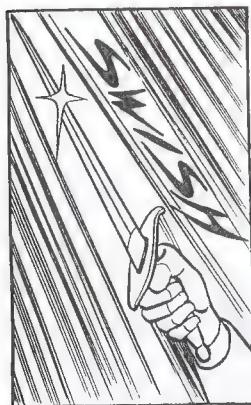


GRINE

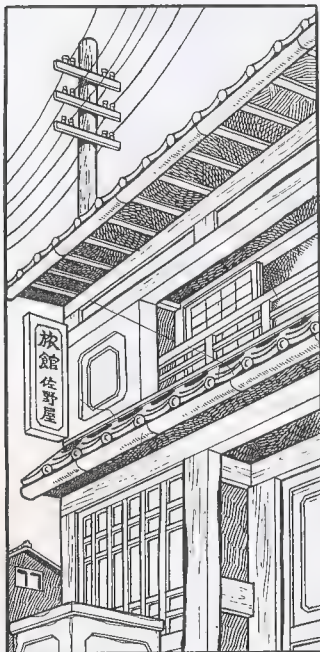


H-HE'S  
C-CRAZY!

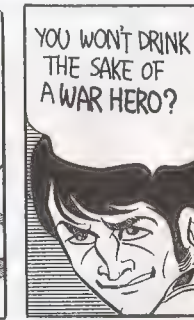
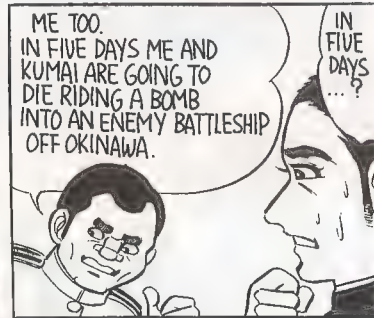
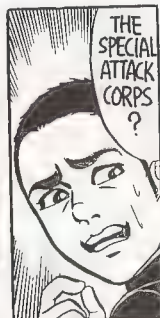
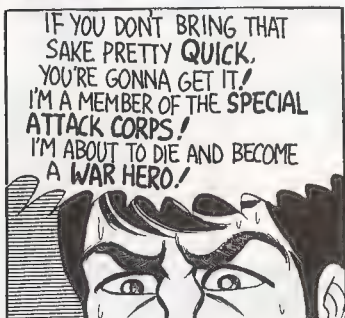
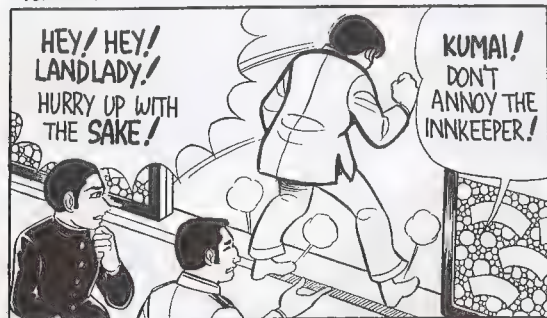




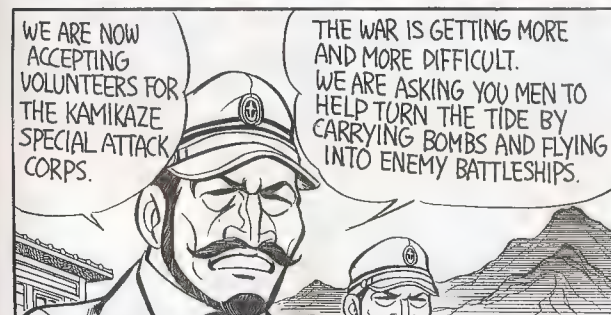
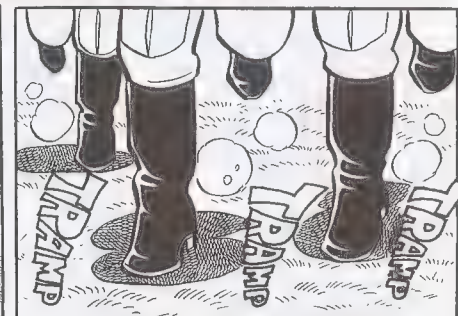
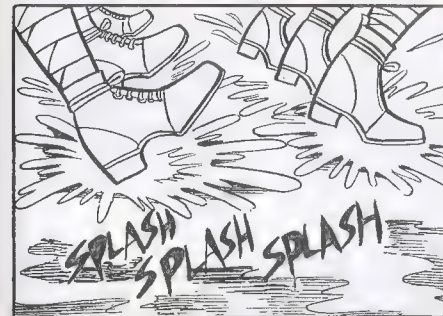
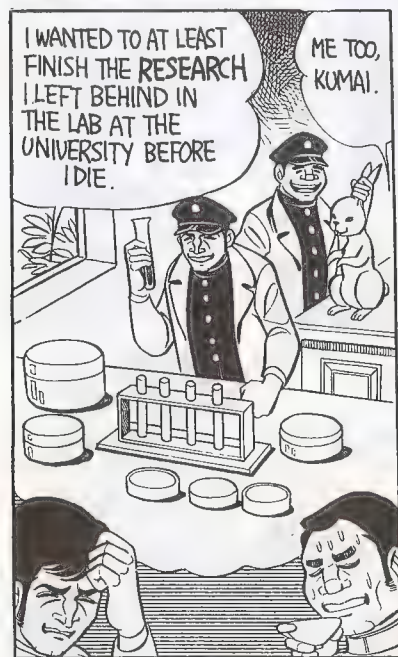
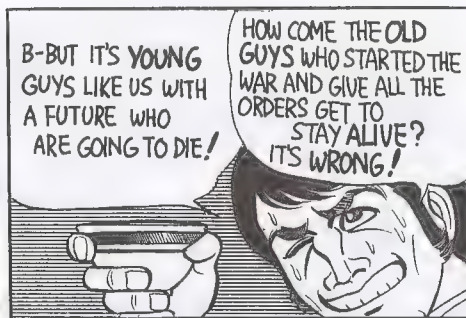




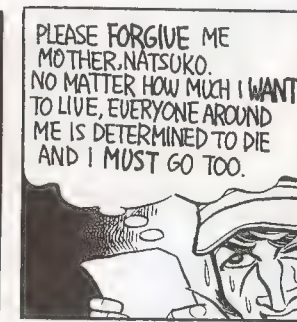
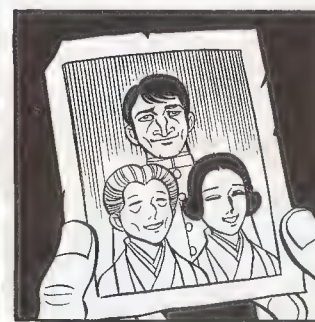
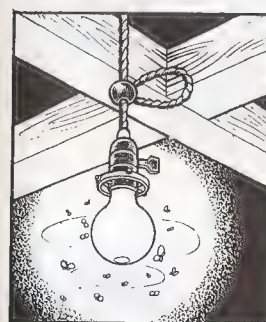
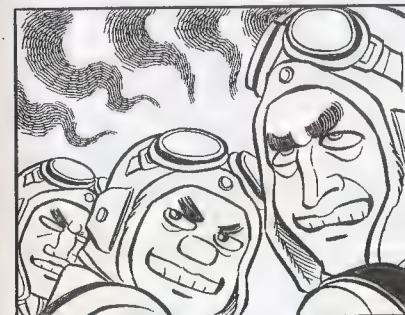
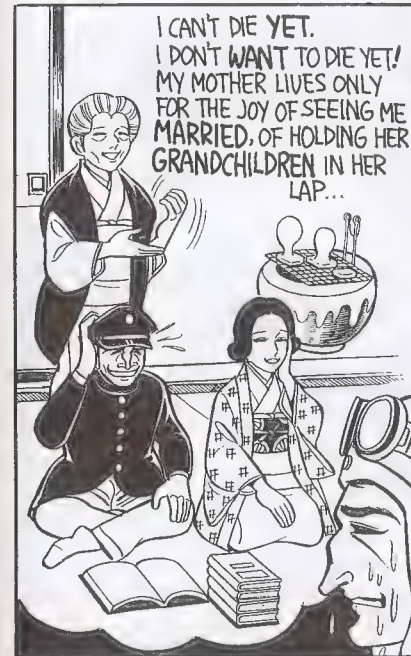
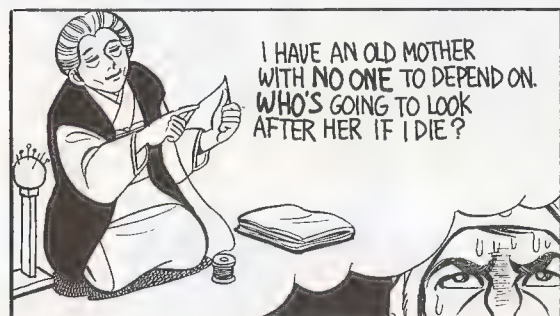
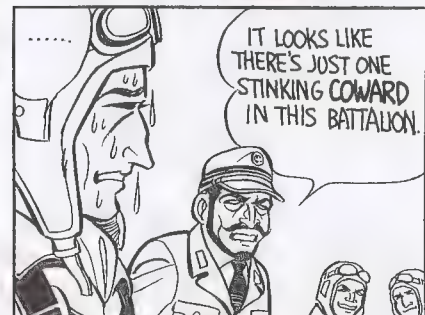
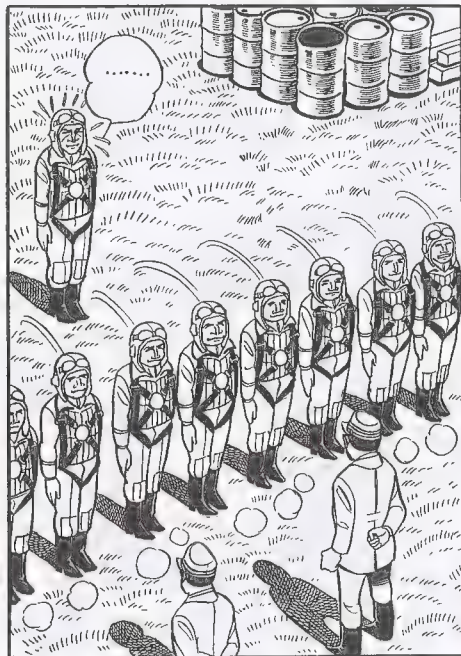
SIGN: INN



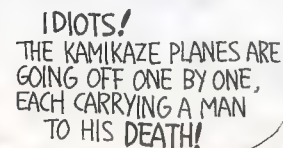
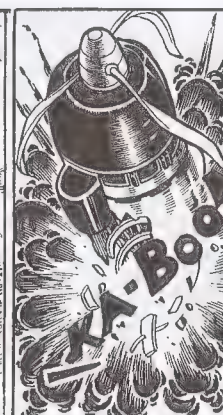
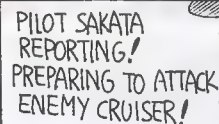
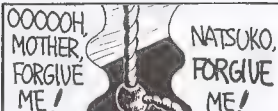
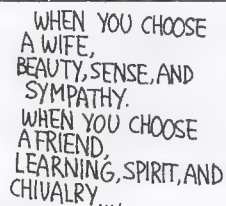






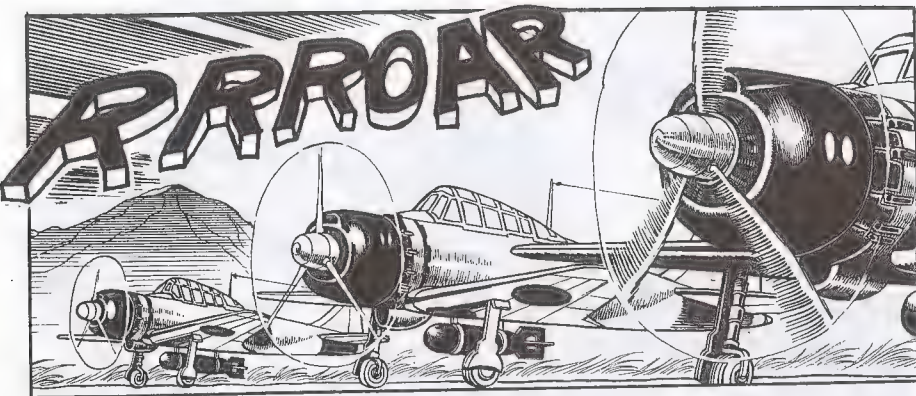






ARE YOU JUST  
PLAYING GAMES?  
YOU THINK HUMAN  
BEINGS ARE JUST  
PARTS IN A  
MACHINE?





THE KAMIKAZE PLANES WERE STRIPPED OF MACHINE GUNS AND ALL UNNECESSARY EQUIPMENT. THE PILOTS WOULD NOT COME BACK ALIVE SO THEY CARRIED ONLY ENOUGH FUEL FOR A ONE-WAY TRIP. A HEAVY BOMB WAS STRAPPED TO THE FUSELAGE.

PRAY FOR LUCK.

Y-ESSIR

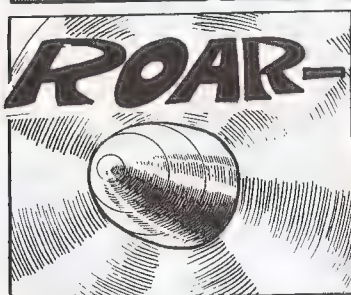
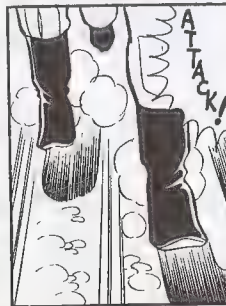
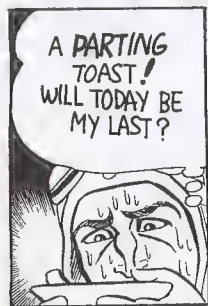


A PARTING TOAST! WILL TODAY BE MY LAST?

GOOD LUCK!

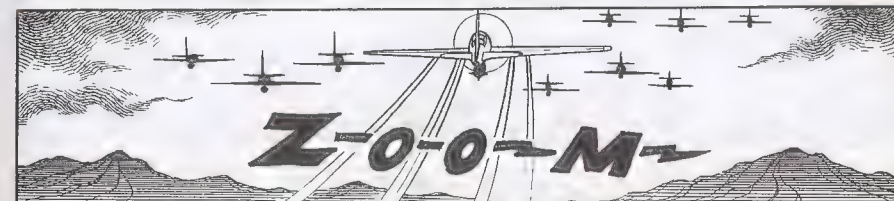
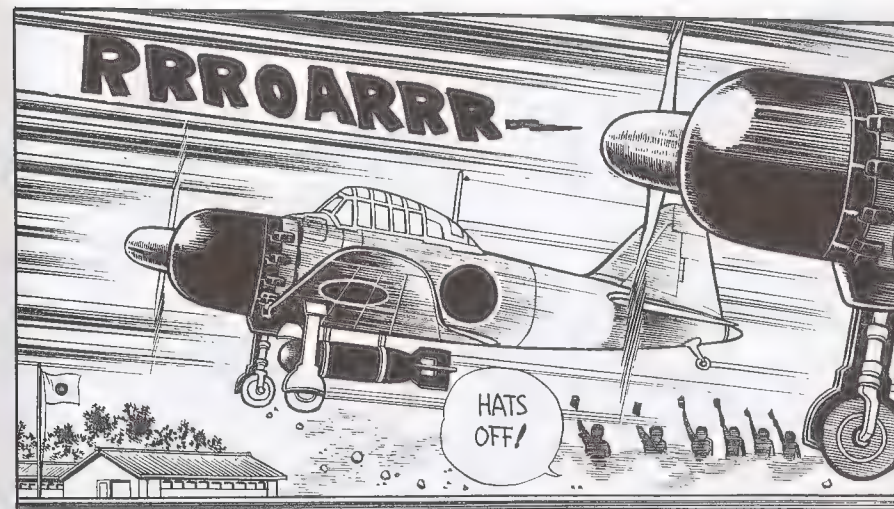
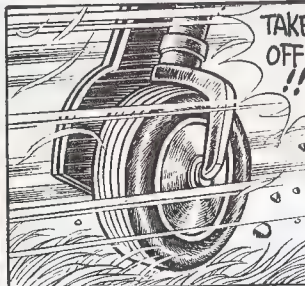
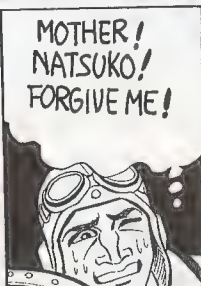
KENSHIN SQUADRON REPORTING SIR! WE'RE OFF!

ATTACK!



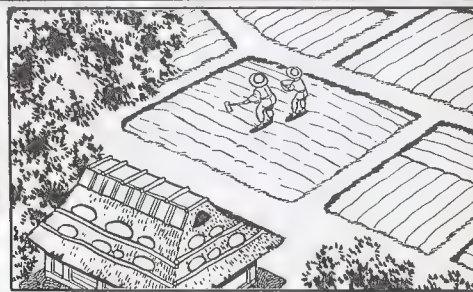
MOTHER! NATSUKO! FORGIVE ME!

TAKE OFF!!



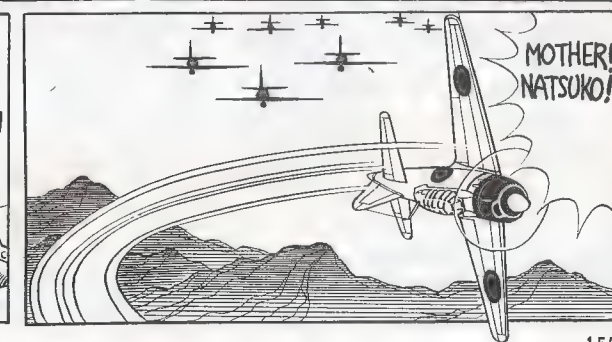
HUH? THIS COURSE WILL TAKE US RIGHT OVER MY HOUSE!

AAH?!

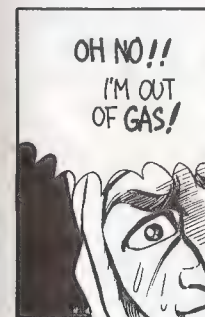
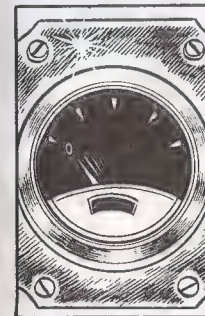
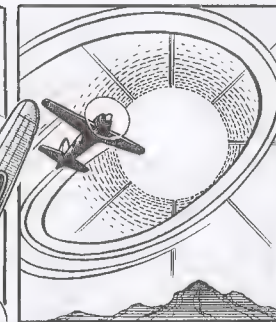
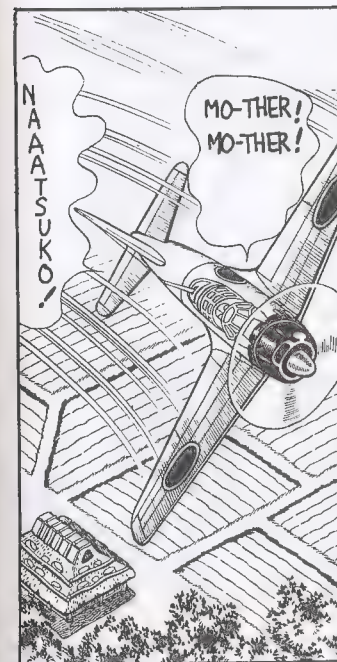
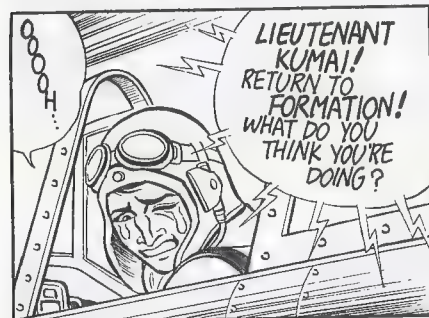
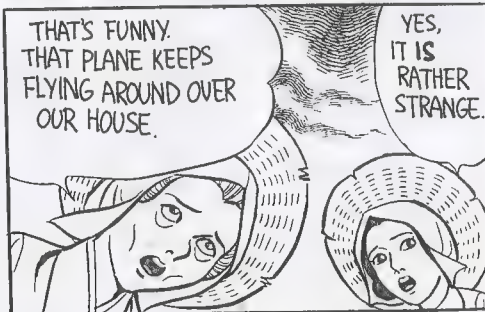
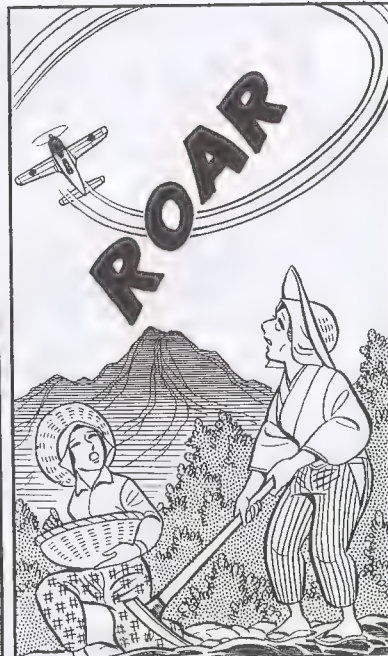


IT'S MOTHER AND NATSUKO!

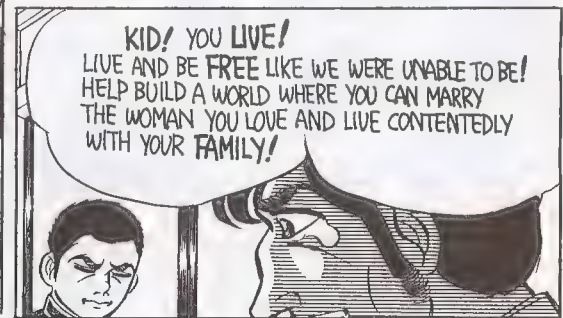
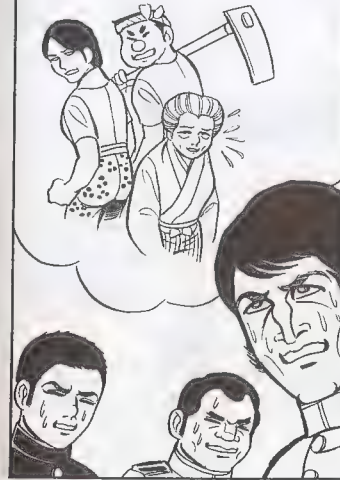
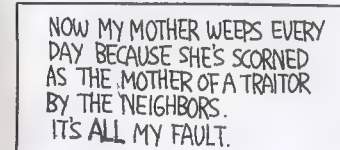
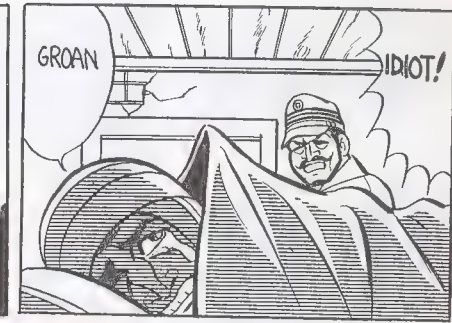
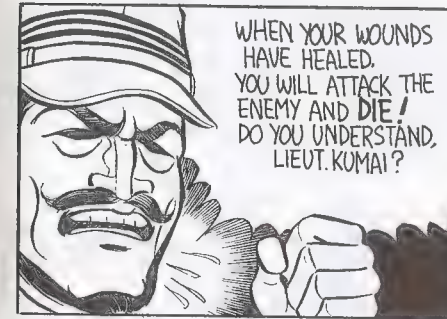
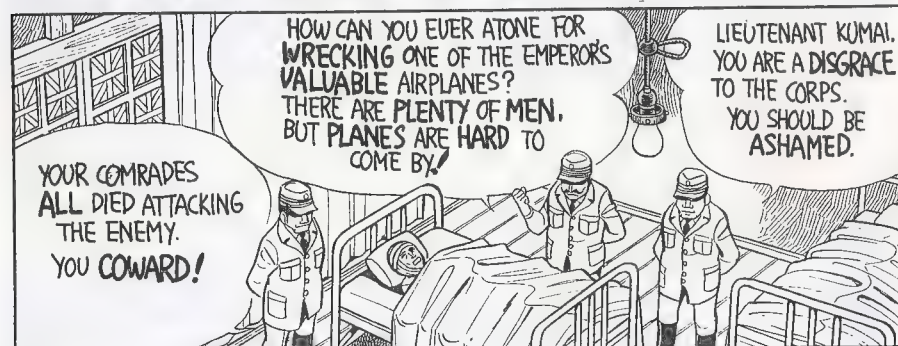
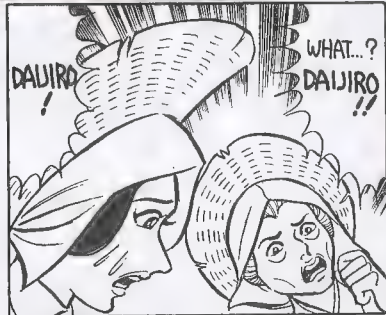
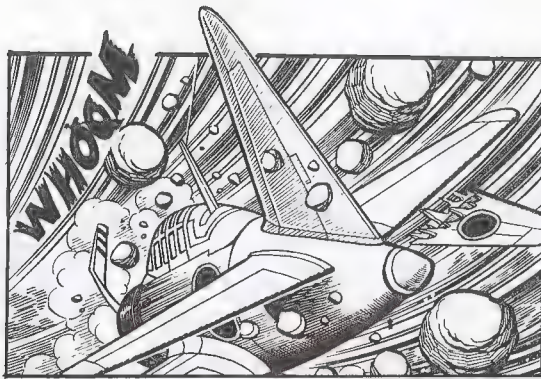
MOTHER! NATSUKO!



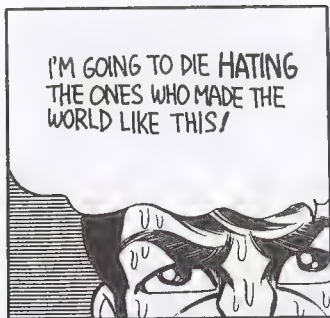










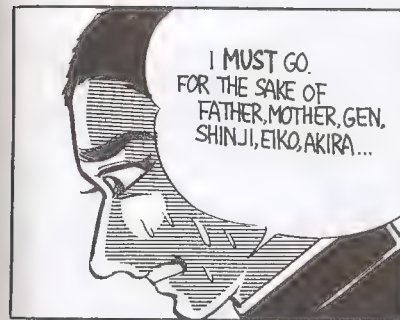


I'M GOING TO DIE HATING  
THE ONES WHO MADE THE  
WORLD LIKE THIS!

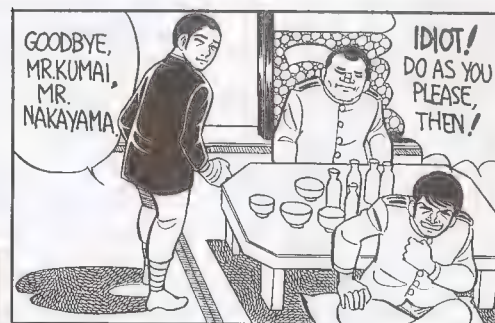


AAAH,  
THE  
BASTARDS!

BANG

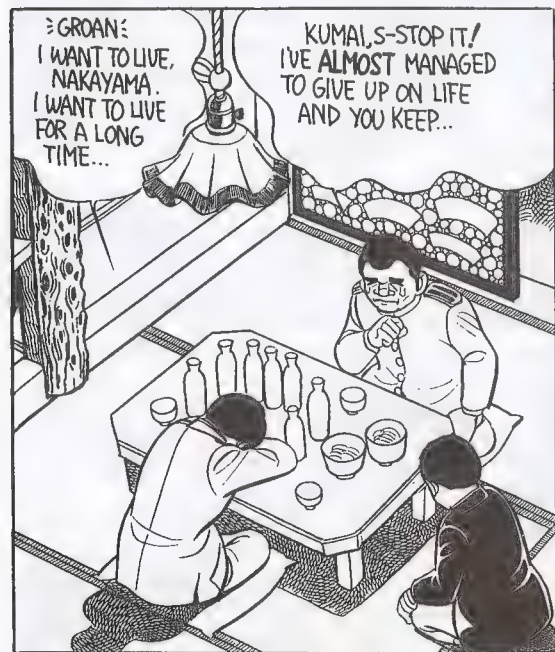


I MUST GO.  
FOR THE SAKE OF  
FATHER, MOTHER, GEN,  
SHINJI, EIKO, AKIRA...



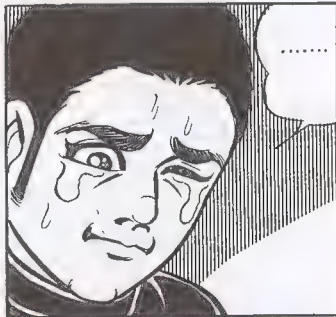
GOODBYE,  
MR. KUMAI,  
MR.  
NAKAYAMA

IDIOT!  
DO AS YOU  
PLEASE,  
THEN!



≥GROAN:  
I WANT TO LIVE,  
NAKAYAMA.  
I WANT TO LIVE  
FOR A LONG  
TIME...

KUMAI, S-STOP IT!  
I'VE ALMOST MANAGED  
TO GIVE UP ON LIFE  
AND YOU KEEP...



.....



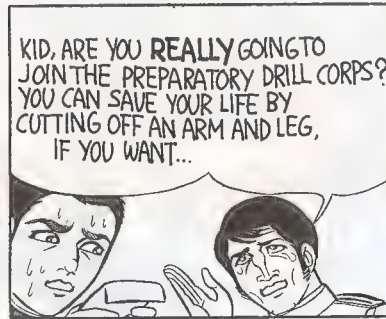
HEY, KID.  
IF YOU LIVE  
THROUGH THE  
WAR WILL YOU  
GIVE THIS TO  
MY MOTHER?

IT'S A LOCK OF  
MY HAIR  
AND SOME  
FINGERNAIL  
CLIPPINGS.

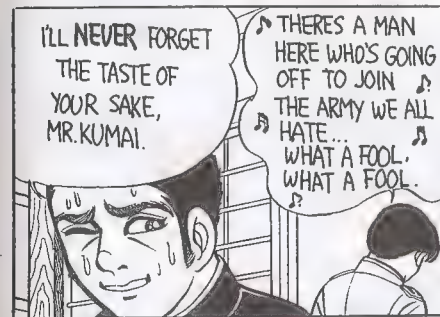


A-  
ALRIGHT

THIS IS THE ONLY  
KIND OF THING I CAN  
LEAVE BEHIND.  
PLEASE ASK HER TO  
FORGIVE ME.



KID, ARE YOU **REALLY** GOING TO  
JOIN THE PREPARATORY DRILL CORPS?  
YOU CAN SAVE YOUR LIFE BY  
CUTTING OFF AN ARM AND LEG,  
IF YOU WANT...



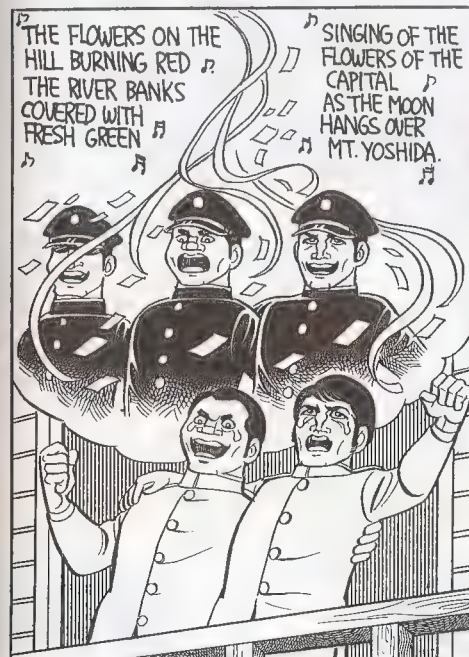
I'LL NEVER FORGET  
THE TASTE OF  
YOUR SAKE,  
MR. KUMAI.

♪ THERES A MAN  
HERE WHO'S GOING  
OFF TO JOIN ♪  
THE ARMY WE ALL  
HATE... ♪  
WHAT A FOOL... ♪  
WHAT A FOOL... ♪



HEY KID!  
DON'T GET  
YOURSELF  
KILLED,  
Y'HEAR?

I-I  
WONT.



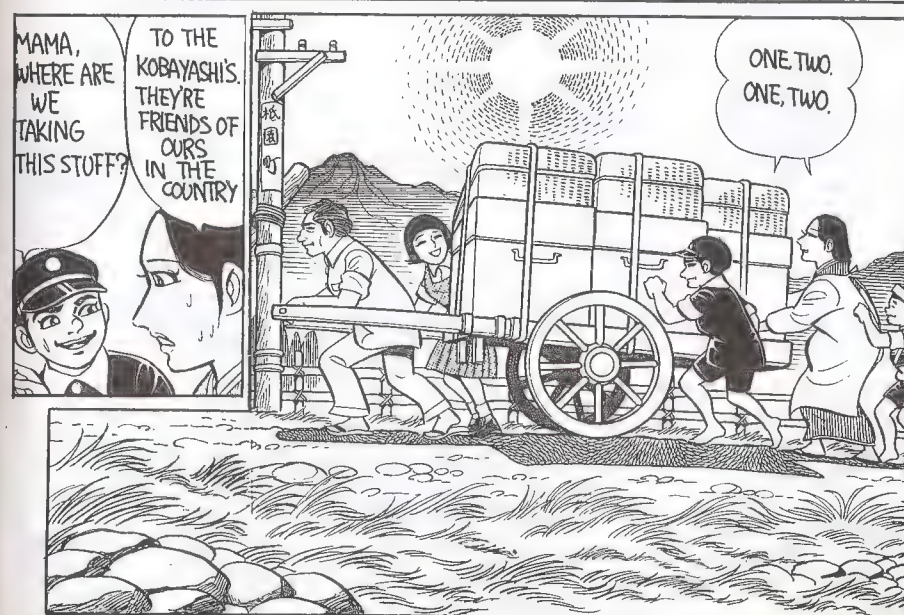
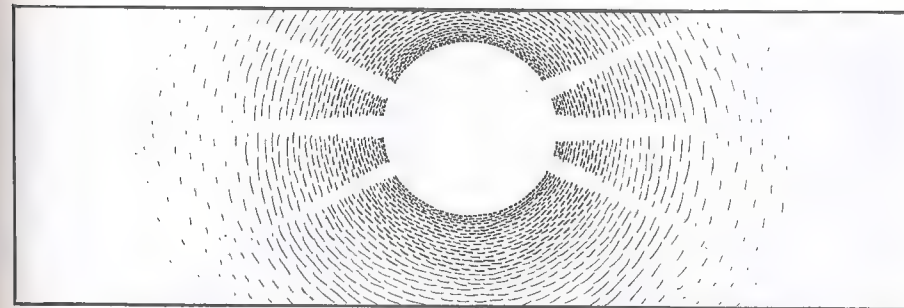
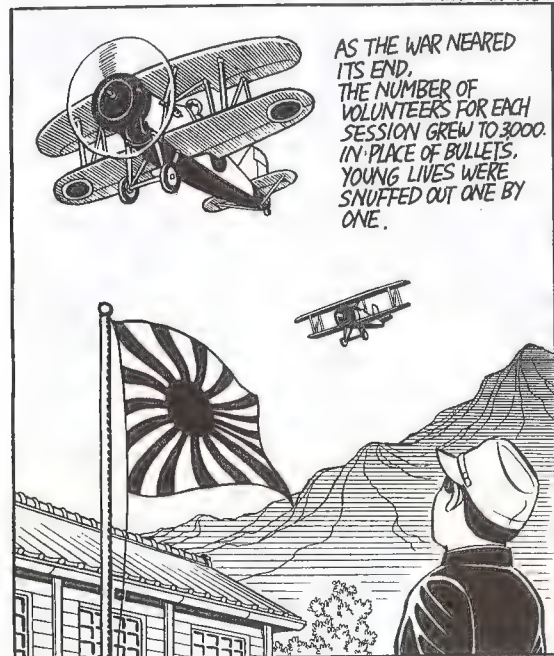
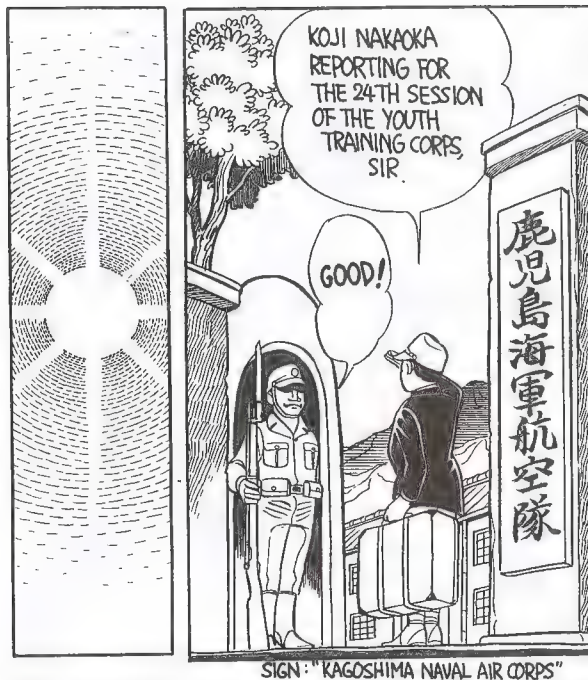
♪ THE FLOWERS ON THE  
HILL BURNING RED ♪  
THE RIVER BANKS  
COVERED WITH ♪  
FRESH GREEN ♪

♪ SINGING OF THE  
FLOWERS OF THE  
CAPITAL ♪  
AS THE MOON  
HANGS OVER ♪  
MT. YOSHIDA. ♪

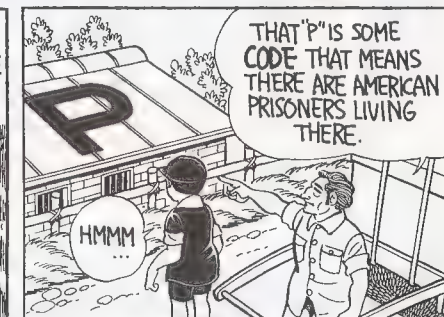
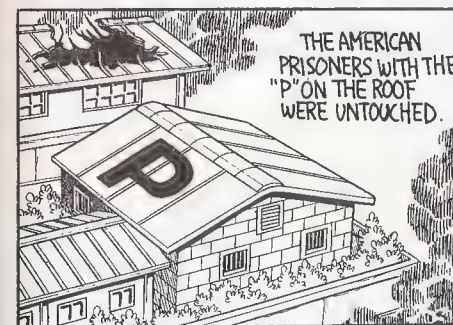
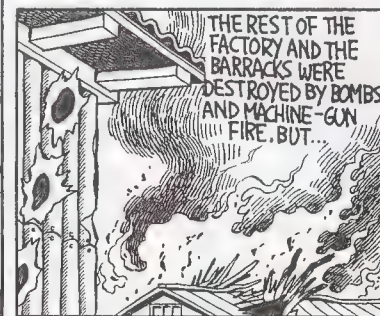
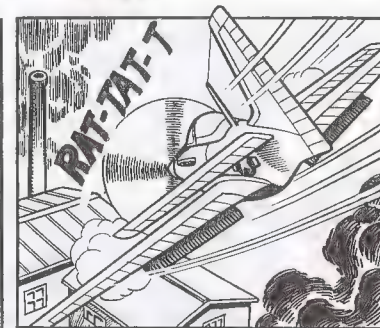
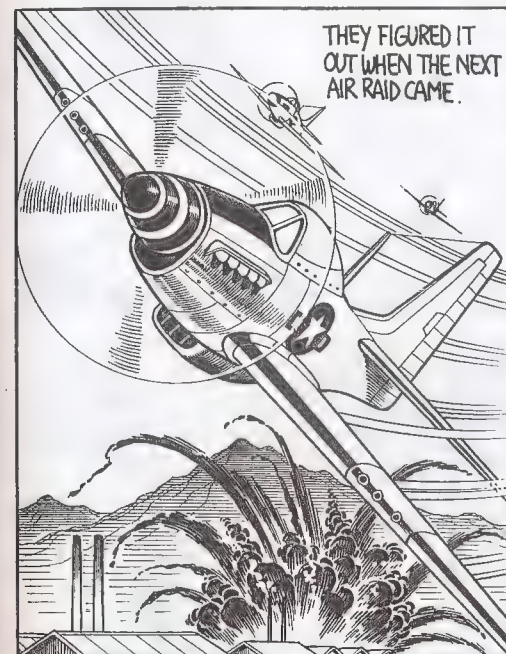
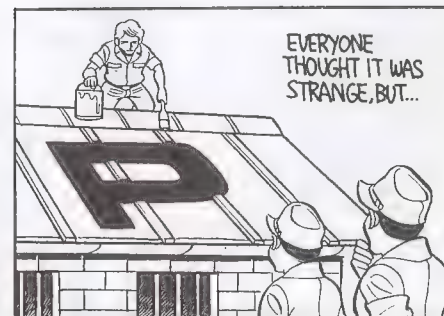
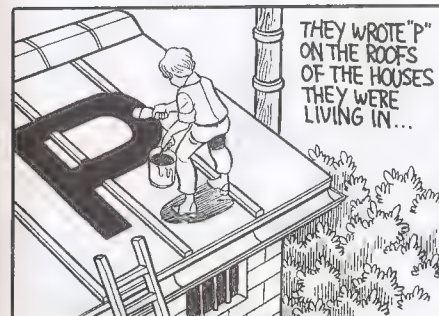
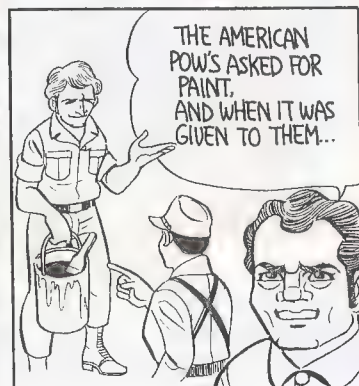
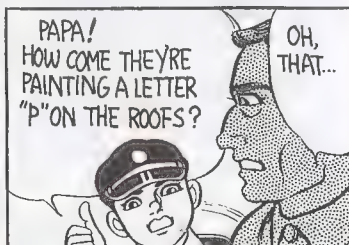
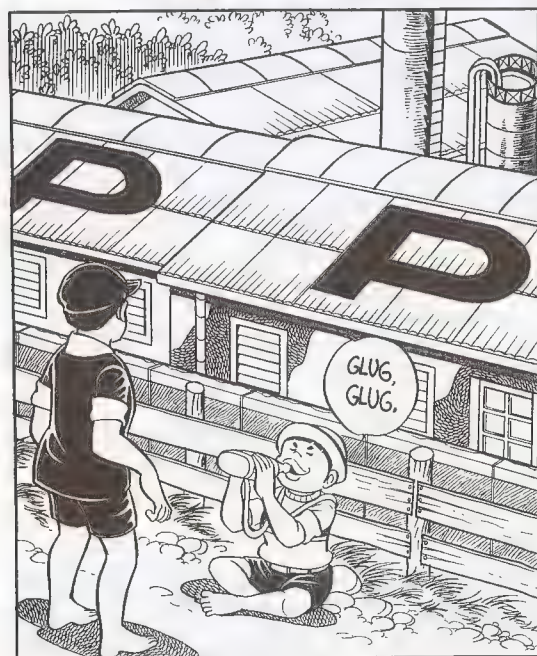
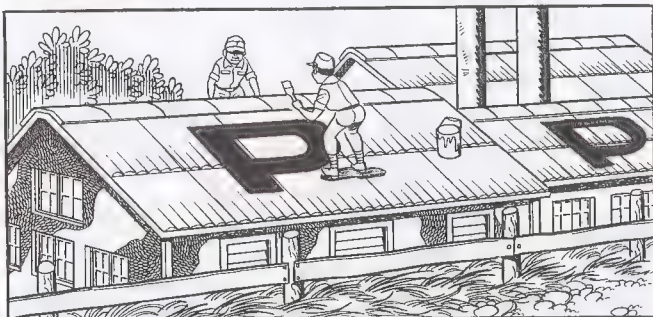
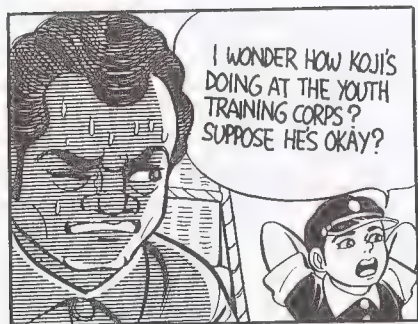


THANK  
YOU!

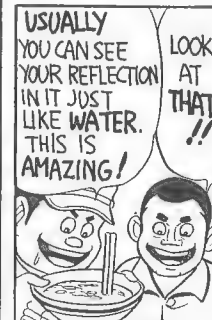
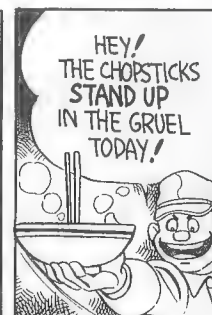
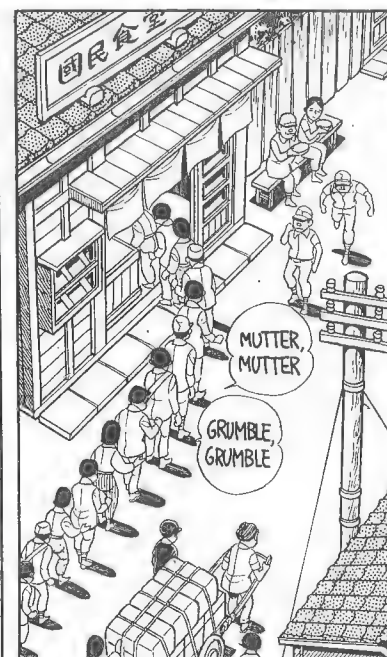
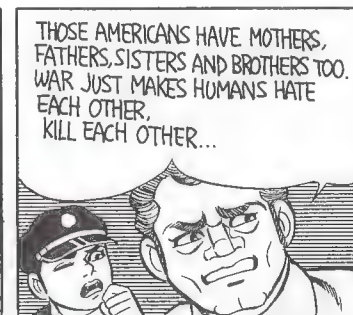
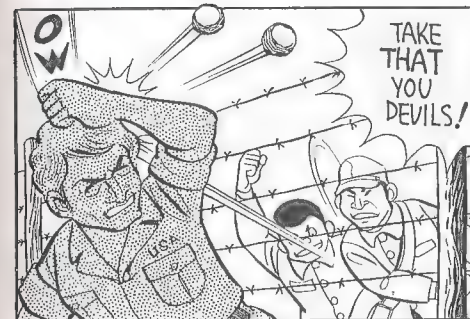
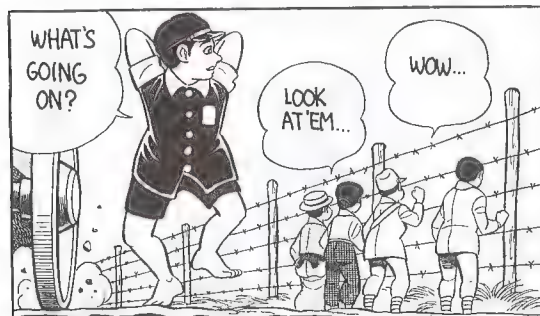
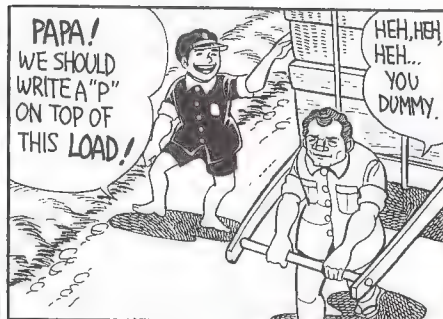




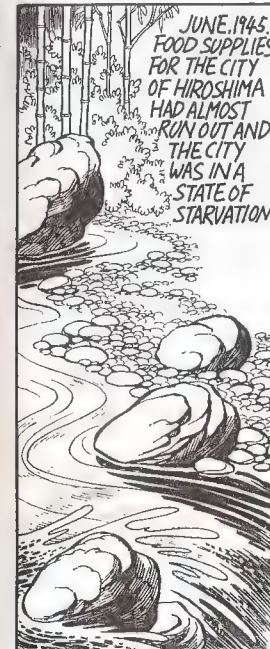
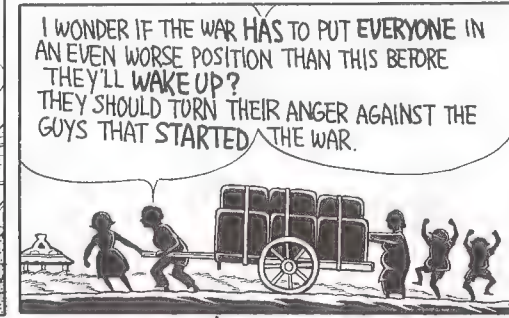
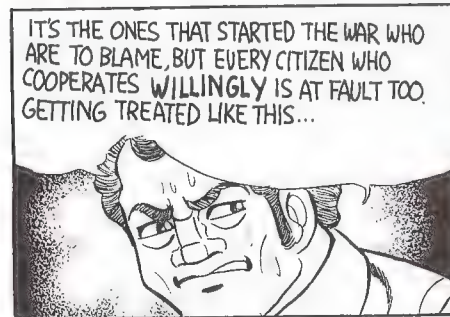
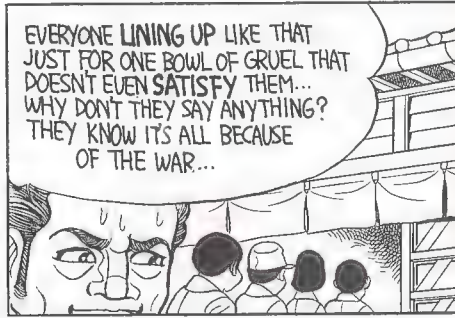
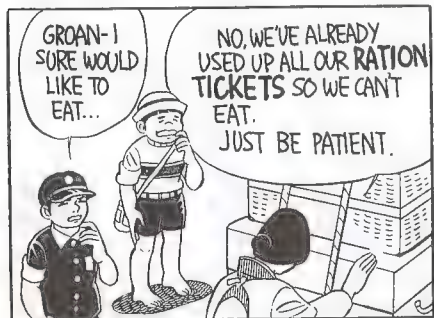




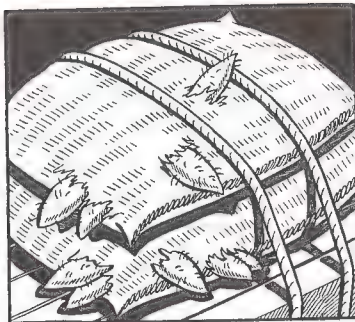






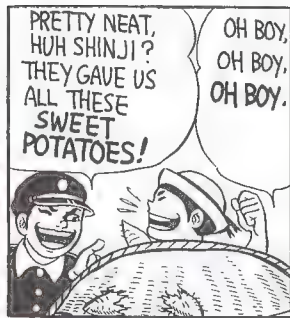






HEE  
HEE  
HEE

HA  
HA  
HA



PRETTY NEAT,  
HUH SHINJI?  
THEY GAVE US  
ALL THESE  
SWEET  
POTATOES!

OH BOY,  
OH BOY,  
OH BOY.



HUH?

STOP!



WHERE  
DID  
THESE  
COME FROM?



WE'RE PRETTY LUCKY DEAR, THESE  
POTATOES WILL FEED US FOR AT LEAST  
A MONTH AND WE WON'T HAVE TO WATCH  
THE CHILDREN CRYING WITH  
EMPTY STOMACHS.



CAN  
WE  
HAVE  
SOME?  
HUH  
MAMA?

MAMA!  
GIVE US SOME  
POTATOES!  
WE CAN'T  
WAIT  
ANYMORE!



OH,  
ALL  
RIGHT.

YAY!  
YAY!



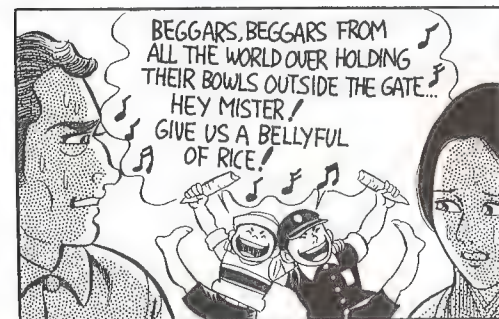
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH  
CRUNCH



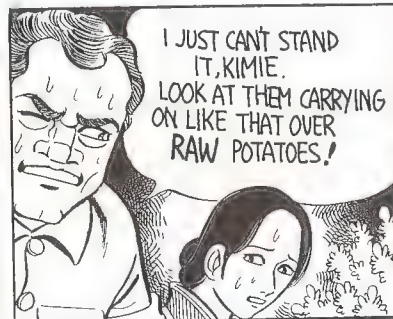
HA HA  
HA HA,  
GOOD,  
HUH SHINJI?

YUP.

THESE  
TASTE  
GOOD!



BEGGARS, BEGGARS FROM  
ALL THE WORLD OUTSIDE THE GATE...  
HEY MISTER!  
GIVE US A BELLYFUL  
OF RICE!

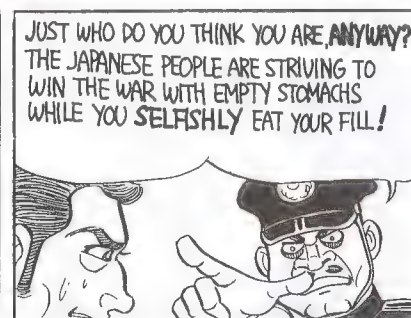


I JUST CAN'T STAND  
IT, KIMIE.  
LOOK AT THEM CARRYING  
ON LIKE THAT OVER  
RAW POTATOES!

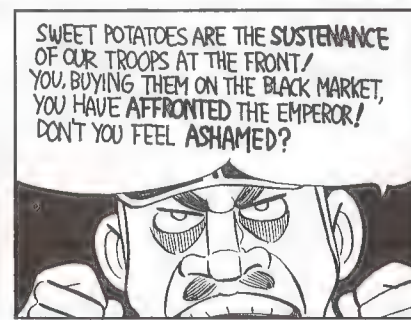


A FRIEND  
OF OURS  
GAVE THEM  
TO US.

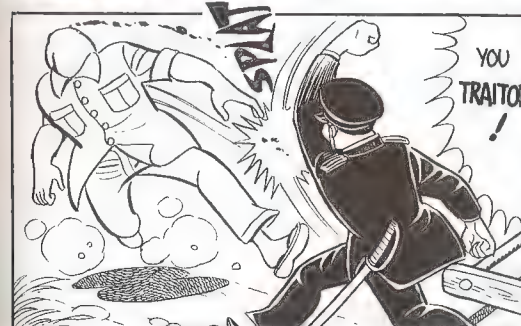
WHO ARE  
YOU TRYING  
TO FOOL?!  
YOU GOT THOSE ON  
THE BLACK  
MARKET.  
DIDN'T YOU?



JUST WHO DO YOU THINK YOU ARE, ANYWAY?  
THE JAPANESE PEOPLE ARE STRIVING TO  
WIN THE WAR WITH EMPTY STOMACHS  
WHILE YOU SELFISHLY EAT YOUR FILL!



SWEET POTATOES ARE THE SUSTENANCE  
OF OUR TROOPS AT THE FRONT!  
YOU, BUYING THEM ON THE BLACK MARKET,  
YOU HAVE AFFRONTED THE EMPEROR!  
DON'T YOU FEEL ASHAMED?

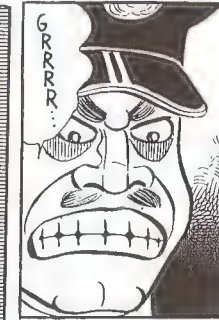
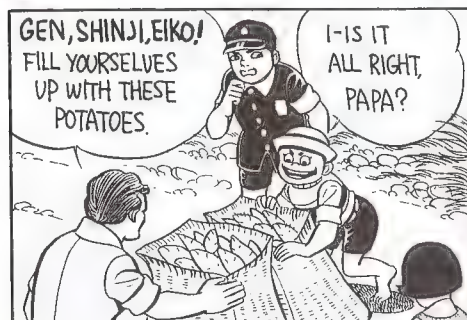
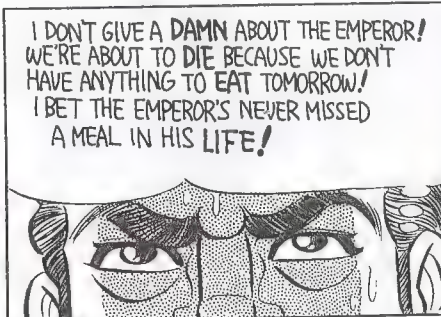
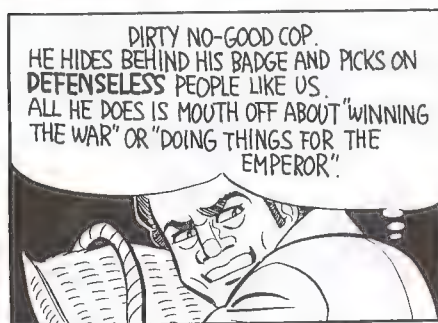
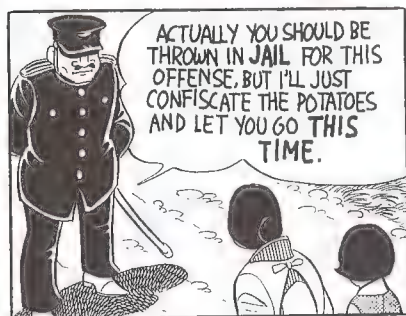
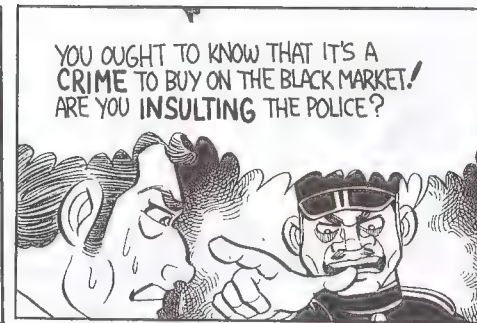
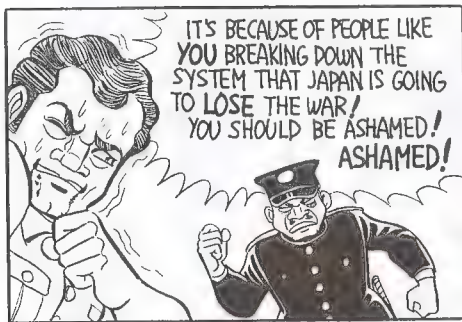


YOU  
TRAITOR!

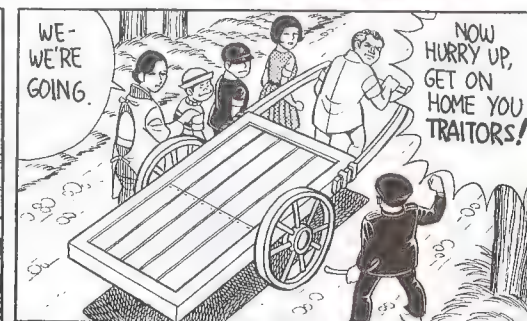
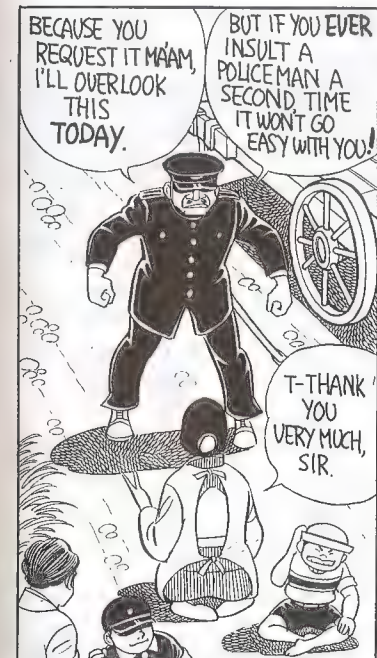
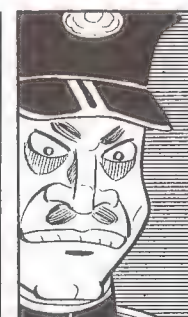
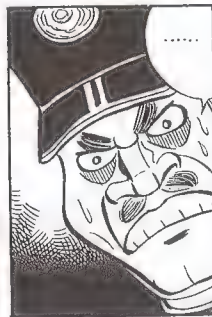
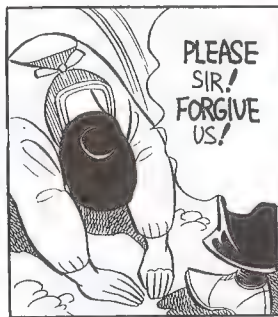
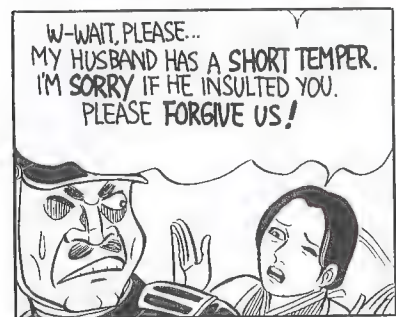
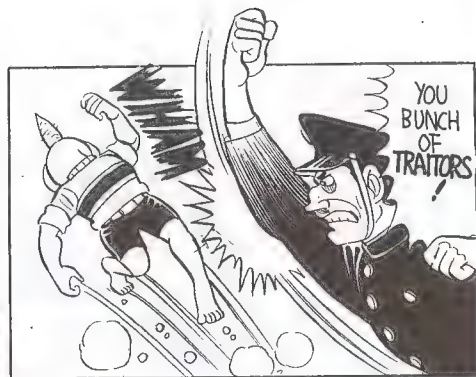


PAPA!

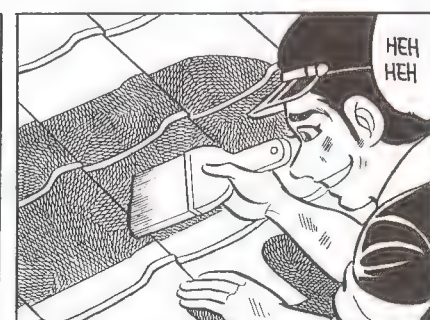
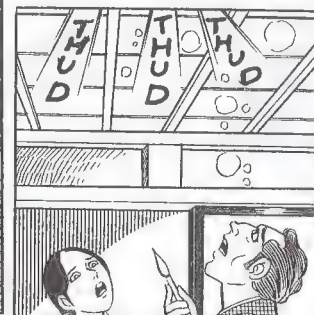
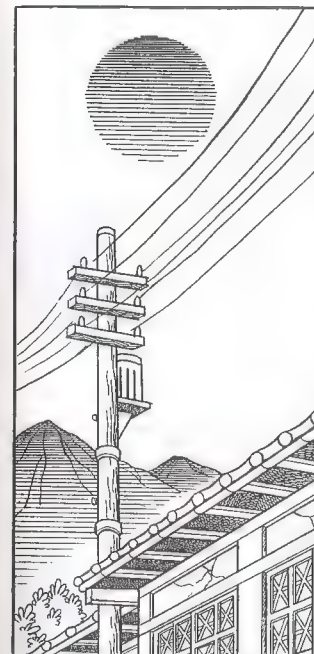
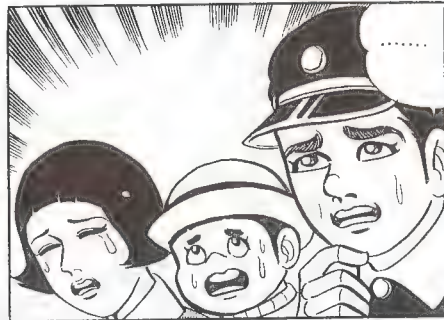
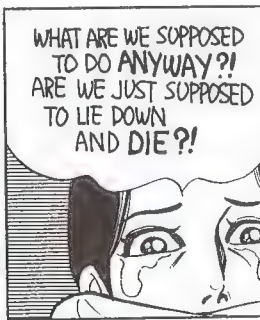
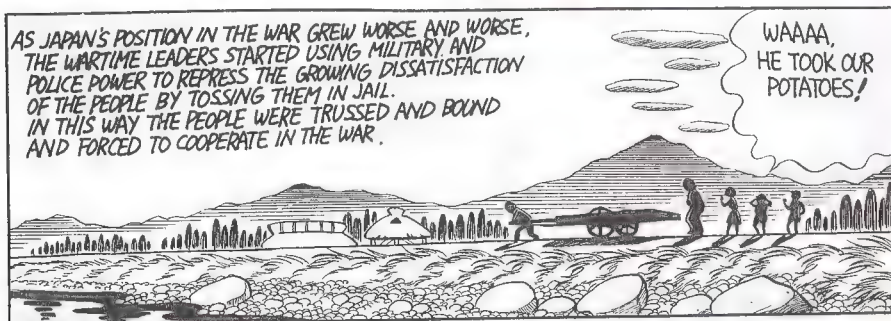
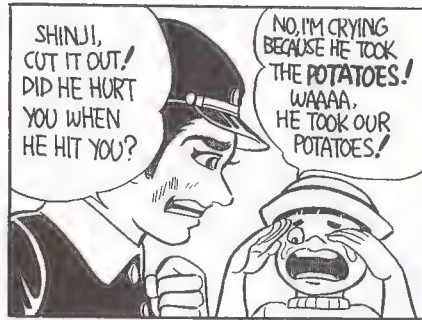
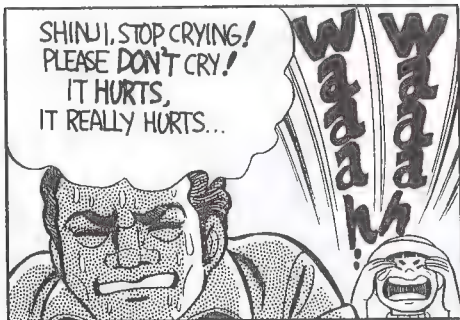




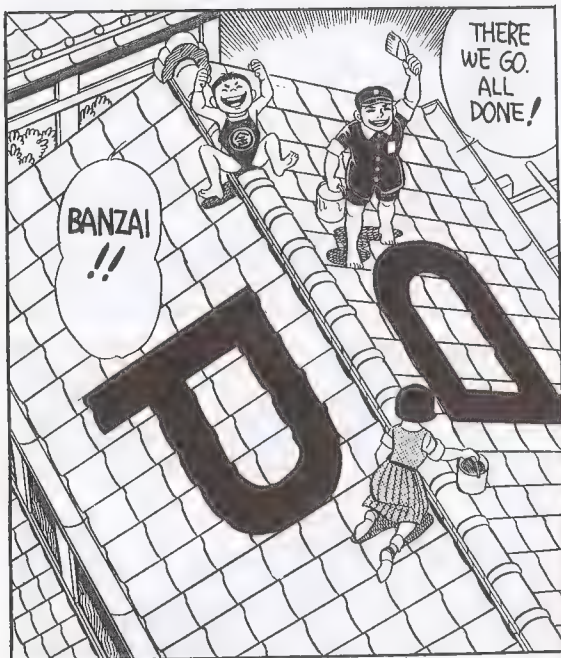












THERE  
WE GO.  
ALL  
DONE!

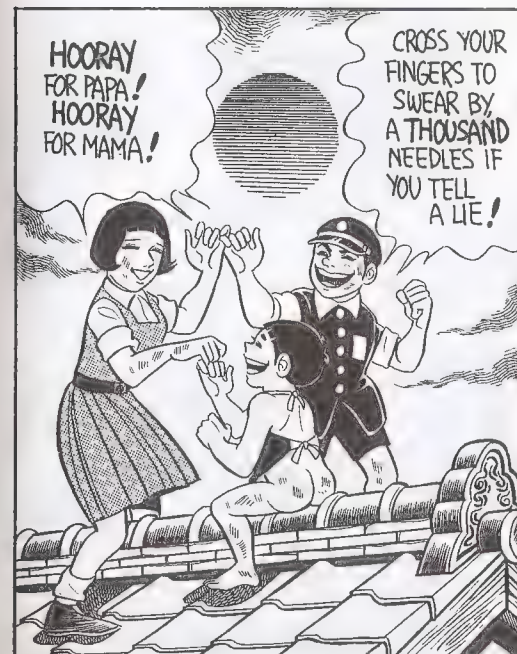
BANZAI  
!!



HEH HEH HEH.  
NOW OUR HOUSE  
WON'T GET HIT  
BY ENEMY  
PLANES!

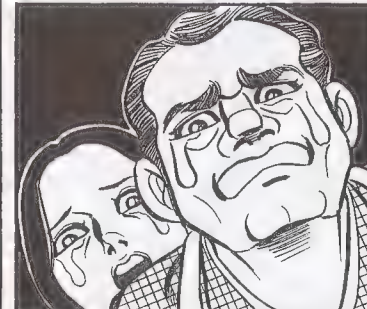


I SURE DON'T WANT  
PAPA AND MAMA TO GET  
KILLED BY A BOMB!



HOORAY  
FOR PAPA!  
HOORAY  
FOR MAMA!

CROSS YOUR  
FINGERS TO  
SWEAR BY  
A THOUSAND  
NEEDLES IF  
YOU TELL  
A LIE!



NOW OUR WONDERFUL  
PAPA AND MAMA  
WILL LIVE FOR A LONG,  
LONG TIME.

THAT'S  
RIGHT!



GEN AND SHINJI!  
LET'S BE STRONGER  
FROM NOW ON AND  
NOT CRY OR ANYTHING.

YEAH

YEAH



I PROMISE  
NOT TO CRY  
WHEN WE  
CAN'T  
EAT!

I PROMISE  
NOT TO GIVE  
IN TO BEING  
CALLED  
A TRAITOR!

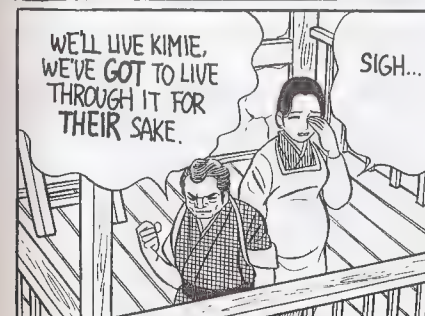
I PROMISE  
NOT TO WORRY  
PAPA AND  
MAMA  
ANYMORE!



LET'S  
PROMISE

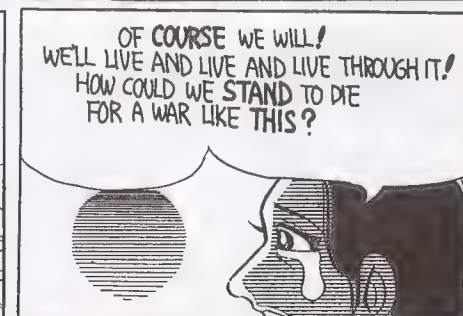
YEAH.

YEAH.



WE'LL LIVE KIMIE,  
WE'VE GOT TO LIVE  
THROUGH IT FOR  
THEIR SAKE.

SIGH...



OF COURSE WE WILL!  
WE'LL LIVE AND LIVE AND LIVE THROUGH IT!  
HOW COULD WE STAND TO DIE  
FOR A WAR LIKE THIS?



FOR THEM,  
I'D EVEN  
STEAL!

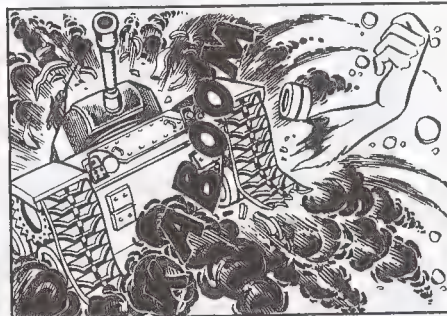
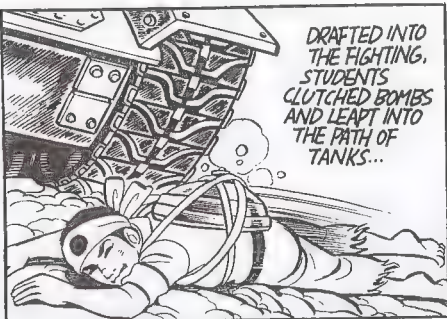
I WOULD TOO, STEALING IS  
NOTHING COMPARED TO THE CRIME  
OF THOSE MONSTERS WHO STARTED  
THE WAR, THE BLOOD OF  
HUNDREDS OF THOUSANDS ON THEIR  
HANDS, EATING THEIR THREE  
GOOD MEALS A DAY.



-AT THAT TIME, JUNE 23, 1945,  
JAPAN'S LAST HOPE, OKINAWA,  
WAS BEING TRANSFORMED INTO  
AN ISLE OF BLOOD...

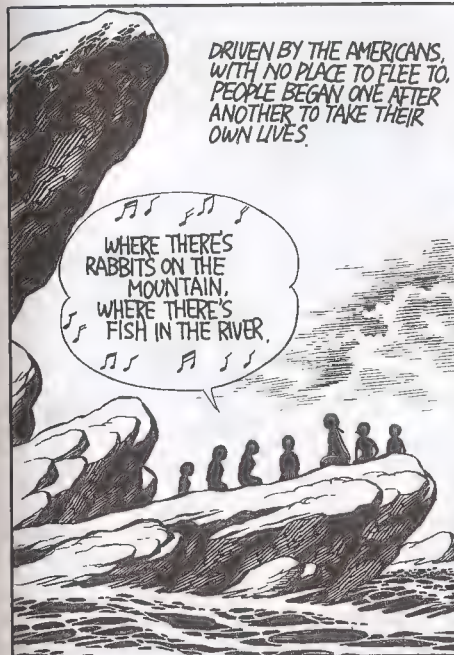


DRAFTED INTO  
THE FIGHTING,  
STUDENTS  
CLUTCHED BOMBS  
AND LEAPT INTO  
THE PATH OF  
TANKS...



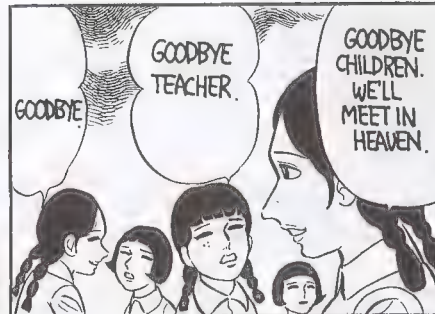
DRIVEN BY THE AMERICANS,  
WITH NO PLACE TO FLEE TO,  
PEOPLE BEGAN ONE AFTER  
ANOTHER TO TAKE THEIR  
OWN LIVES.

WHERE THERE'S  
RABBITS ON THE  
MOUNTAIN,  
WHERE THERE'S  
FISH IN THE RIVER.

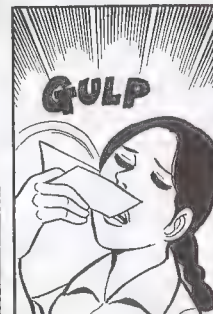


GOODBYE  
TEACHER.

GOODBYE  
CHILDREN.  
WE'LL  
MEET IN  
HEAVEN.



GULP



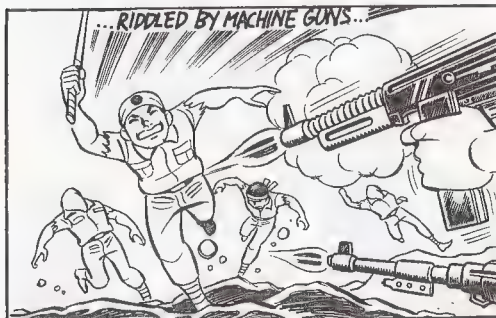
WHOOOSH



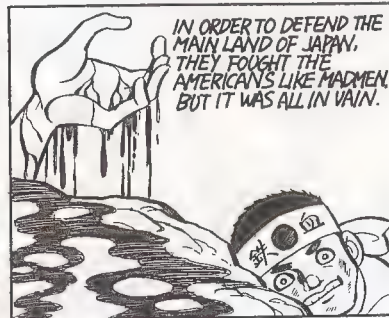
...WERE  
BURNED TO  
ASHES BY  
FLAME-THROWERS



...RIDDLED BY MACHINE GUNS...

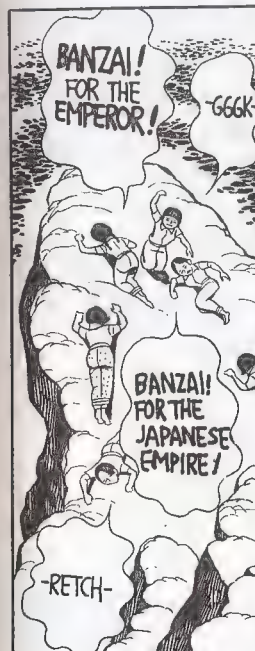


IN ORDER TO DEFEND THE  
MAIN LAND OF JAPAN,  
THEY FOUGHT THE  
AMERICANS LIKE MADMEN.  
BUT IT WAS ALL IN VAIN.



BANZAI!  
FOR THE  
EMPEROR!

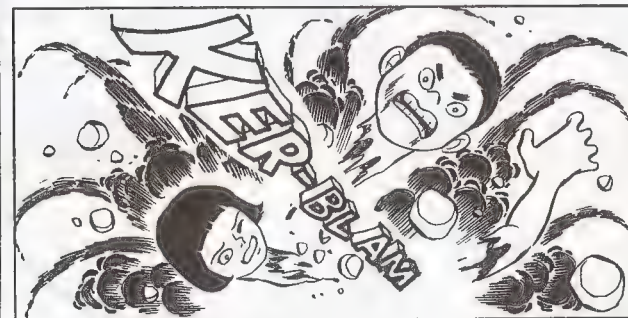
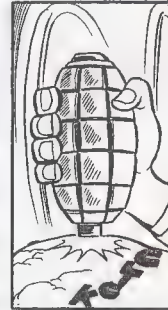
G66K



BANZAI!  
FOR THE  
JAPANESE  
EMPIRE!

-RETCH-

OKAY?  
HERE GOES!  
EVERYONE  
HANG ON!







199,000 JAPANESE SOLDIERS  
AND 100,000 OKINAWAN  
CIVILIANS DIED...



THE SPECTER OF  
DEATH PRESSED CLOSE  
AROUND JAPAN WHERE  
GEN AND HIS FAMILY  
LIVED...

SECOND  
STAR!

FIRST  
STAR!



KIMIE  
!

UUUH,  
IT-IT  
HURTS...



GEN! SHINJI!  
EIKO/  
MAMA'S IN  
TROUBLE!

RUN GET  
THE DOCTOR,  
QUICK!!



MAMA  
!!



WHAT'S THE  
MATTER, KIMIE?  
YOU DON'T LOOK  
SO GOOD!

SSS  
PANT.  
PANT  
SSS

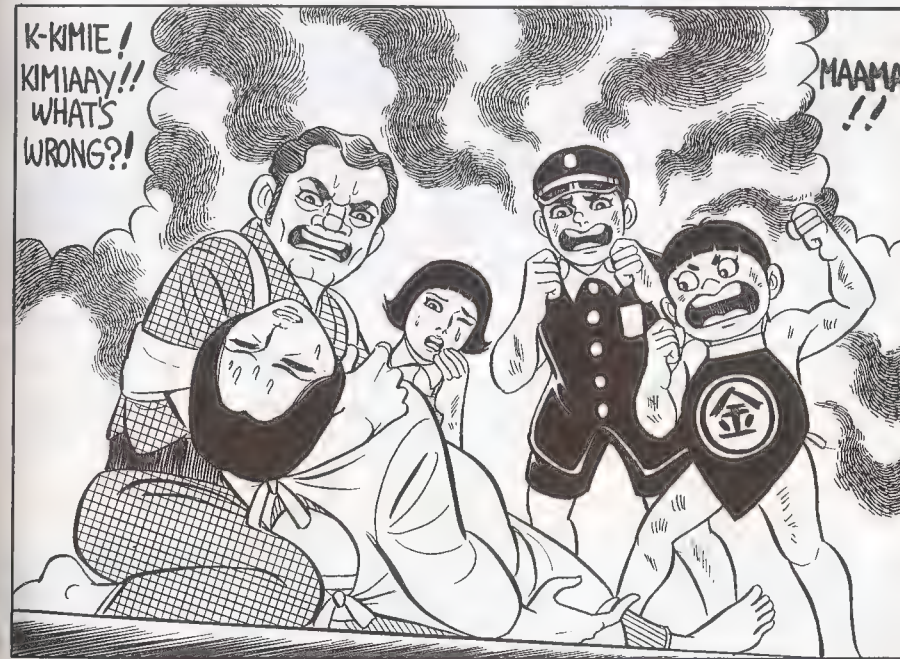


I-IT'S  
N-NOTHING...



GROOOAN

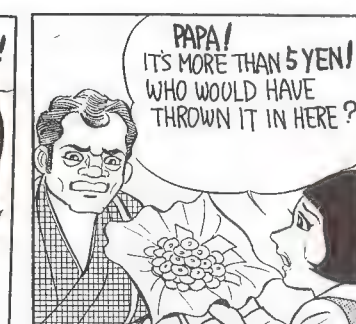
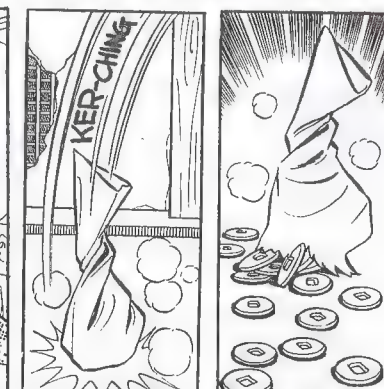
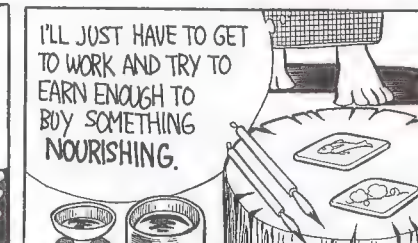
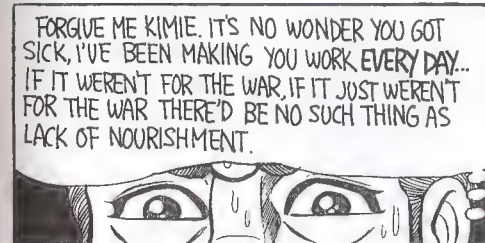
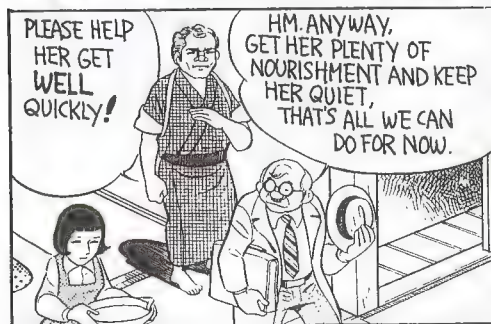
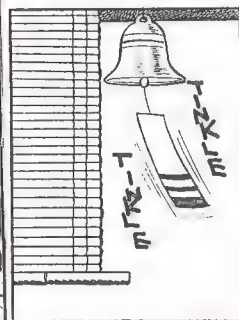
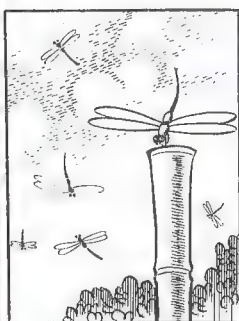
KIMIE!  
WHAT'S WRONG!  
TELL ME!



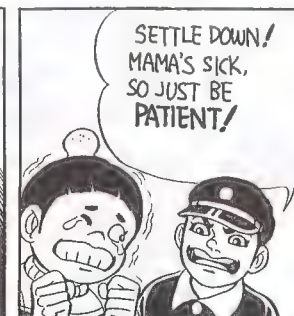
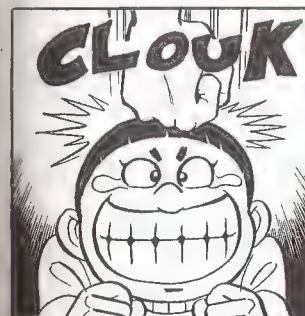
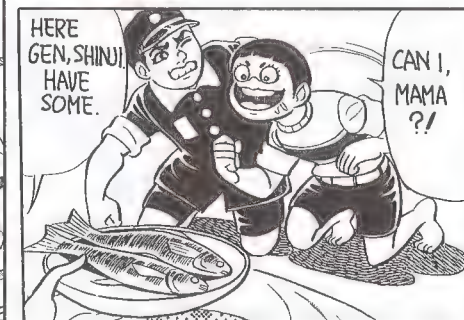
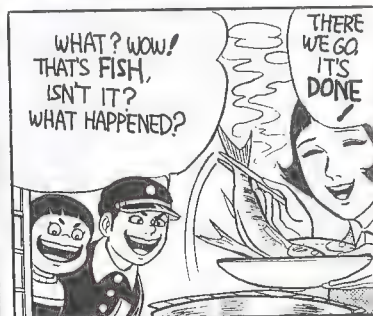
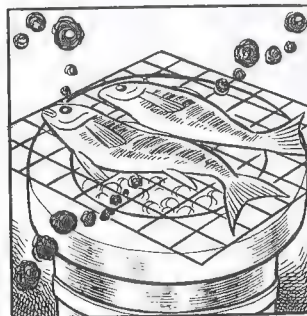
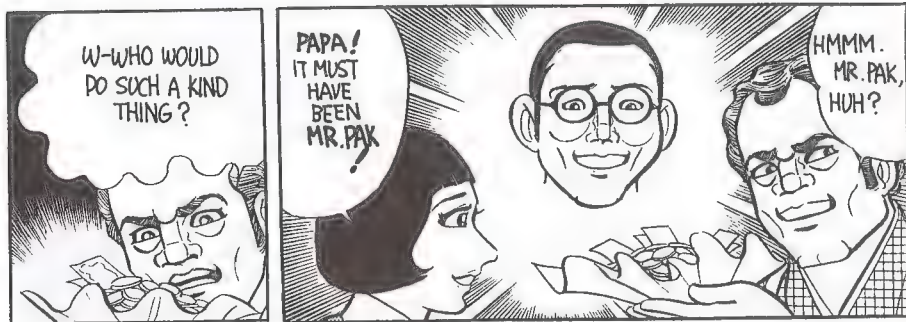
K-KIMIE!  
KIMIAAY!!  
WHAT'S  
WRONG?!

MAAMA  
!!

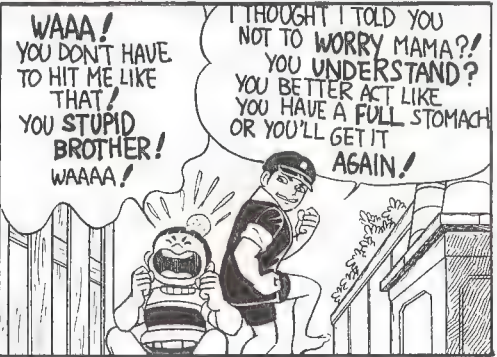
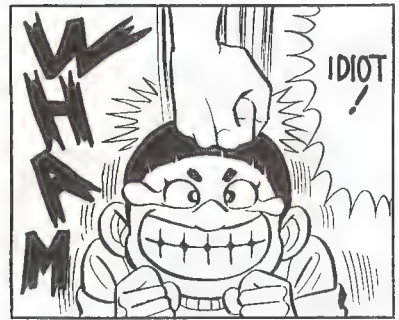
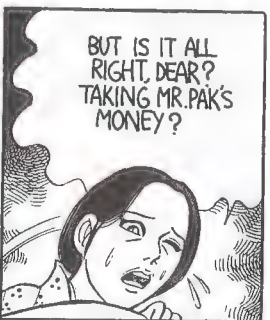
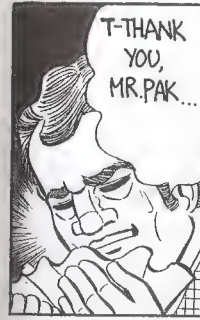
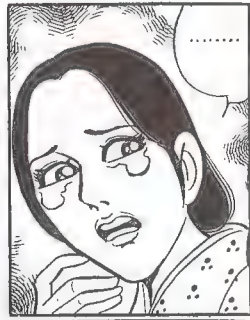
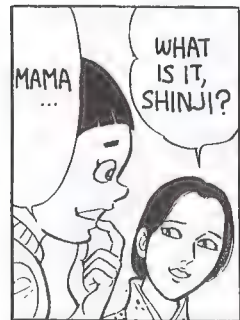










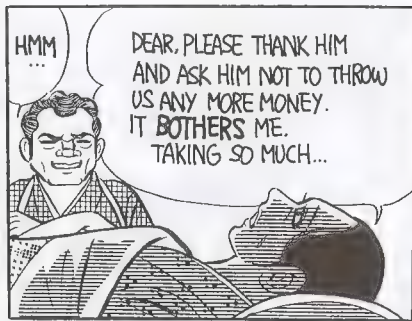






WE CAN'T TAKE HIS MONEY LIKE THIS FOREVER!

MR. PAK MUST BE HAVING A ROUGH TIME OF IT, TOO!



HMM...

DEAR, PLEASE THANK HIM AND ASK HIM NOT TO THROW US ANY MORE MONEY. IT BOTHERS ME. TAKING SO MUCH...



T-THEN IT REALLY WASN'T YOU?

THAT'S RIGHT...

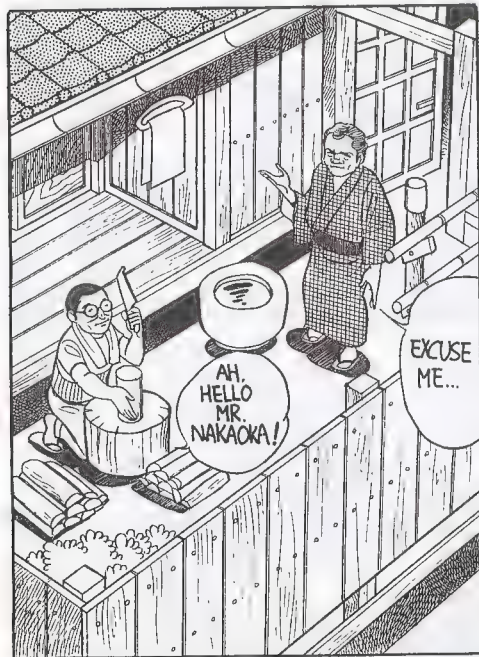


PLEASE DON'T HIDE ANYTHING FROM ME, MR. PAK!

IT REALLY WASN'T ME.

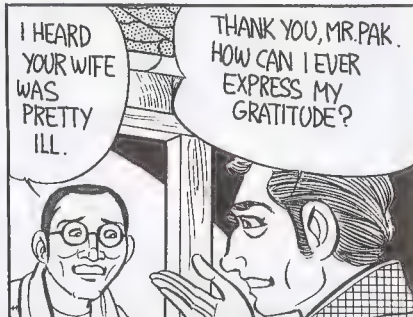


MMMM. THEN WHO IN THE WORLD...?



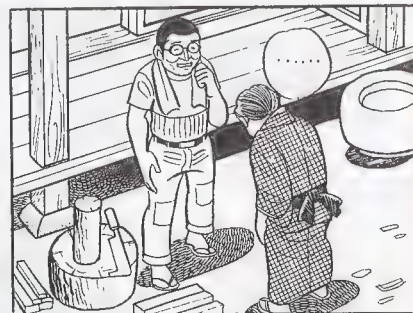
AH, HELLO MR. NAKAOKA!

EXCUSE ME...



I HEARD YOUR WIFE WAS PRETTY ILL.

THANK YOU, MR. PAK. HOW CAN I EVER EXPRESS MY GRATITUDE?

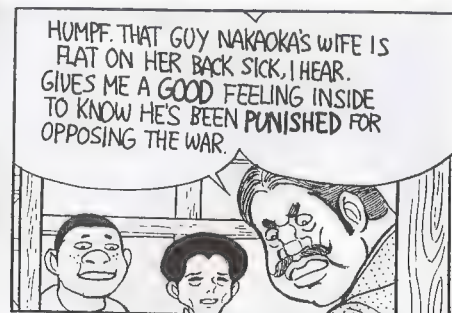


IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ANYONE IN THIS NEIGHBORHOOD. THEY ALL HATE ME AND CALL ME A TRAITOR.

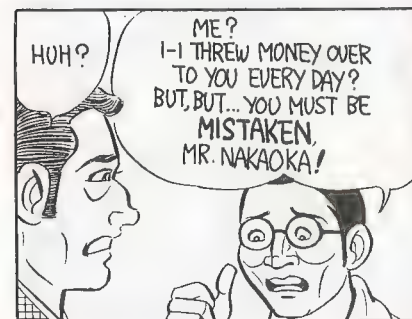
I DON'T KNOW.



MM MM

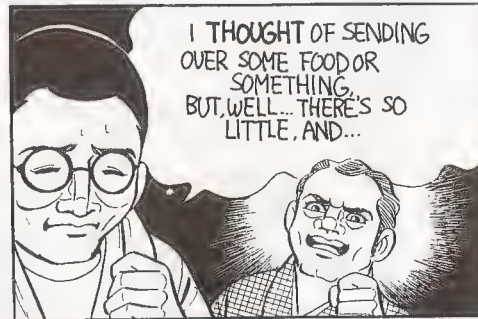


HUMPH. THAT GUY NAKAOKA'S WIFE IS FLAT ON HER BACK SICK, I HEAR. GIVES ME A GOOD FEELING INSIDE TO KNOW HE'S BEEN PUNISHED FOR OPPOSING THE WAR.



HUH?

ME? I-I THREW MONEY OVER TO YOU EVERY DAY? BUT, BUT... YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN, MR. NAKAOKA!

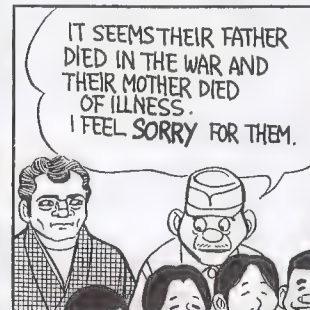
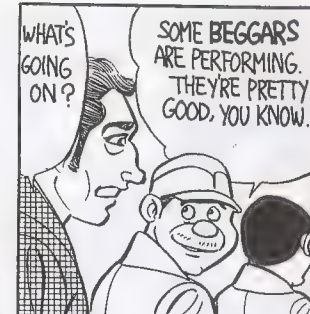
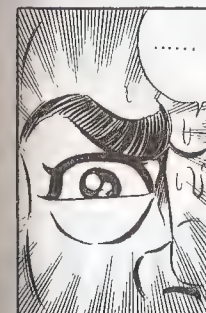
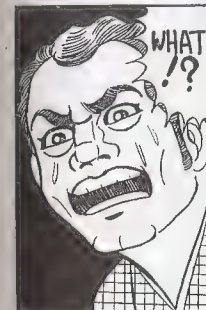
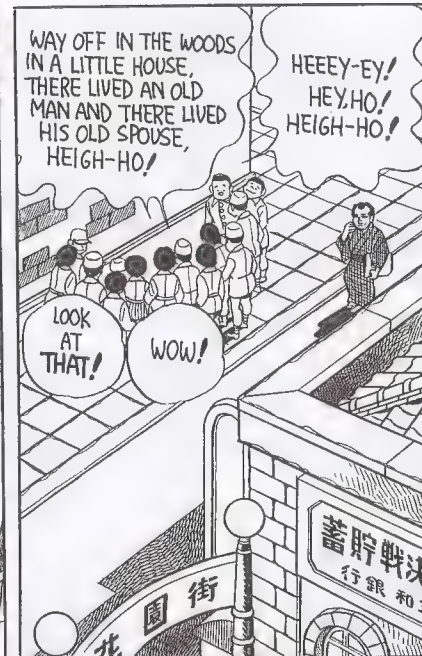
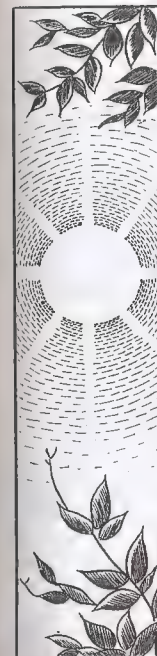
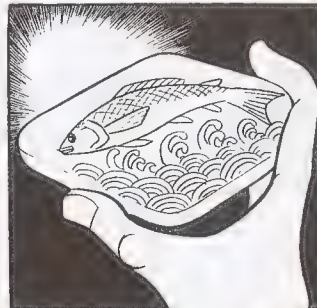
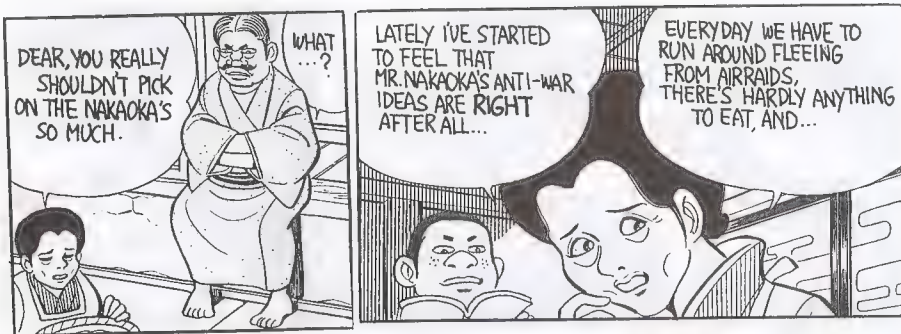


I THOUGHT OF SENDING OVER SOME FOOD OR SOMETHING, BUT, WELL... THERE'S SO LITTLE, AND...

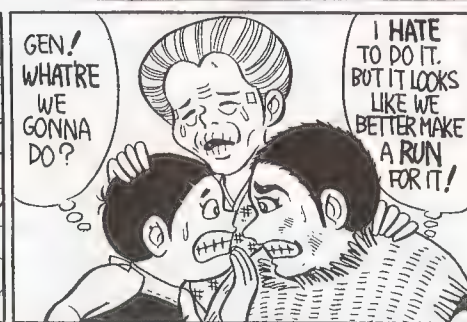
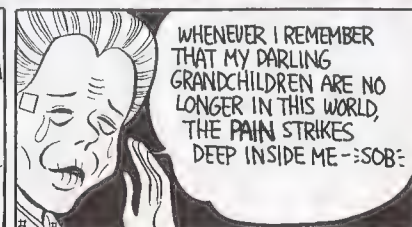
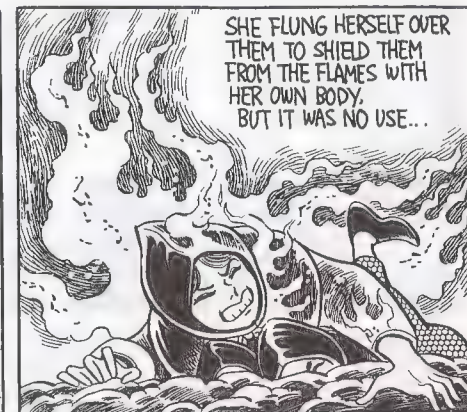
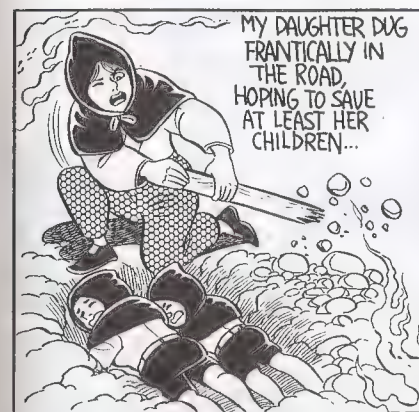
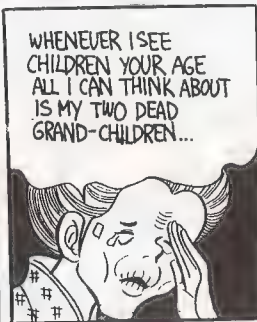
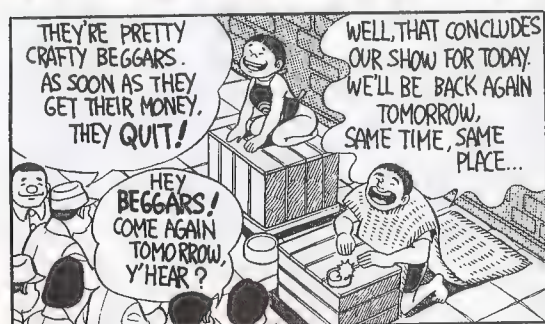
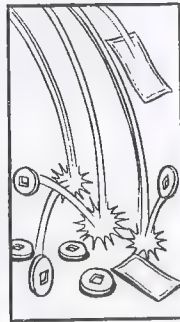


WE WENT AND MESSING UP THEIR NICE LITTLE WHEAT FIELD IN THE MIDDLE OF THE NIGHT... YOU CAN'T LET TRAITORS GET AWAY WITH ANYTHING. THE MORE THEY SUFFER, THE BETTER!

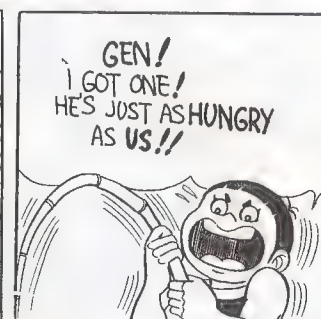
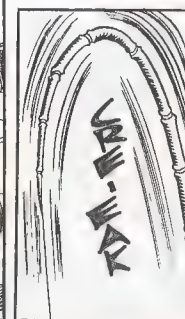
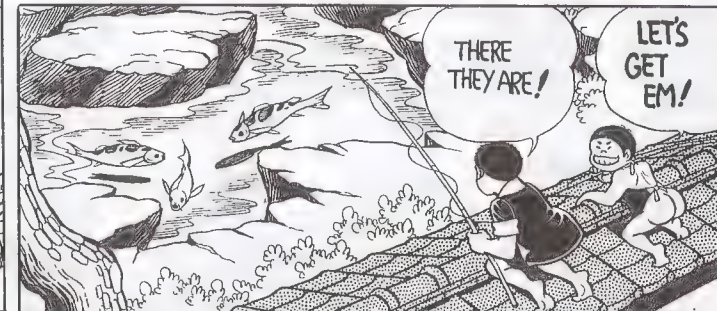
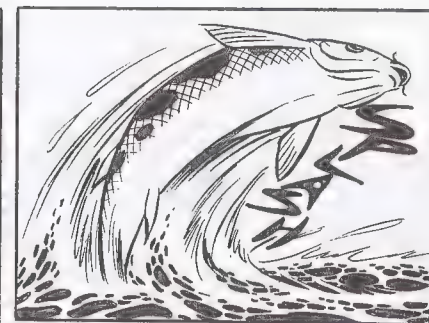
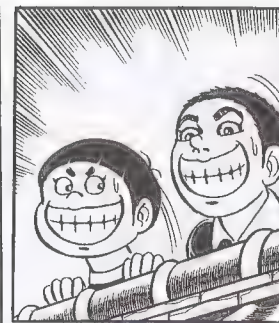
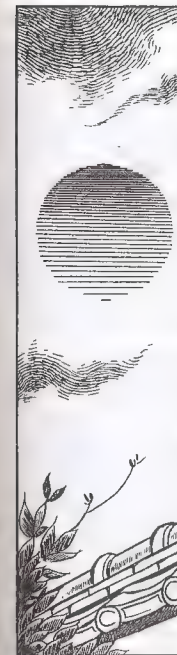
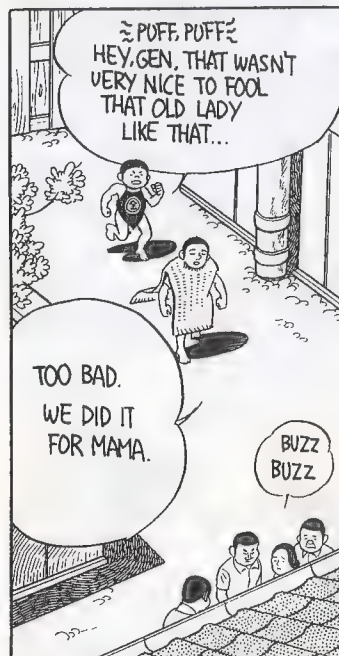
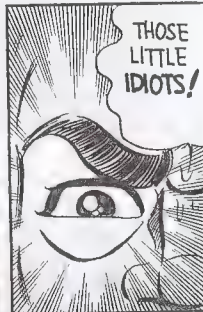
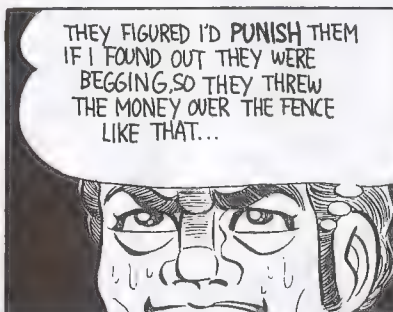
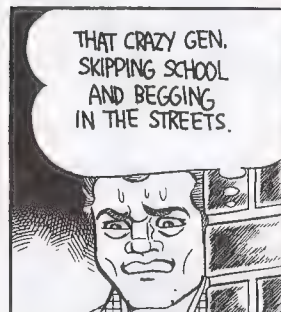
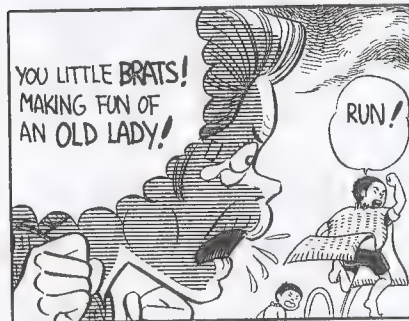
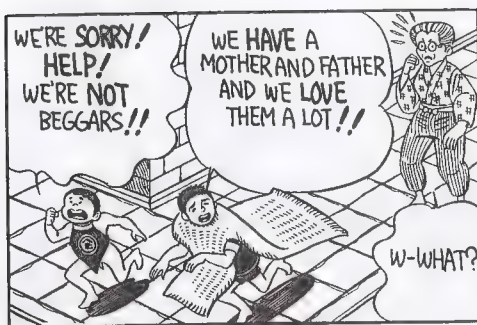




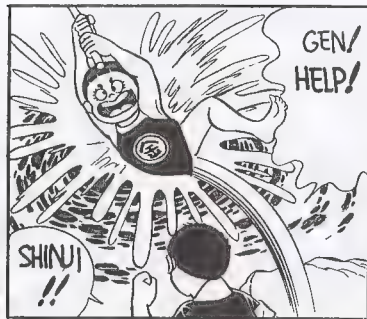
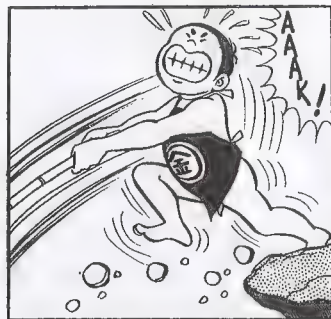




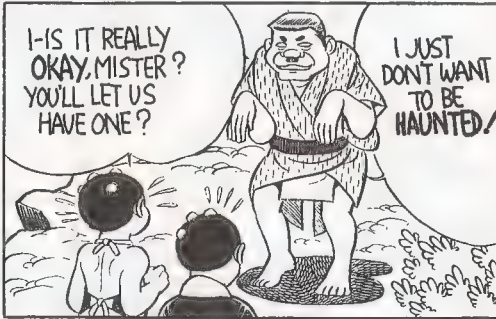
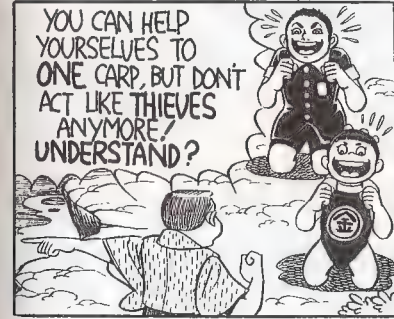
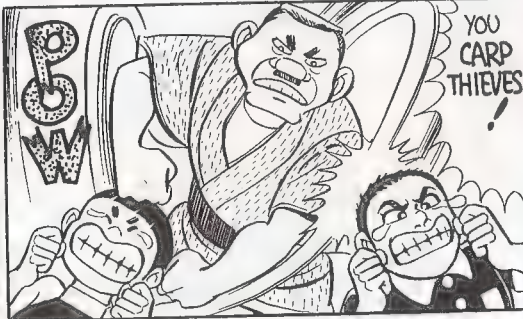
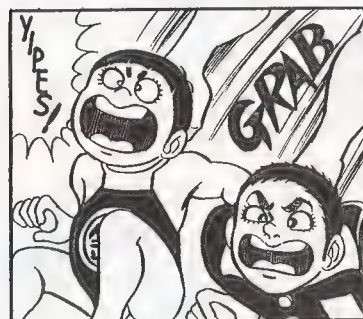
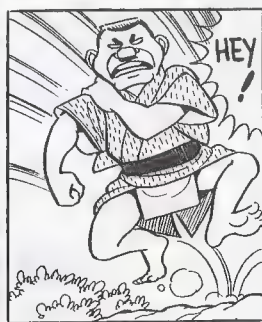








ARE  
YOU  
OKAY,  
SHINJI?



I JUST  
DON'T WANT  
TO BE  
HAUNTED!





HEH HEH HEH.  
YOU KIDS ARE  
ALL RIGHT.  
YOU TAKE CARE OF  
YOUR MOTHER,  
YOU HEAR?

THANK  
YOU,  
SIR!

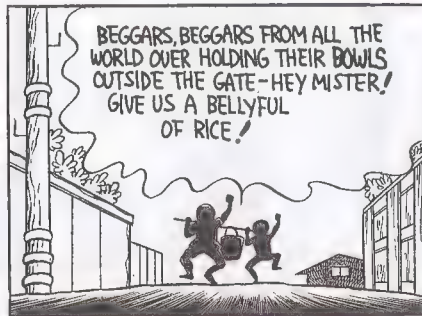


HMMM.  
I WISH I'D BEEN AS GOOD TO MY MOTHER.  
BUT SHE'S GONE,  
AND IT'S TOO LATE NOW.



T-THANK  
YOU,  
MISTER!

FORGET  
IT!

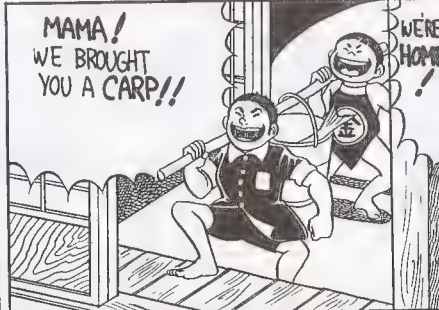


BEGGARS, BEGGARS FROM ALL THE  
WORLD OVER HOLDING THEIR BOWLS  
OUTSIDE THE GATE-HEY MISTER!  
GIVE US A BELLYFUL  
OF RICE!



PRETTY GOOD, HUH GEN?  
THAT MAN LOOKED MEAN,  
BUT HE TURNED OUT TO  
BE NICE AFTER ALL. HUH?

YUP.  
SURE  
DID!!



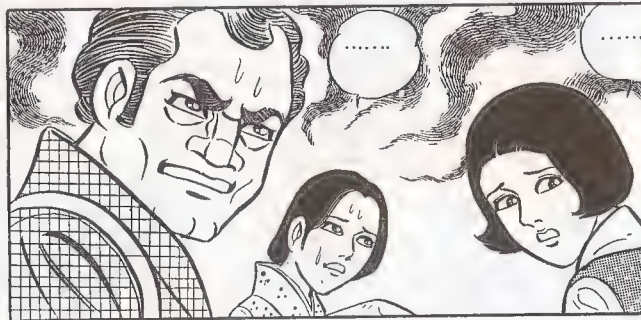
MAMA!  
WE BROUGHT  
YOU A CARP!!

WE'RE  
HOME!



AAK

OOPS



GEN!  
SHINJI!  
COME HERE!



W-WHAT HAPPENED?  
P-PAPA LOOKS  
MAD!

HE MUST  
HAVE FOUND  
OUT WE WERE  
BEGGING,  
SHINJI!



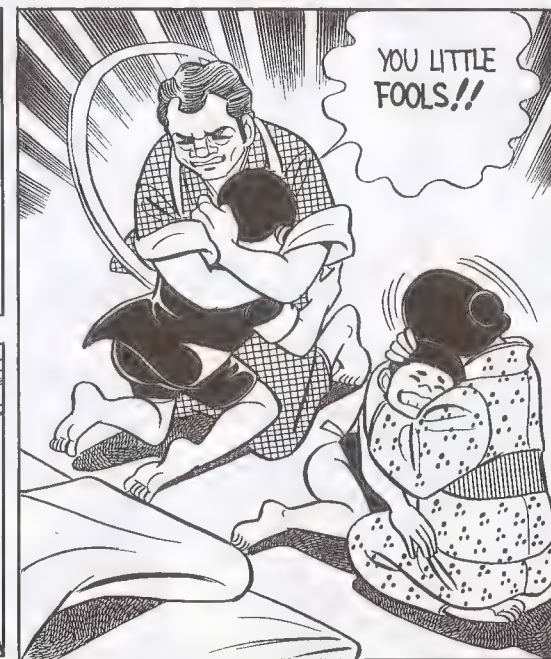
GEN,  
I'M SCARED!  
WHAT'LL  
WE DO?!

HE'S GONNA  
BEAT  
US,  
FOR SURE.



ER...

GULP...

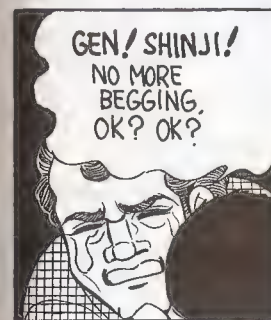


YOU LITTLE  
FOOLS!!



ACK

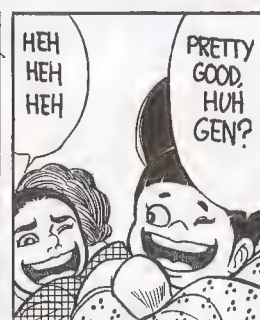
YEP



GEN! SHINJI!  
NO MORE  
BEGGING.  
OK? OK?



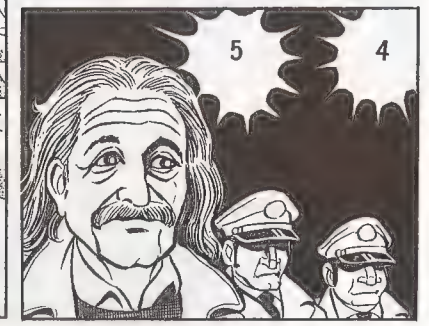
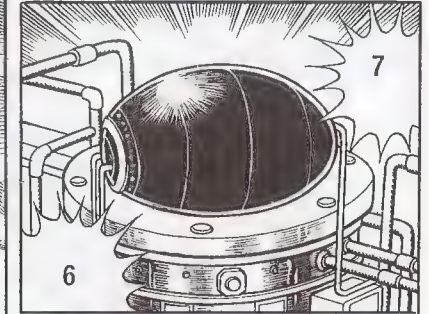
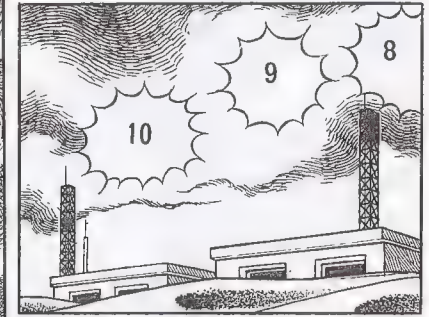
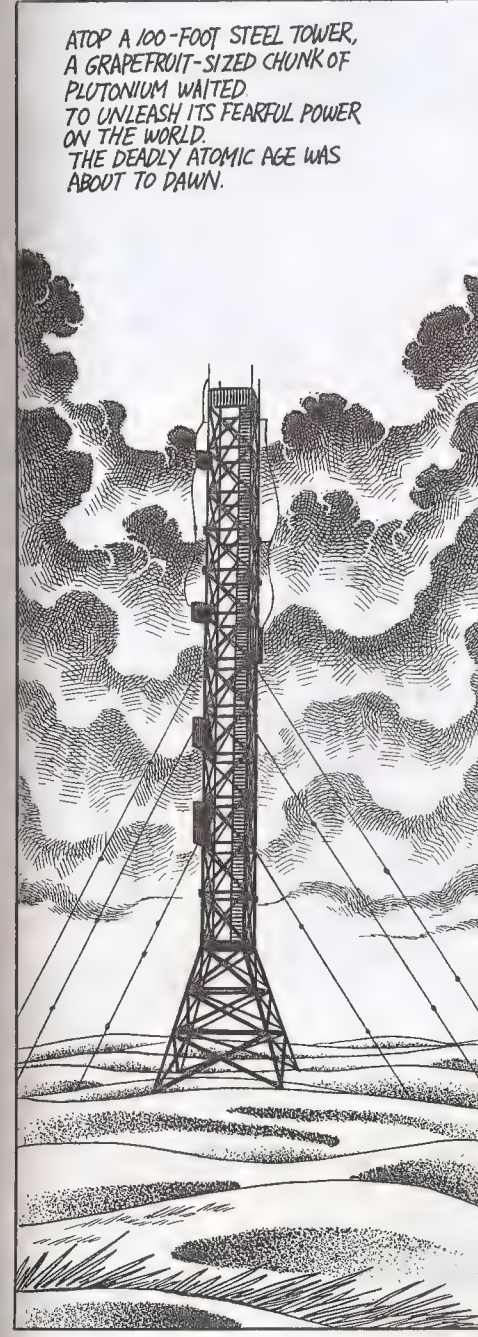
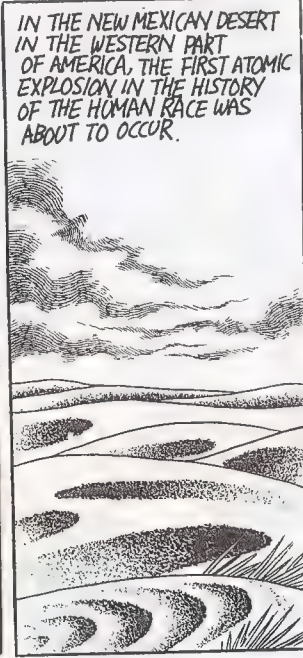
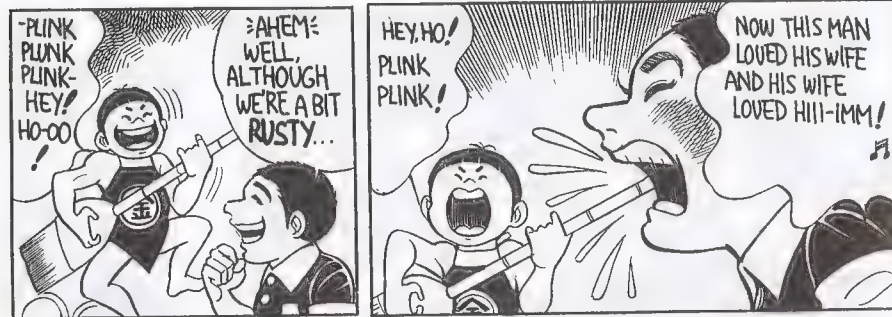
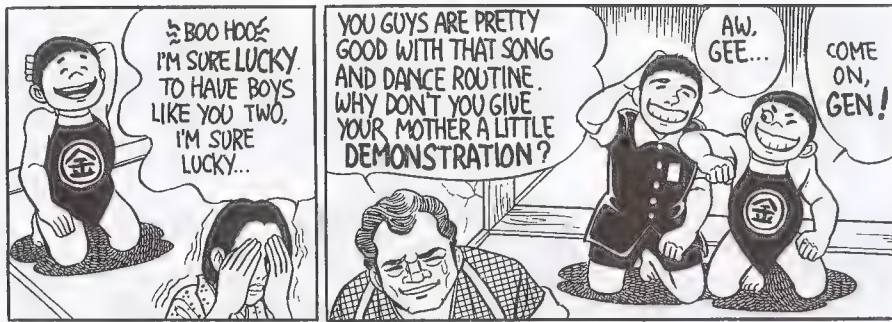
SOB!  
THANK YOU DARLING.  
THANK YOU.  
I'LL GET WELL NOW,  
FOR SURE.



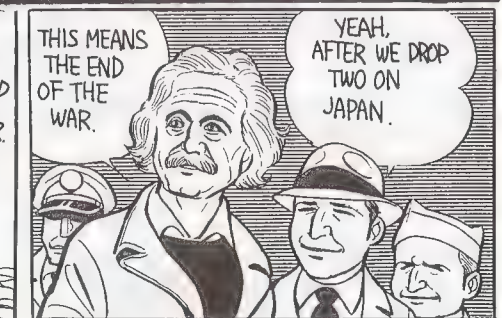
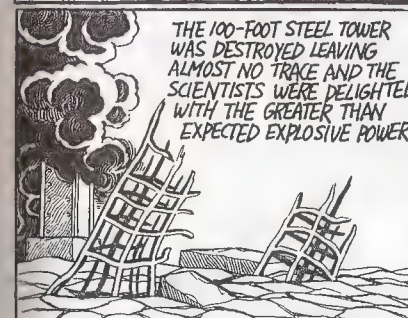
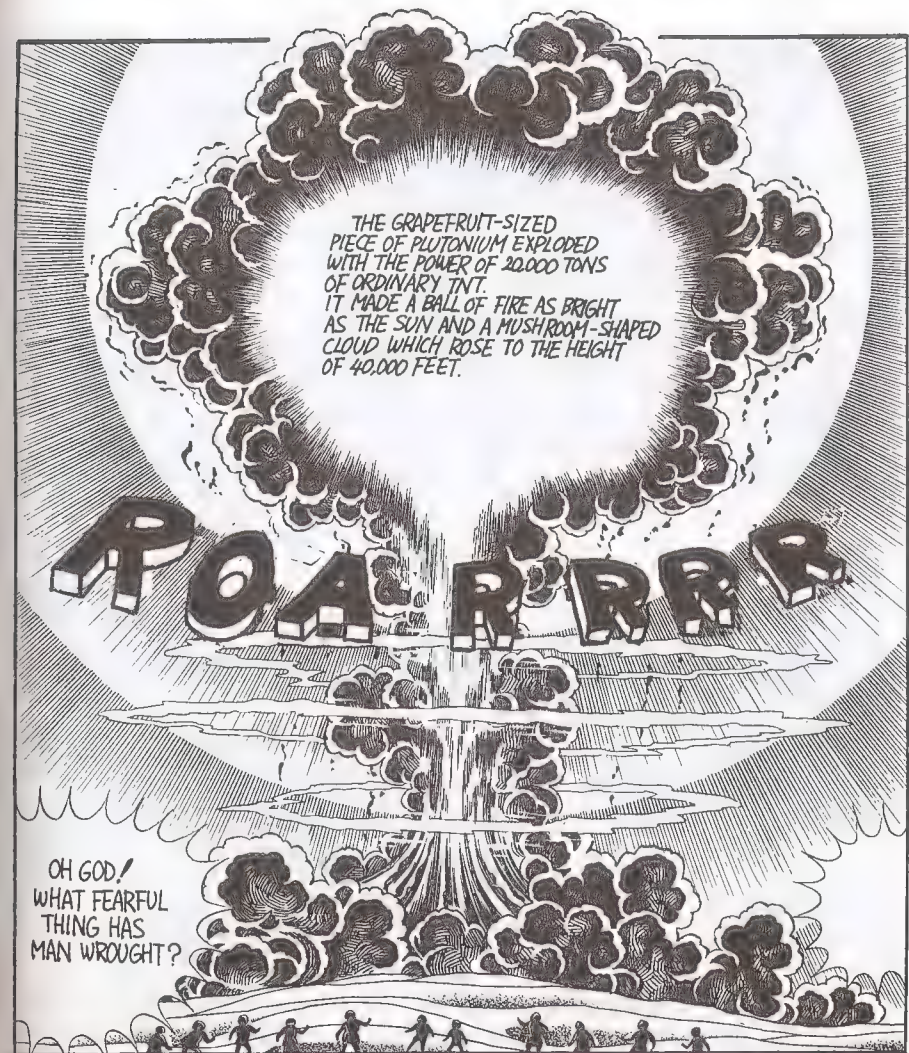
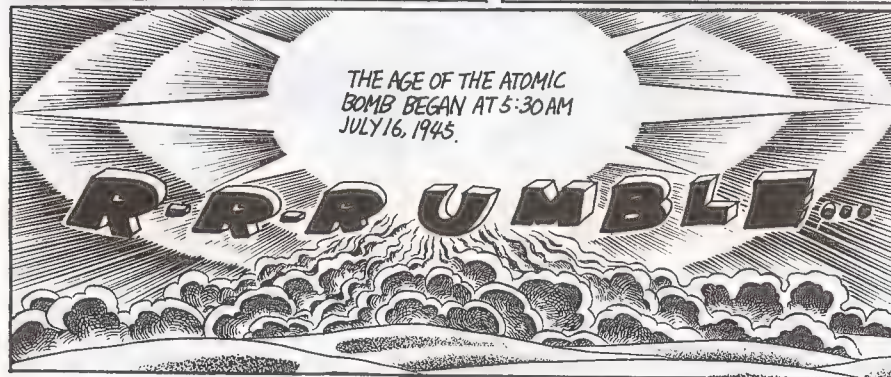
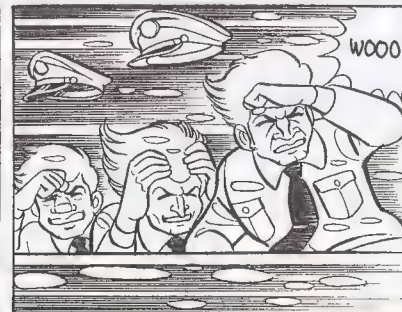
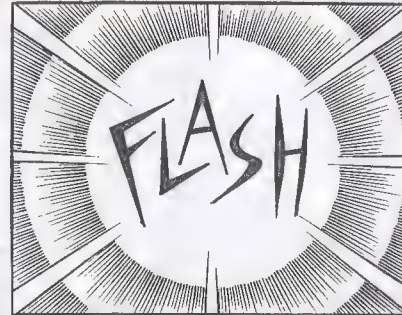
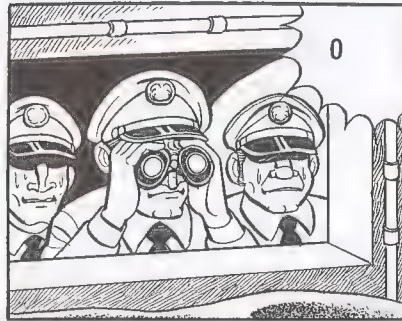
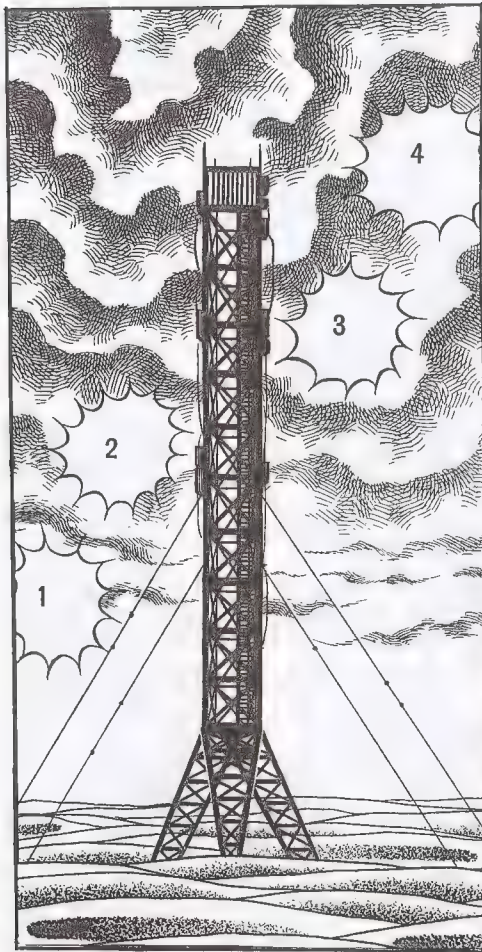
HEH  
HEH  
HEH

PRETTY  
GOOD,  
HUH  
GEN?









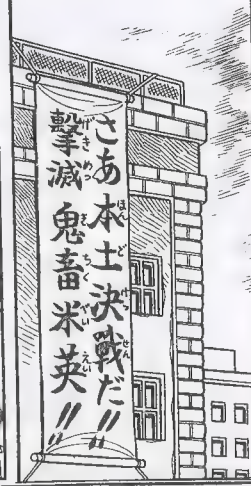


POSTER: "NOW WE MUST FIGHT FOR THE HOMELAND!" "WIPE OUT THE AMERICAN AND BRITISH DEVILS!"

A FEW WEEKS LATER ON JULY 26, THE POTSDAM CONFERENCE WAS HELD AMONG THE 3 NATIONS FIGHTING JAPAN: AMERICA, BRITAIN, AND CHINA. THE CONFERENCE PRESENTED JAPAN WITH A DEMAND FOR A CEASE-FIRE AND UNCONDITIONAL SURRENDER. JAPAN WAS ALSO WARNED THAT FURTHER RESISTANCE WOULD ONLY RESULT IN THE DEFEAT OF HER ARMIES AND THE DESTRUCTION OF THE JAPANESE HOMELAND. BUT...



... THE JAPANESE WARTIME LEADERS RETORTED THAT JAPAN WOULD CONTINUE FIGHTING TO THE LAST MAN.



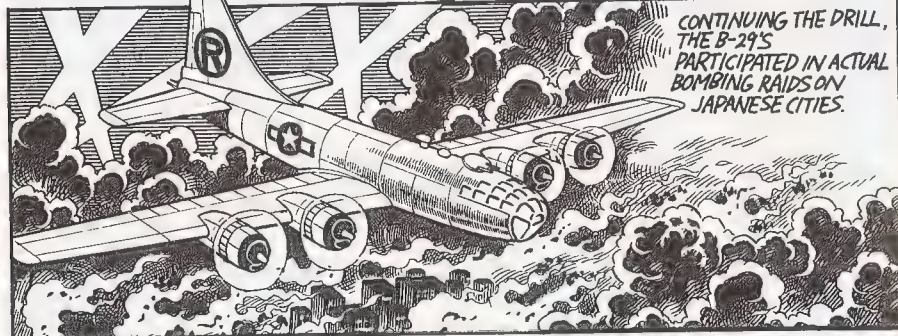
ACCORDINGLY, AMERICA'S PLAN FOR THE ATOMIC BOMB DROP MOVED INTO THE PHASE OF ACTUAL OPERATION. A SECRET NEW ATOMIC BOMBER SQUADRON, THE 509TH COMPOSITE GROUP, HAD ALREADY BEEN FORMED.

USA

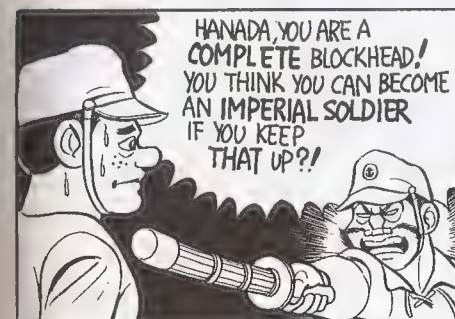
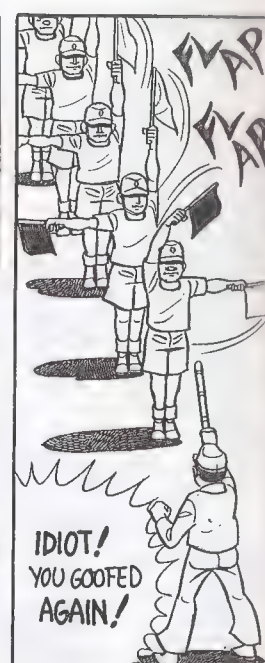
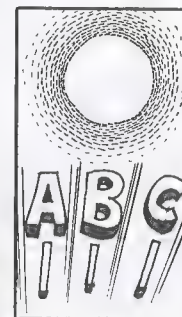
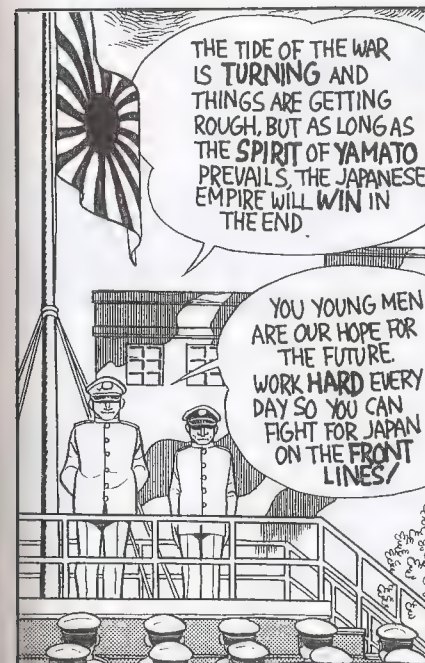
MEXICO  
CARIBBEAN



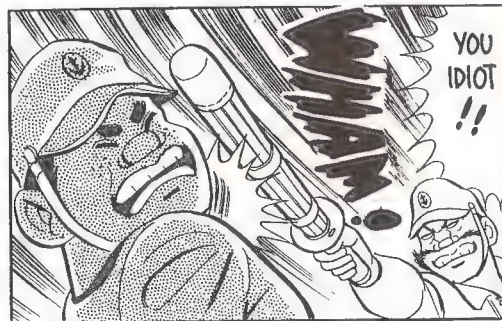
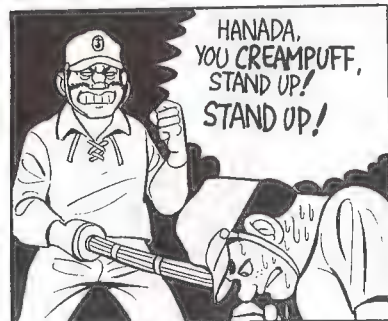
B-29 BOMBERS, STRIPPED OF MACHINE GUNS, BEGAN PRACTICE RUNS OVER MEXICO AND THE CARIBBEAN, CARRYING A DUMMY BOMB SHAPED LIKE A PUMPKIN.



CONTINUING THE DRILL, THE B-29'S PARTICIPATED IN ACTUAL BOMBING RAIDS ON JAPANESE CITIES.

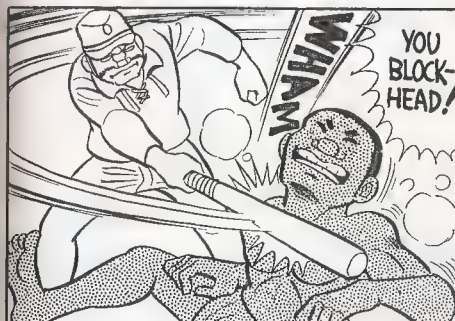
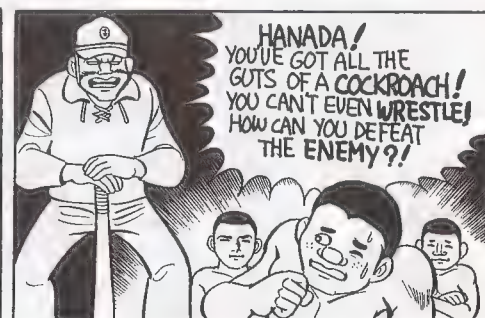
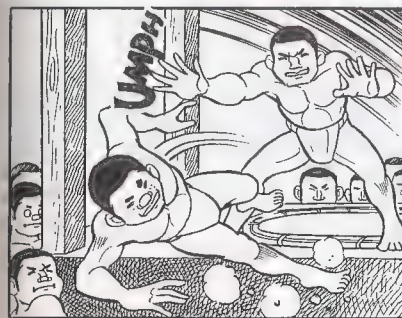
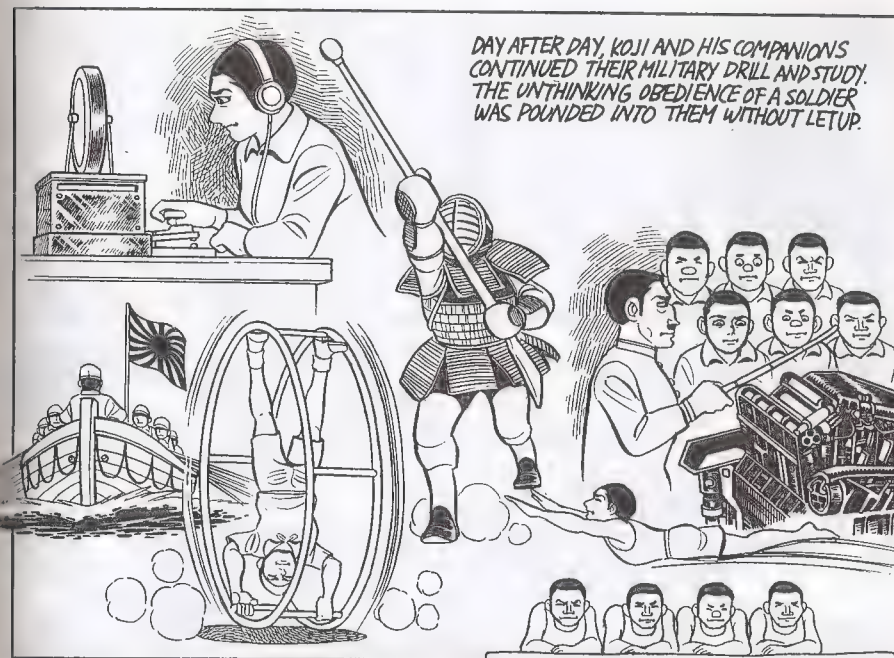
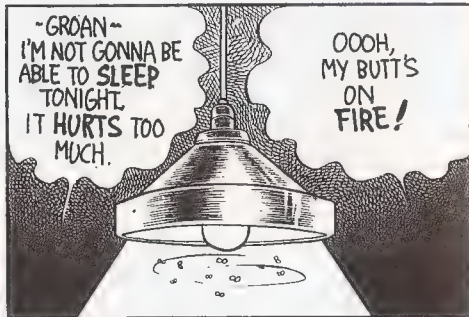
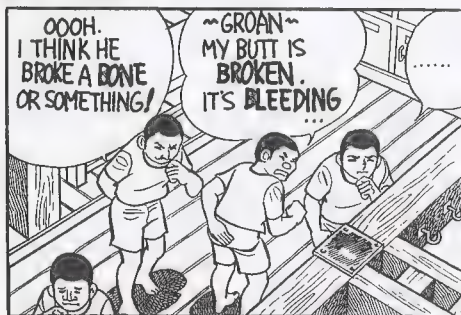




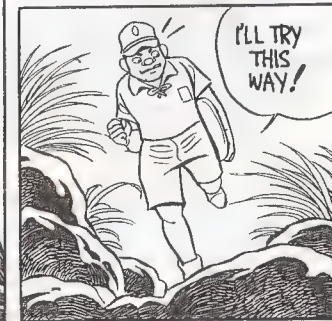
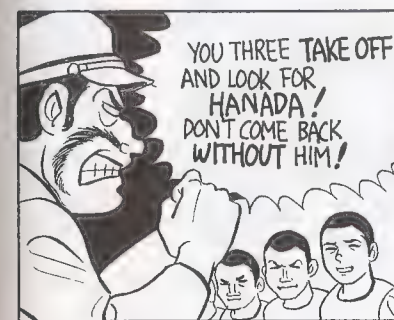
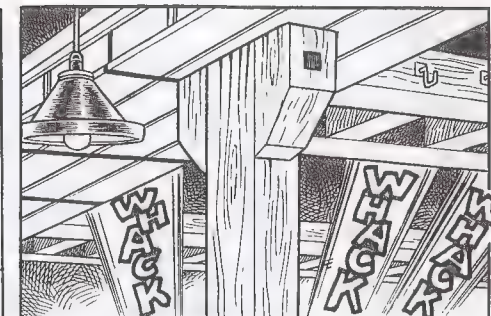
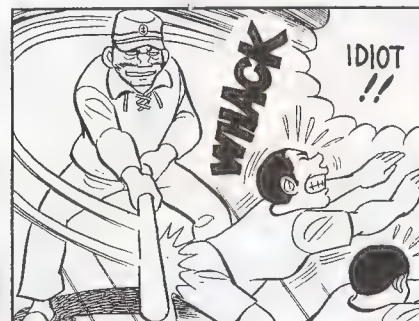
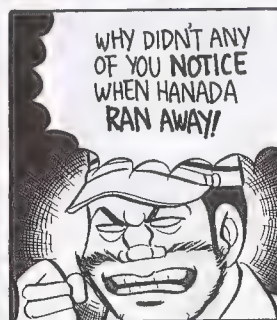
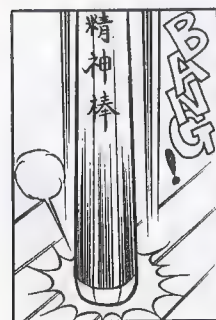
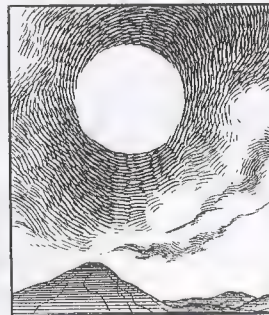
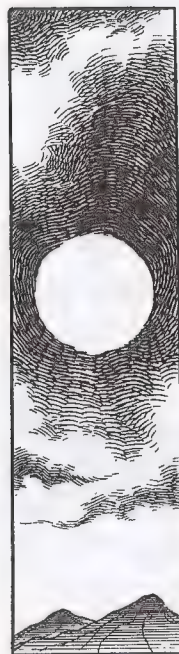


WRITING ON STICK: NAVY SPIRIT STICK

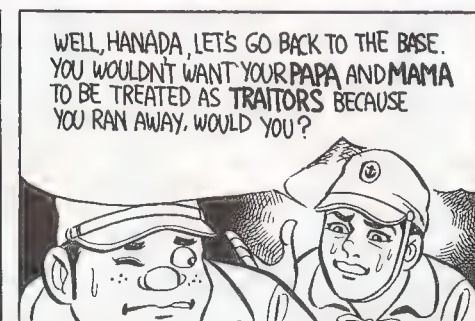
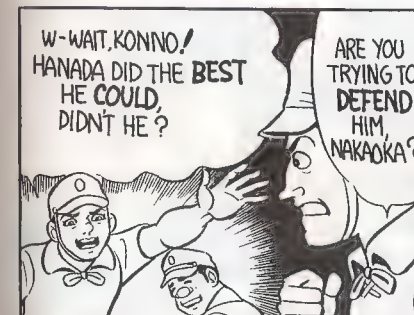
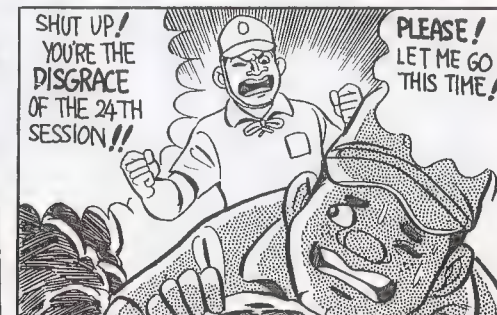
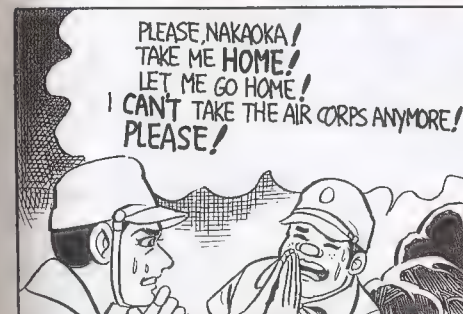
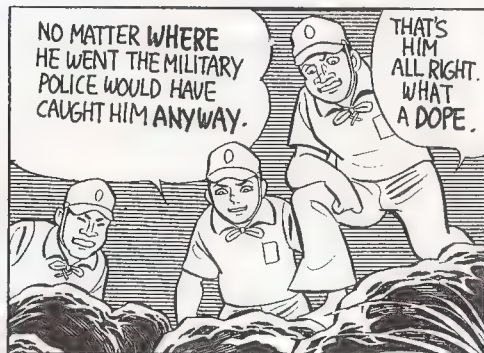
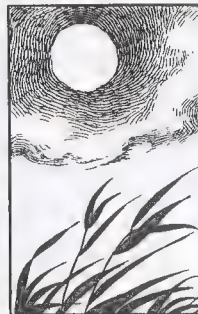
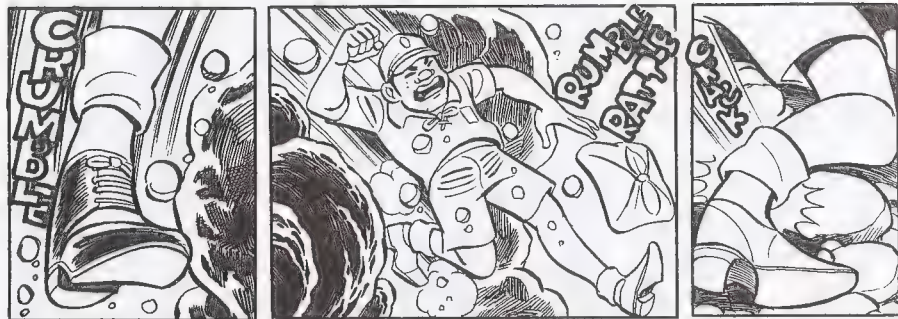




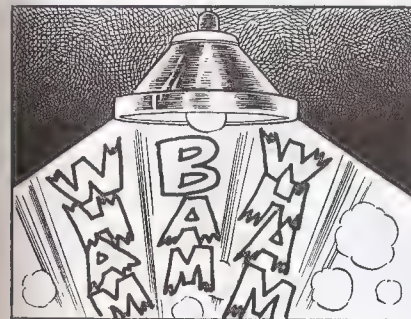
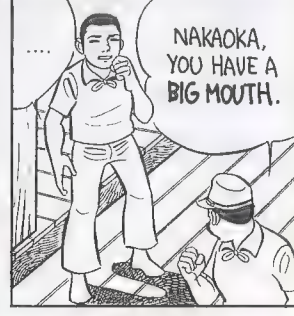
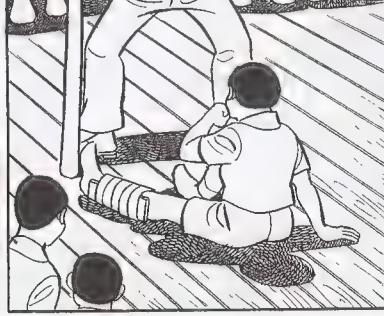
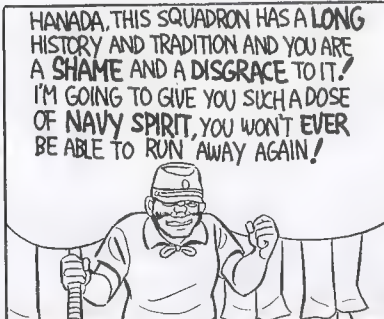
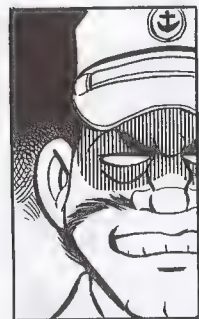
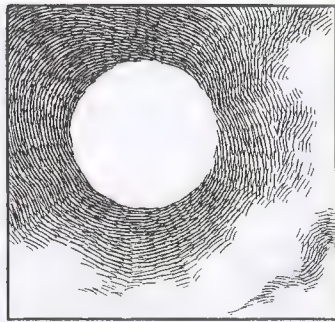




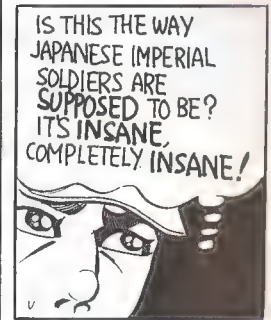
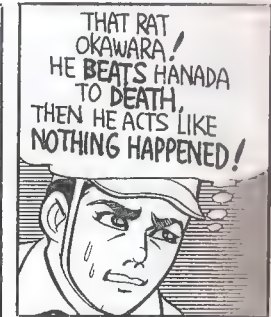
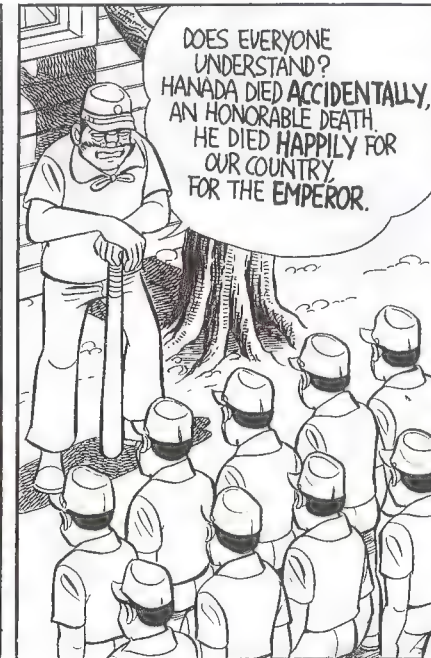
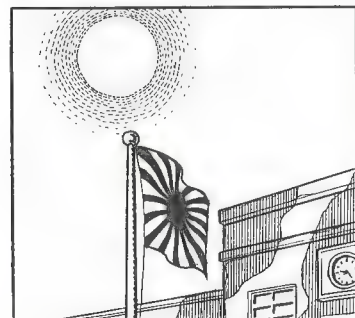
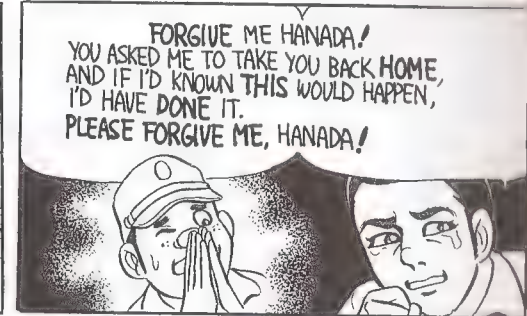
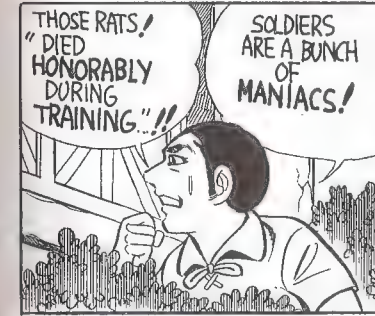
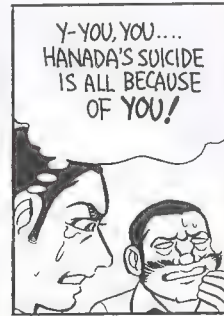
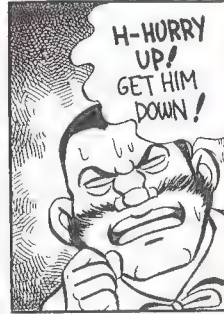
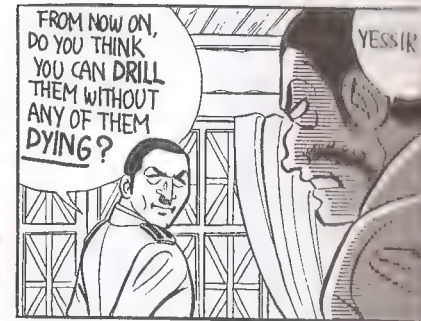
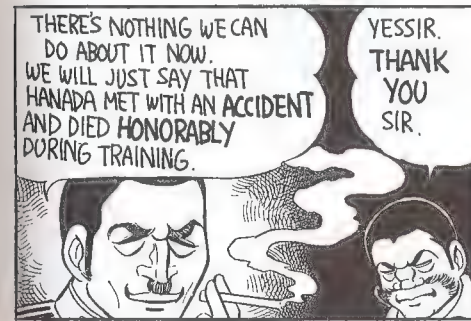
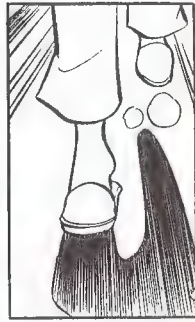
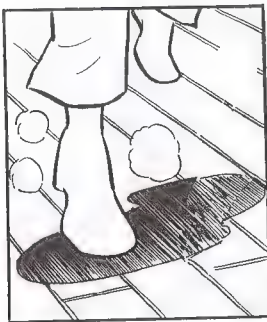














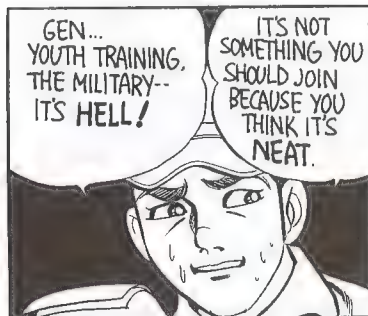


HOW'RE YOU DOING BROTHER? WE'RE ALL FINE.

MAMA WAS SICK FOR A WHILE, BUT SHE'S OK NOW.

HANG IN THERE, KOJI! THE YOUTH TRAINING CORPS MUST BE REAL NEAT—ME AND SHINJI BRAG ABOUT YOU ALL THE TIME!

WHEN I GROW UP I'M GOING TO JOIN THE YOUTH TRAINING CORPS TOO! WELL, BYE FOR NOW...



GEN... YOUTH TRAINING, THE MILITARY-- IT'S HELL!

IT'S NOT SOMETHING YOU SHOULD JOIN BECAUSE YOU THINK IT'S NEAT.



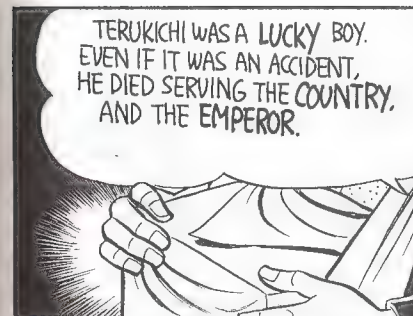
EXCUSE ME, ARE YOU HANADA'S MOTHER AND FATHER?

THAT'S RIGHT.



I'M NAKAOKA, A FELLOW CADET OF HANADA'S...

OH, THEN YOU MUST HAVE BEEN A GOOD FRIEND OF HIS.



TERUKICHI WAS A LUCKY BOY. EVEN IF IT WAS AN ACCIDENT, HE DIED SERVING THE COUNTRY AND THE EMPEROR.



TERUKICHI IS THE PRIDE OF THE HANADA FAMILY. WE'RE SO GRATEFUL...

WE CAN GO BACK TO OUR VILLAGE WITH OUR HEADS HELD HIGH.

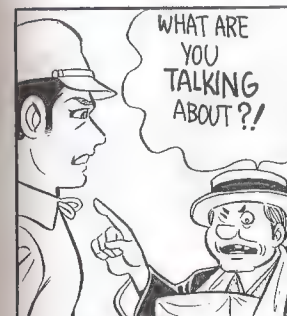


ACTUALLY, SIR, TERUKICHI'S DEATH...



WHAT ?!

T-TERUKICHI COULDN'T TAKE THE TRAINING, SO HE RAN AWAY... AND HE FINALLY HUNG HIMSELF... ?!



WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT ?!



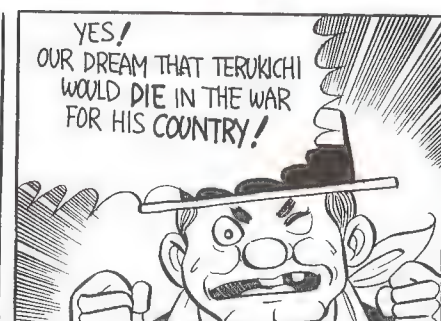
TERUKICHI DIED HONORABLY IN AN ACCIDENT DURING TRAINING! THE COMMANDER HIMSELF SAID SO!

I-I JUST WANTED TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH...



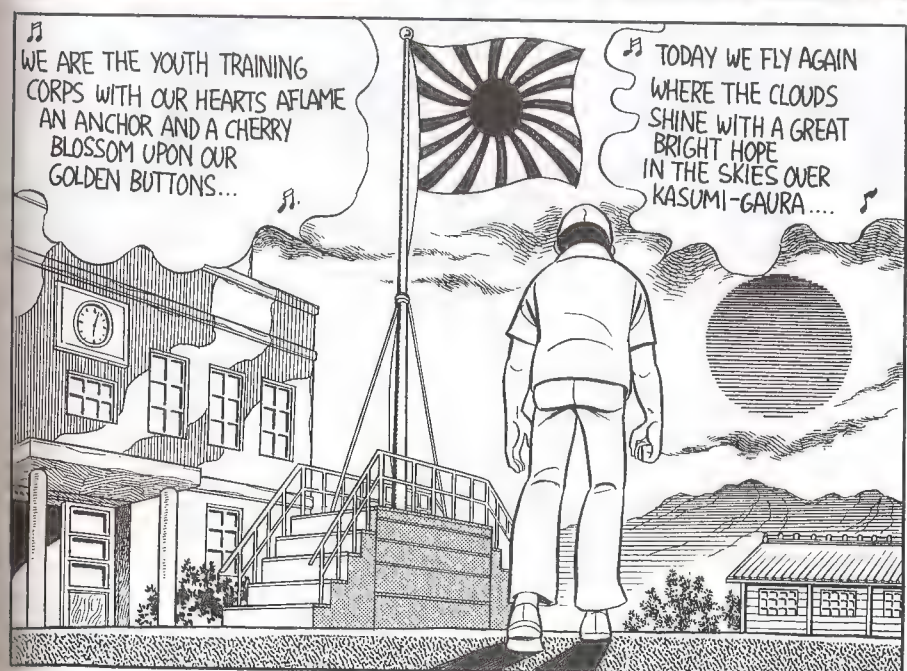
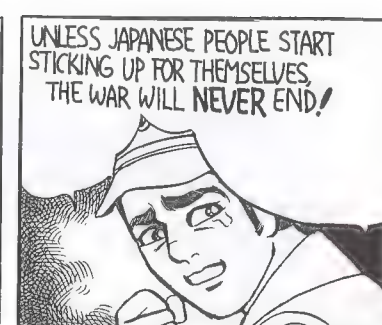
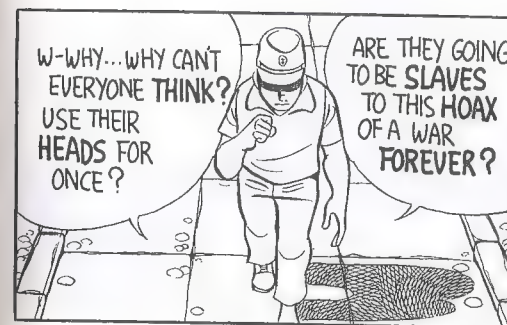
NO! TERUKICHI DIED HONORABLY FOR HIS COUNTRY! DON'T TAKE AWAY OUR GLORY! DON'T DESTROY OUR DREAM!

D-DREAM ?

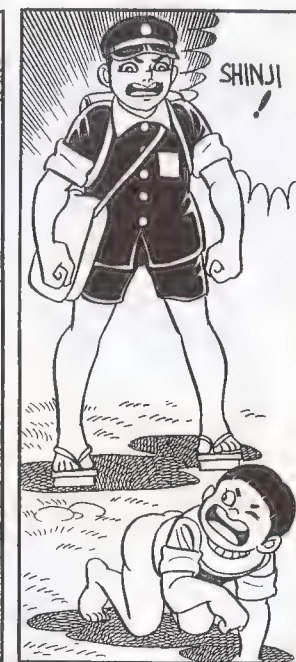
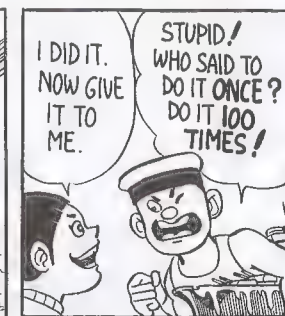
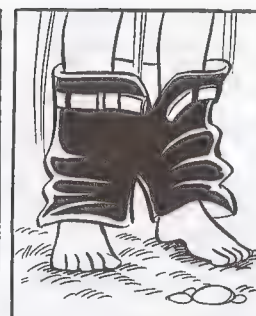
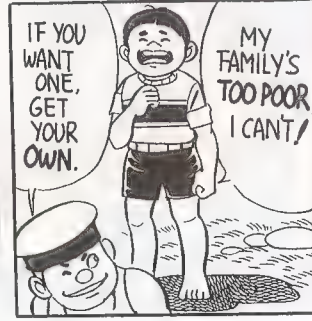
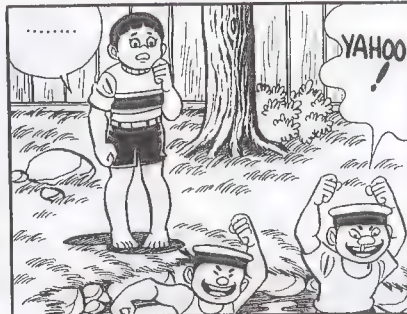
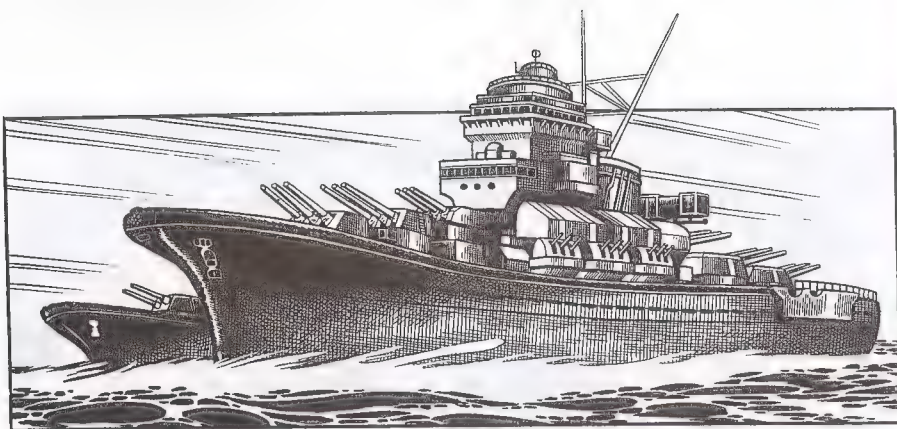


YES! OUR DREAM THAT TERUKICHI WOULD DIE IN THE WAR FOR HIS COUNTRY!

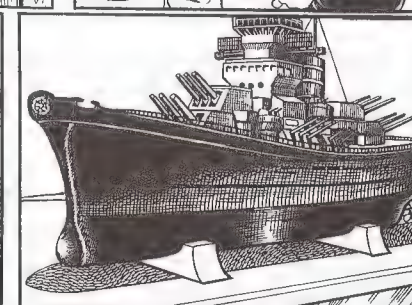
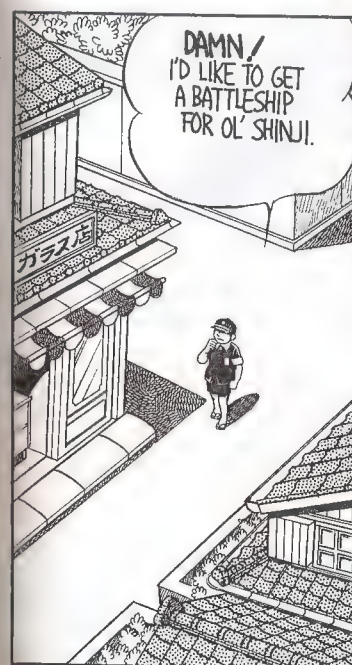
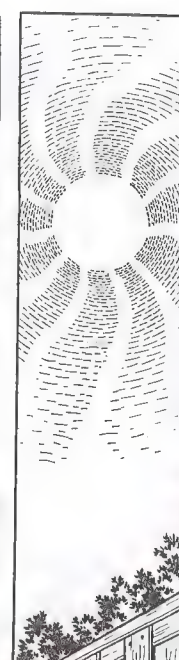
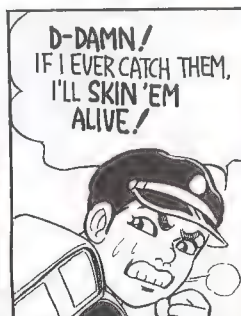
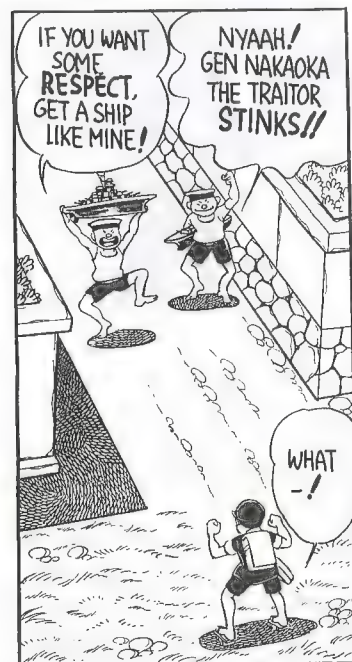
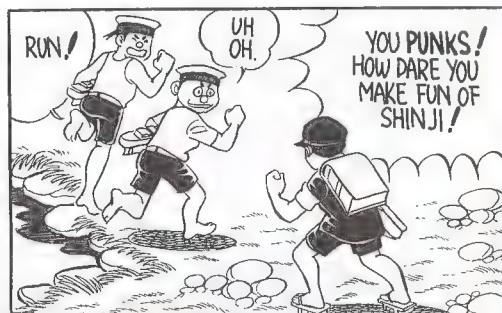
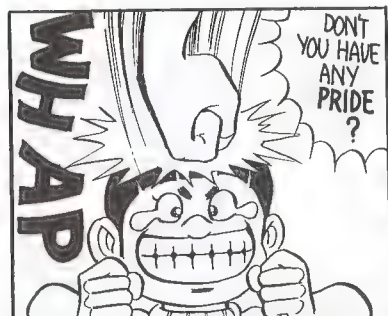








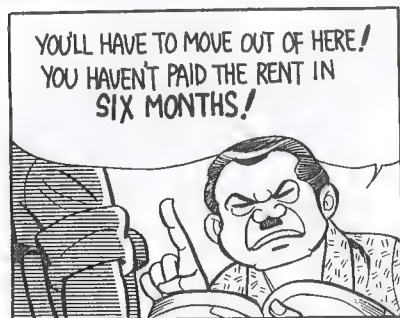
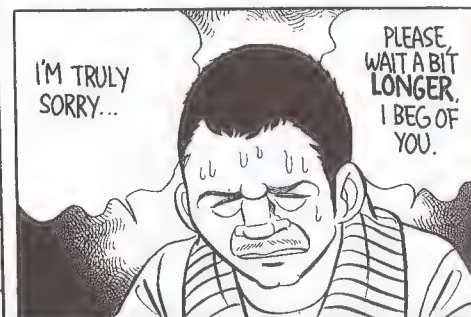




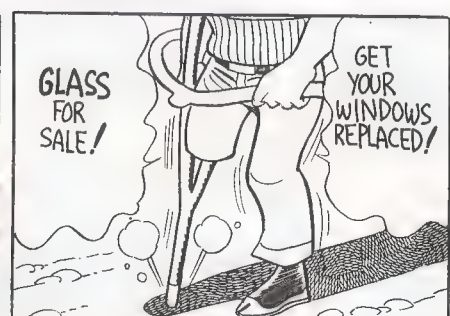
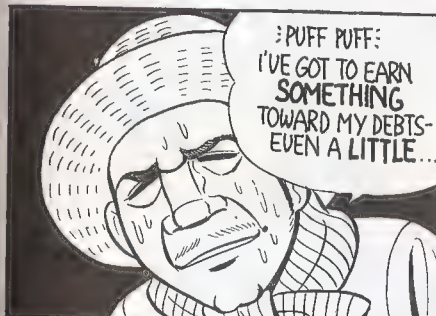
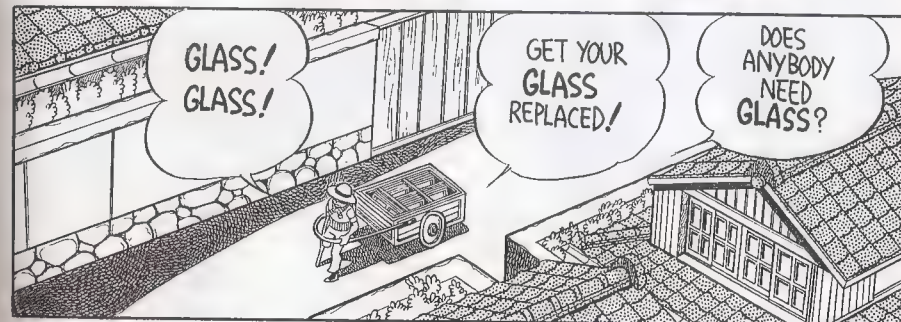
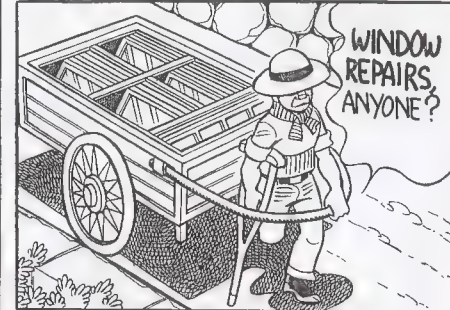
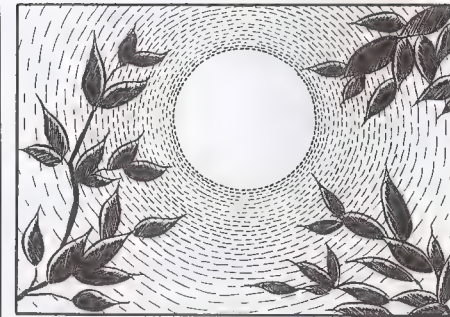
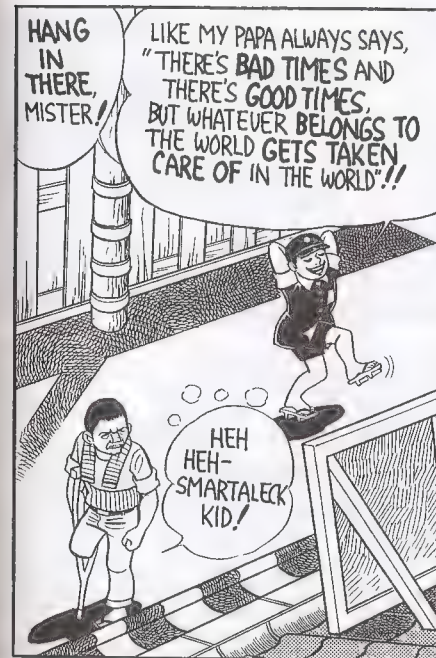
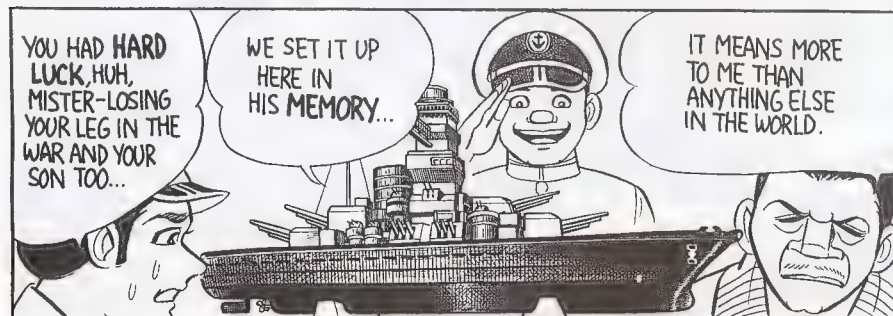
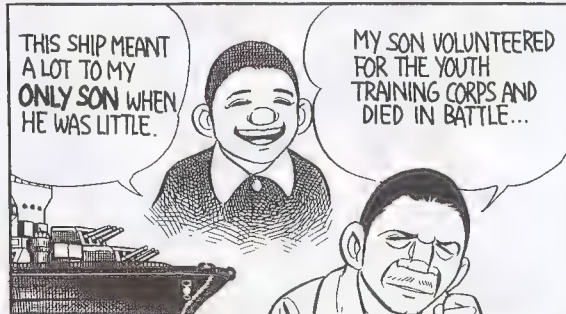
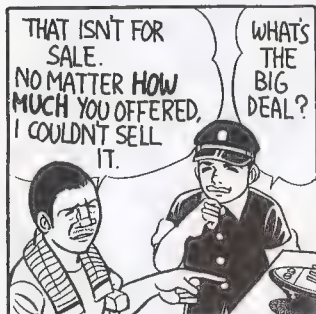
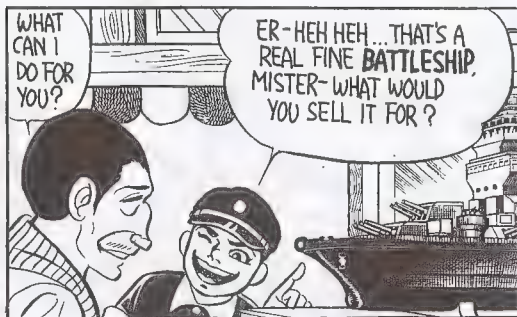
SIGN: HORIKAWA GLASS















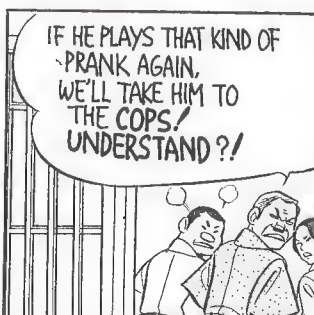
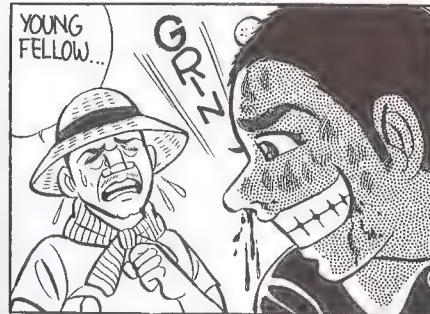
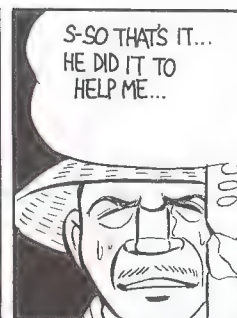
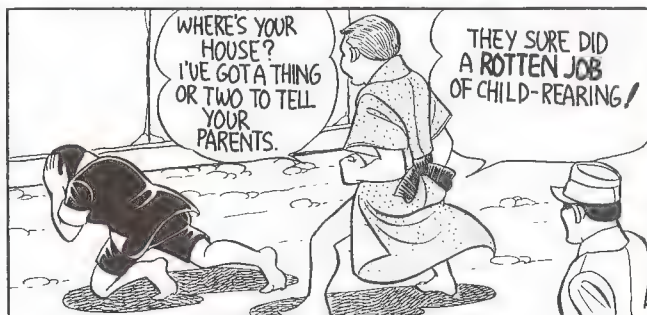
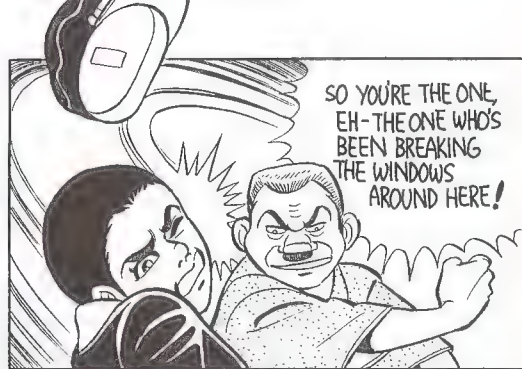




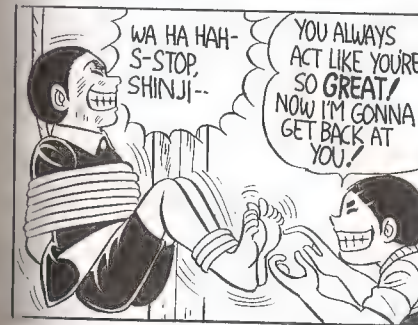
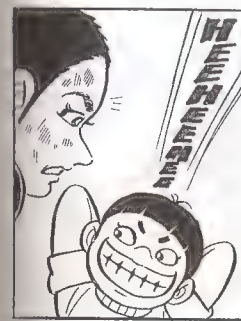
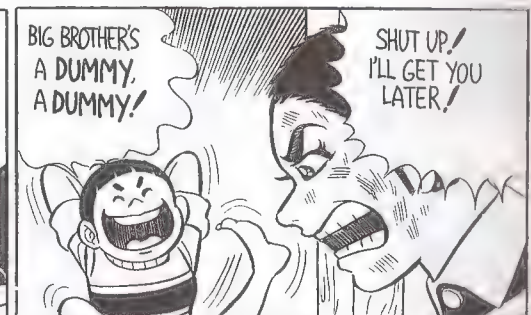
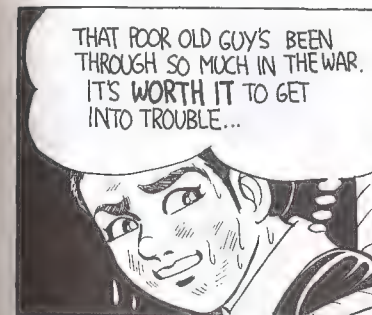
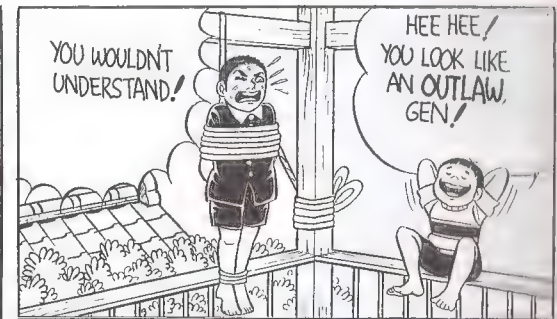
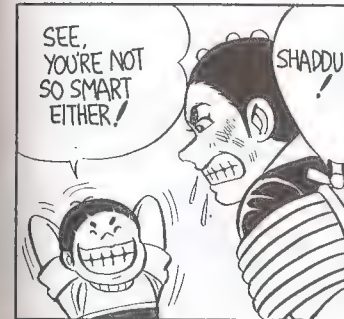




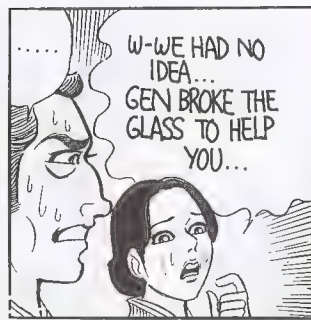
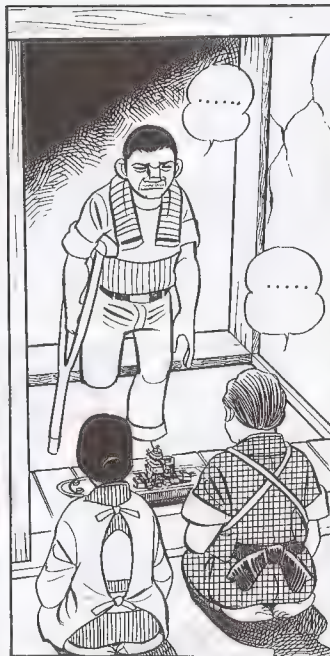
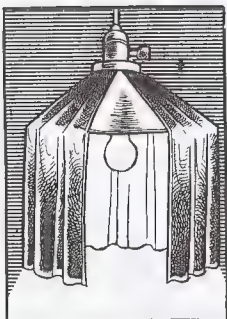
THIS PUNK  
WON'T GET  
AWAY  
AGAIN!



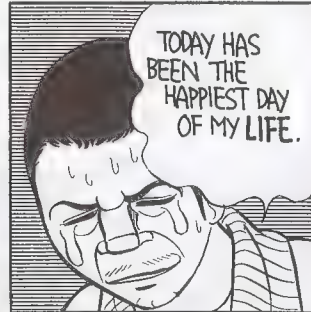
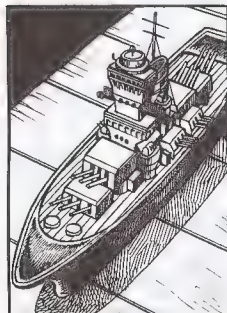




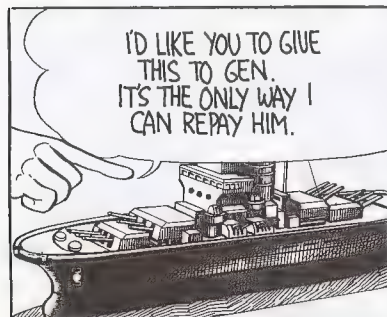




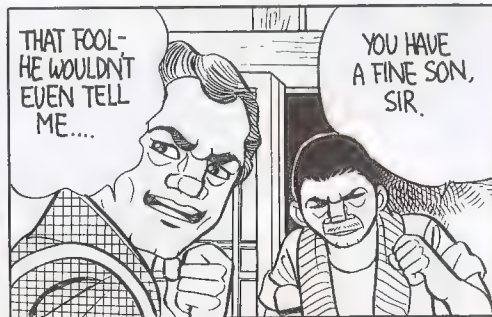
.....  
W-WE HAD NO  
IDEA...  
GEN BROKE THE  
GLASS TO HELP  
YOU...



TODAY HAS  
BEEN THE  
HAPPIEST DAY  
OF MY LIFE.



I'D LIKE YOU TO GIVE  
THIS TO GEN.  
IT'S THE ONLY WAY I  
CAN REPAY HIM.



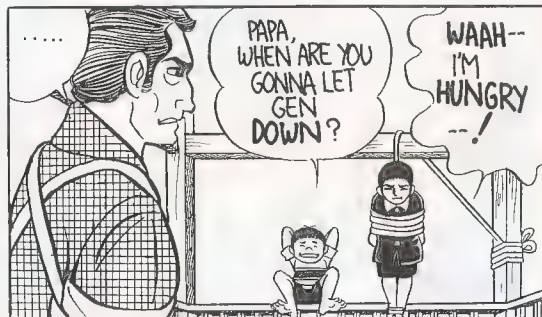
THAT FOOL-  
HE WOULDN'T  
EVEN TELL  
ME....

YOU HAVE  
A FINE SON,  
SIR.



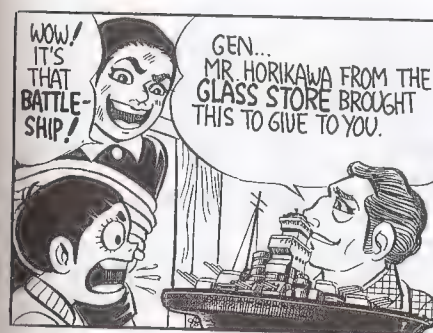
TAKE CARE  
OF YOURSELF  
MR. HORIKAWA

T- THANK  
YOU.



.....  
PAPA,  
WHEN ARE YOU  
GONNA LET  
GEN  
DOWN?

WAAH--  
I'M  
HUNGRY  
--!



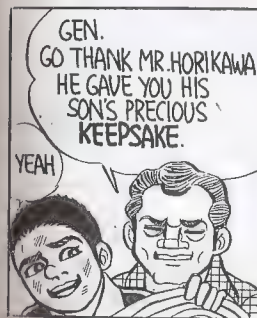
WOW!  
IT'S  
THAT  
BATTLE-  
SHIP!

GEN...  
MR. HORIKAWA FROM THE  
GLASS STORE BROUGHT  
THIS TO GIVE TO YOU.



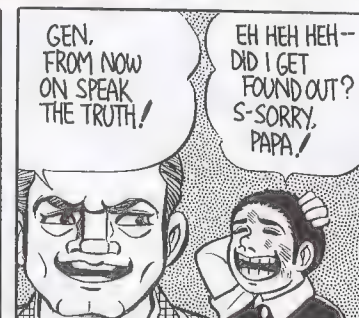
EAT  
YOUR  
HEART  
OUT  
!

I BLEW IT!  
IF I HADN'T TEASED GEN  
I BET HE'D LEND ME  
THIS SHIP.



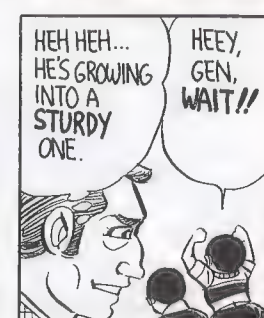
GEN.  
GO THANK MR. HORIKAWA.  
HE GAVE YOU HIS  
SON'S PRECIOUS  
KEEPSAKE.

YEAH



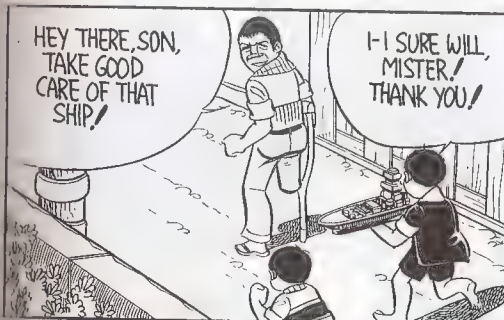
GEN.  
FROM NOW  
ON SPEAK  
THE TRUTH!

EH HEH HEH--  
DID I GET  
FOUND OUT?  
S-SORRY,  
PAPA!



HEH HEH...  
HE'S GROWING  
INTO A  
STURDY  
ONE.

HEEY,  
GEN,  
WAIT!!

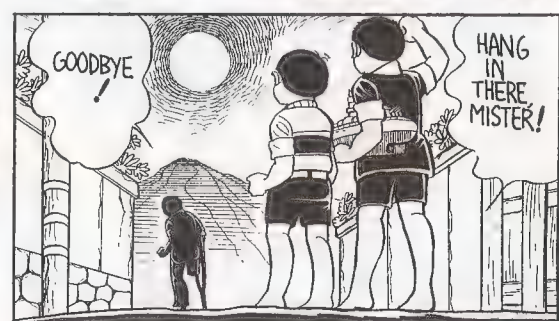


HEY THERE, SON,  
TAKE GOOD  
CARE OF THAT  
SHIP!

I-I SURE WILL,  
MISTER!  
THANK YOU!



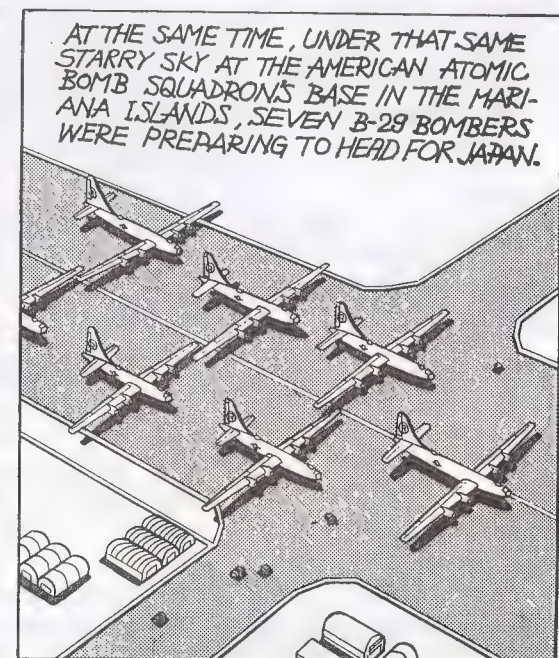
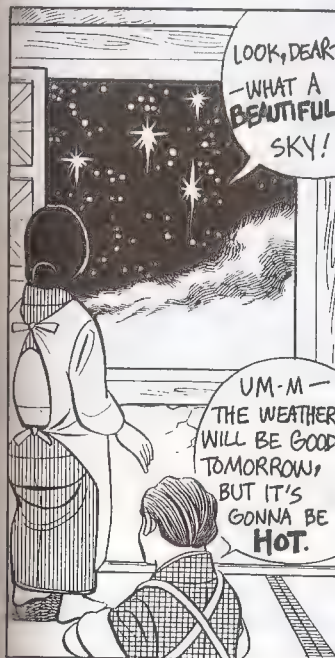
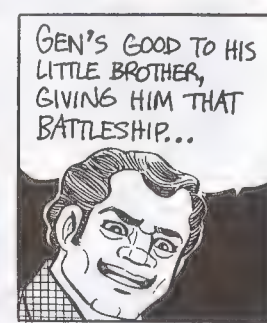
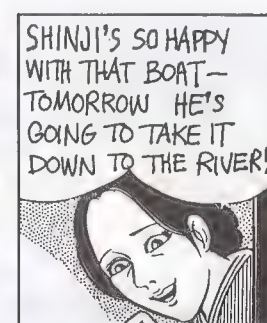
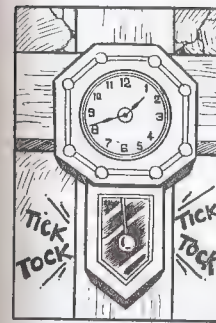
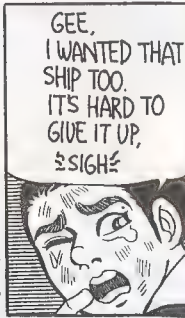
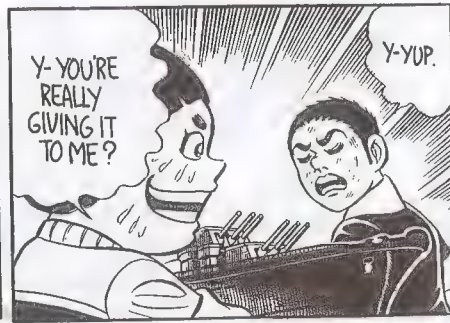
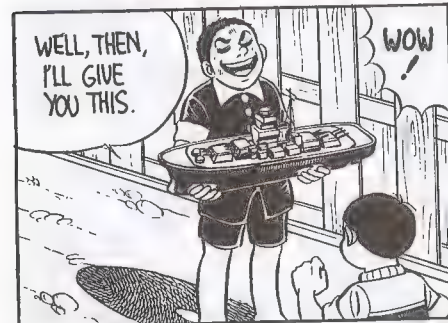
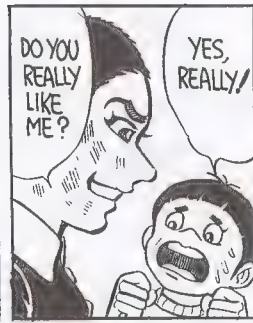
MISTER,  
IF YOU NEED HELP,  
LET ME KNOW AND  
I'LL BREAK MORE GLASS  
FOR YOU!!



GOODBYE  
!

HANG  
IN  
THERE,  
MISTER!

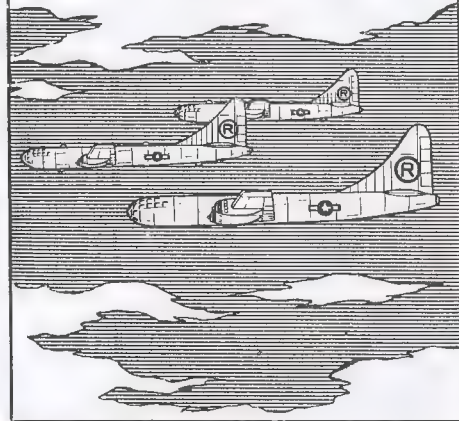






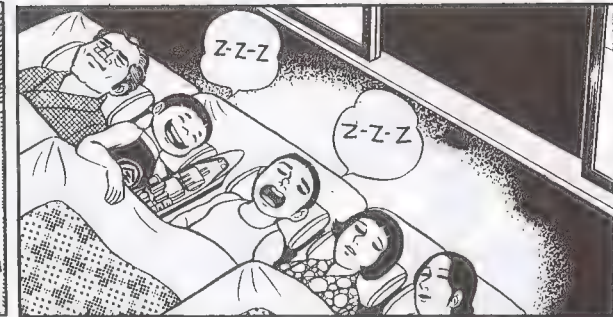
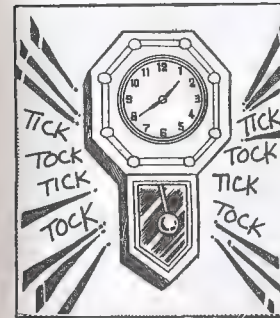
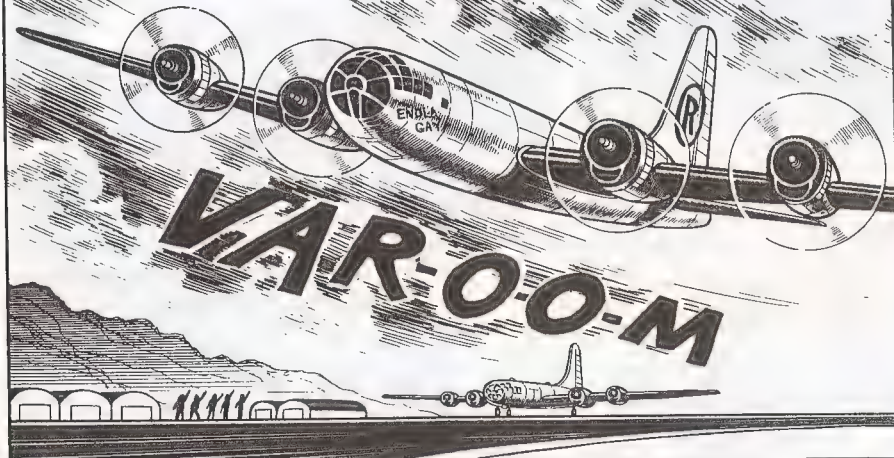
ONE OF THOSE SEVEN, NAMED THE "ENOLA GAY" AFTER THE MOTHER OF THE PILOT, LOADED WITH THE ATOMIC BOMB "LITTLE BOY" WAS BEING READY FOR TAKEOFF.

AT 1:35AM THREE WEATHER RECONNAISSANCE PLANES TOOK OFF FOR HIROSHIMA; THE NUMBER ONE TARGET CITY, AND REPORTED "IDEAL WEATHER". IT WAS DECIDED THEN TO DROP THE ATOMIC BOMB ON HIROSHIMA.



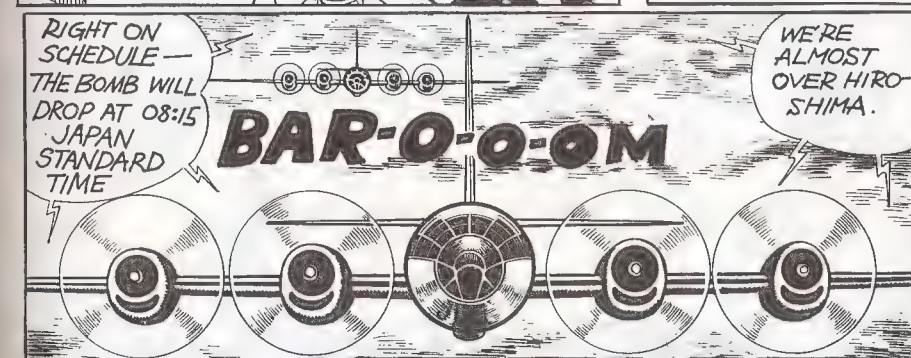
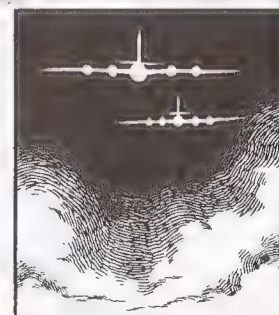
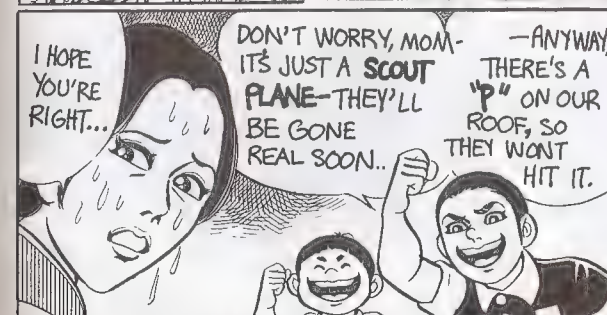
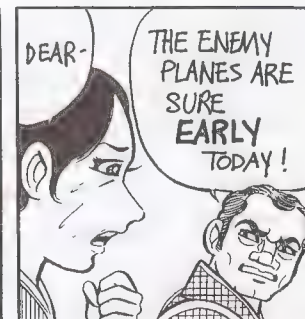
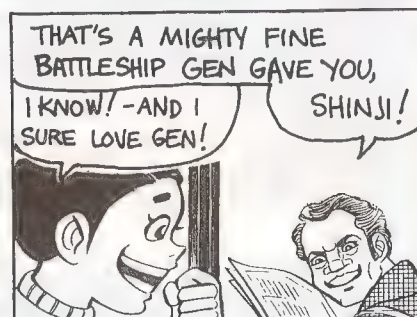
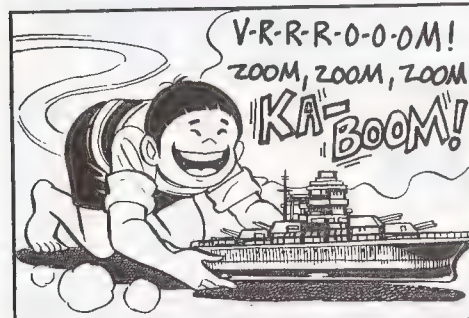
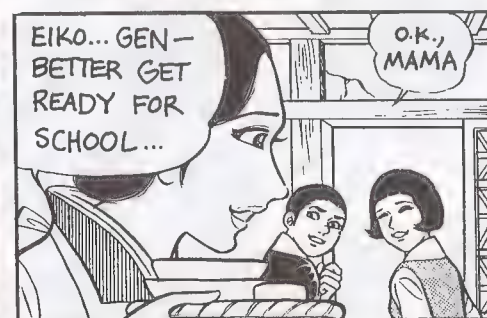
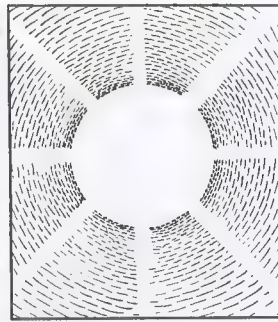
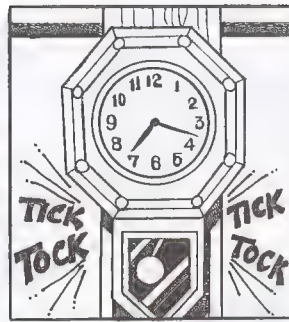
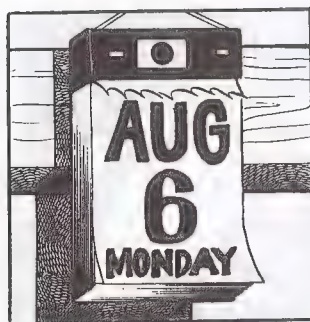
THE DROPPING OF THE BOMB WAS FIXED FOR 9:15 AM (8:15 JAPANESE TIME) ON AUG. 6TH.

AT 2:45AM, THE "ENOLA GAY" TOOK OFF FROM THE BASE IN THE MARIANA ISLANDS, FOLLOWED BY TWO RECONNAISSANCE PLANES...

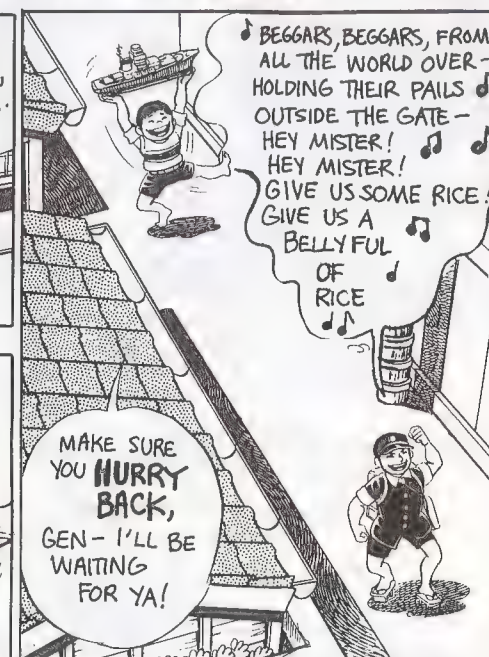
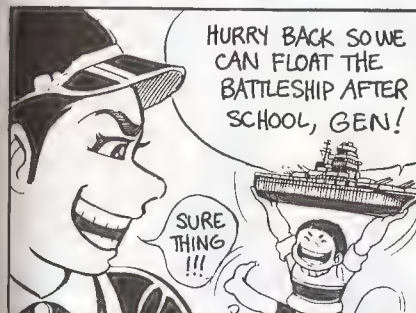
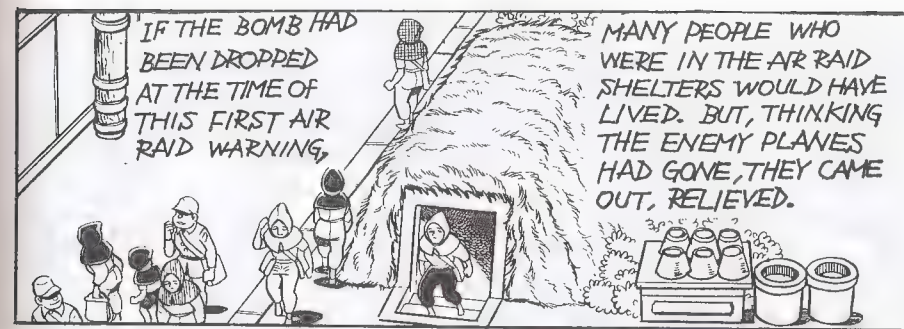
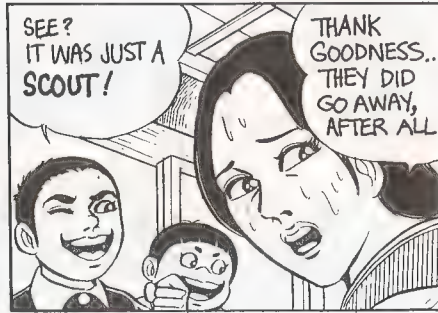
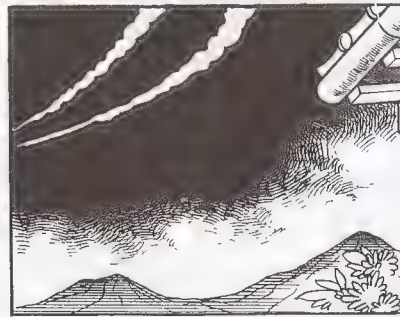
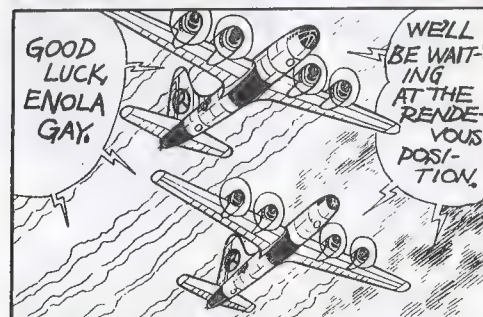
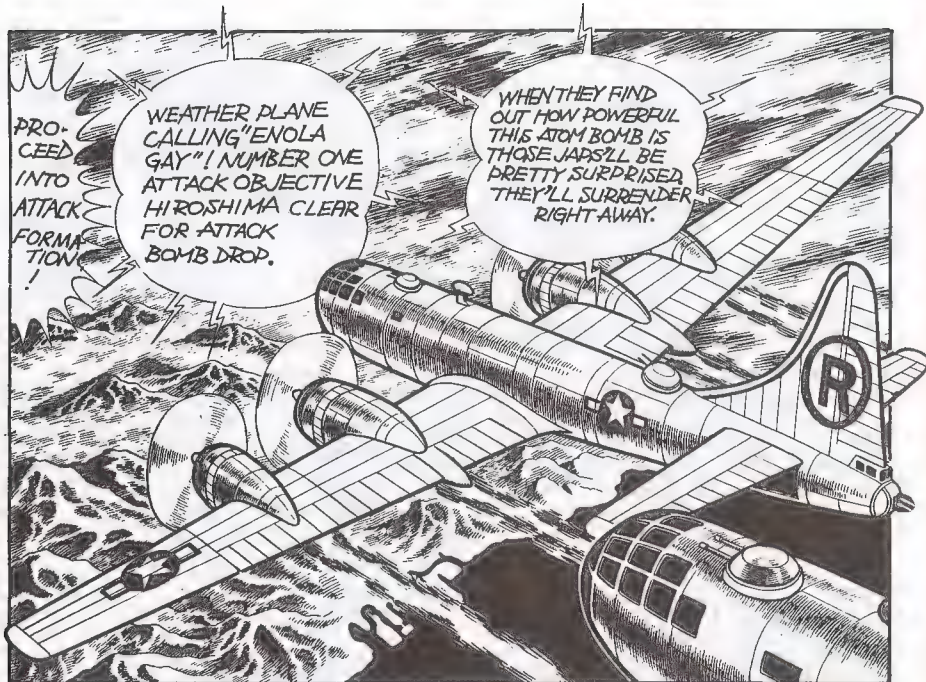


A TERRIBLE FATE WAS HEADED FOR GEN'S CITY OF HIROSHIMA.

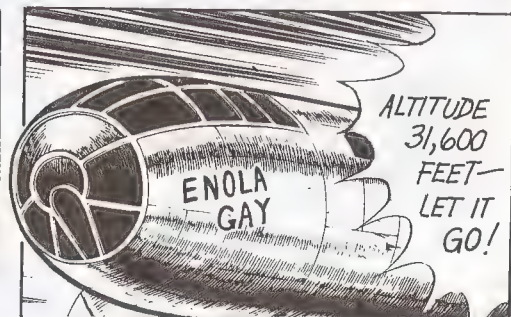
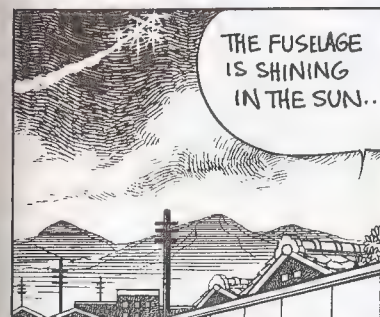
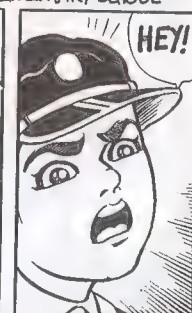
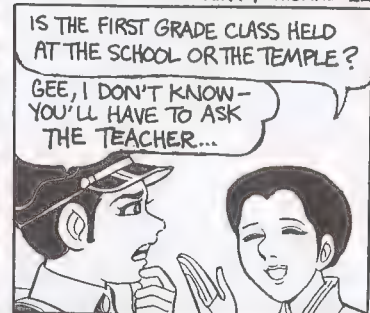
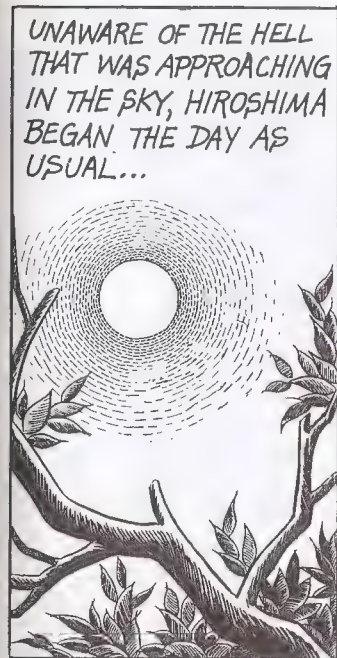
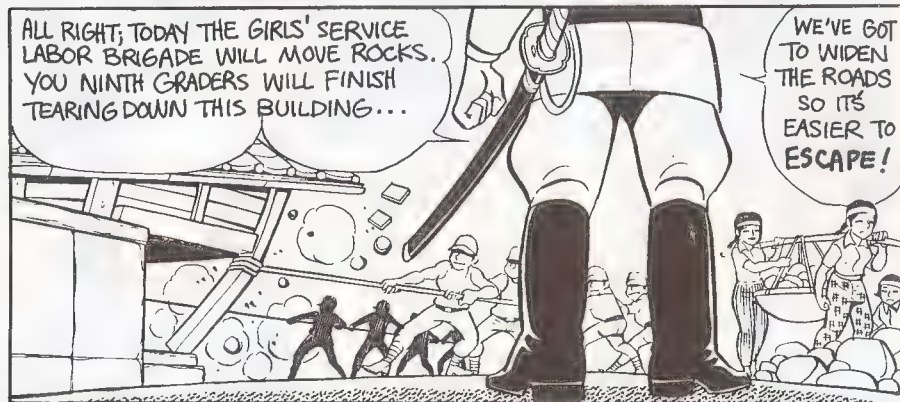
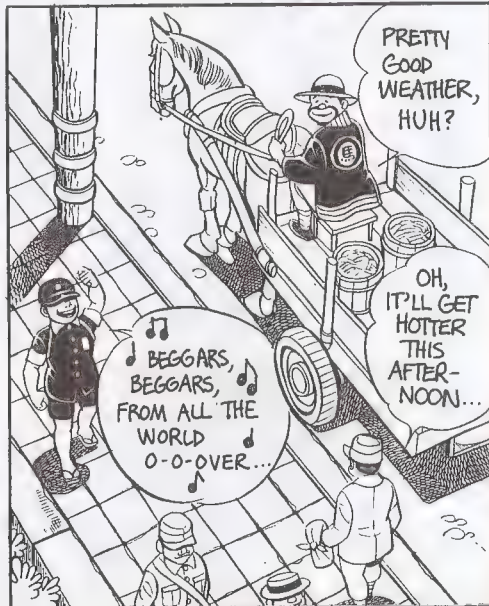
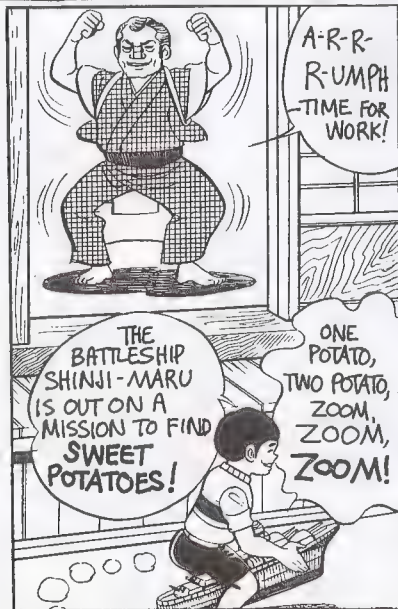
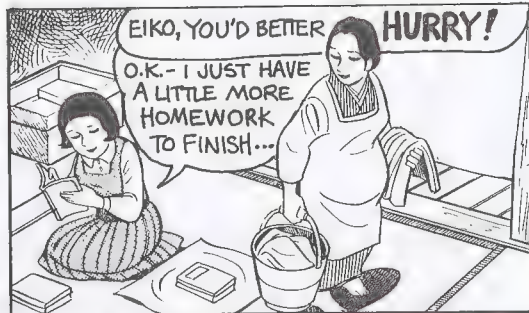
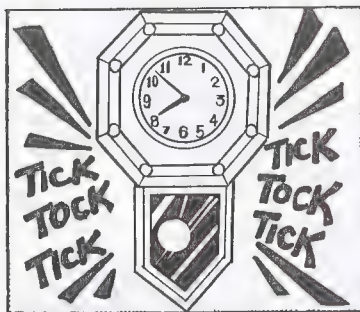




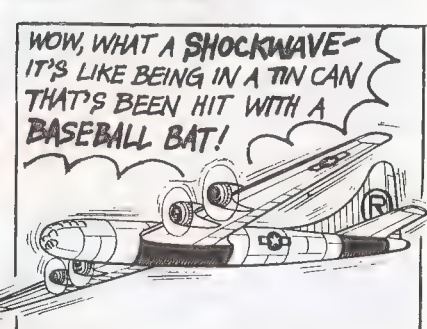
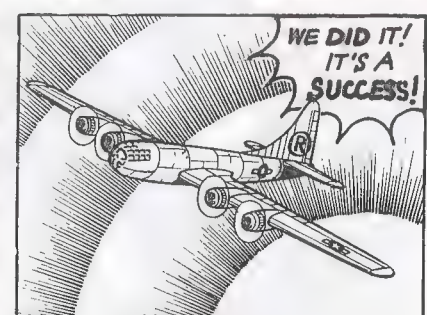
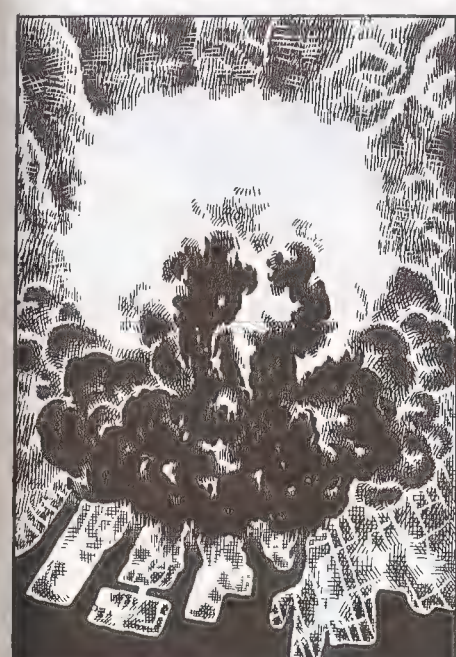
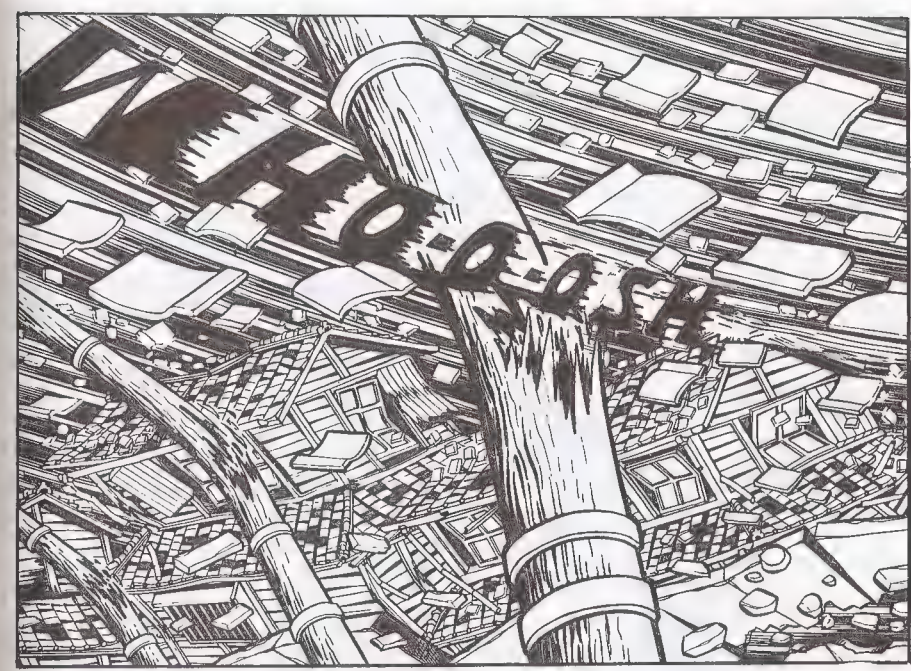
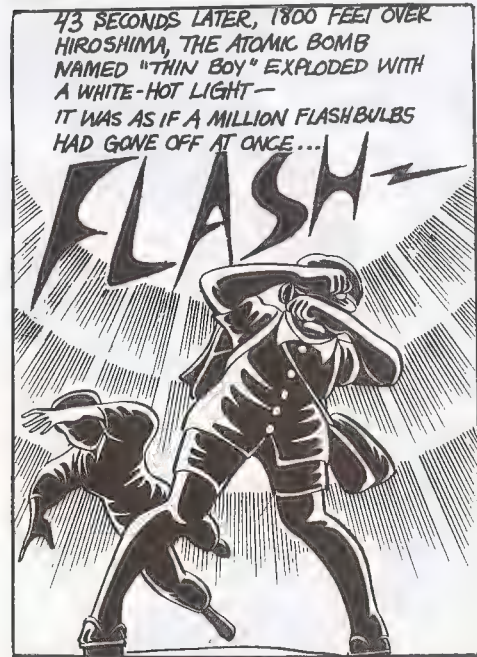
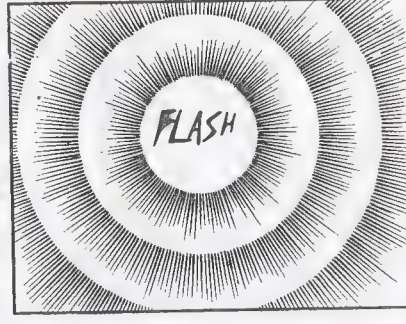
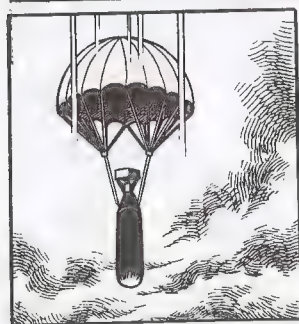
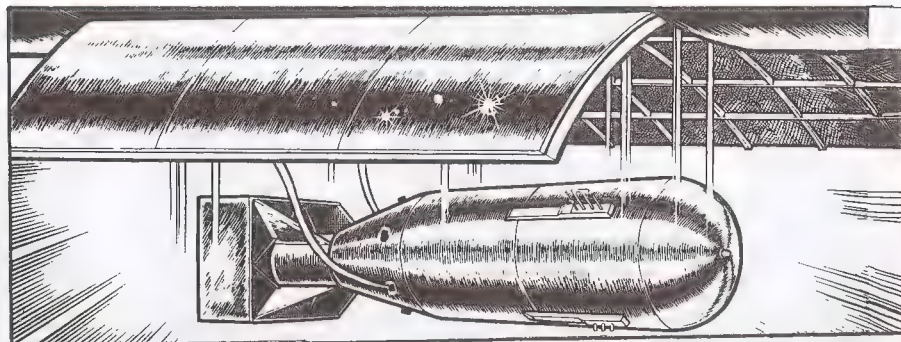




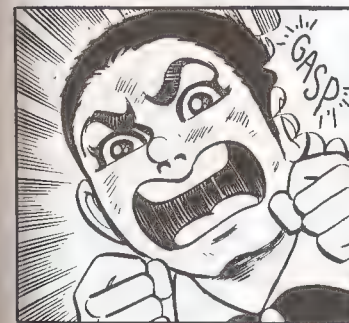
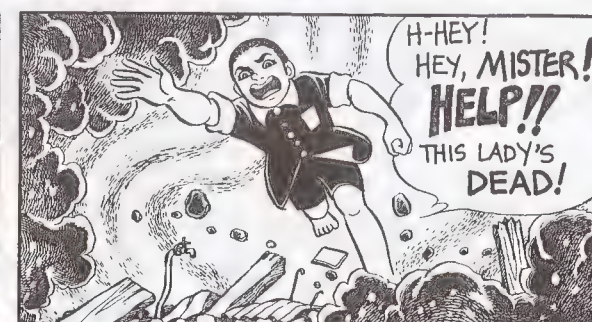
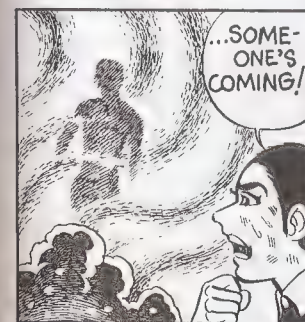
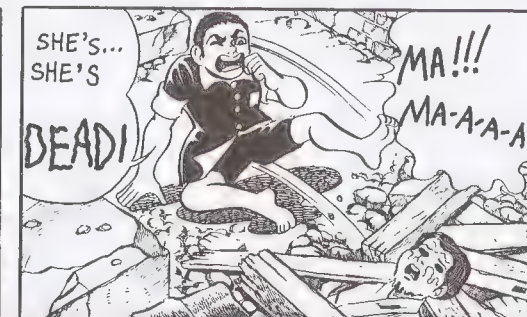
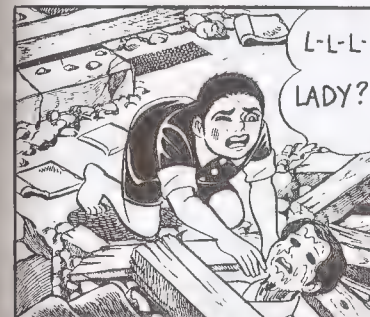
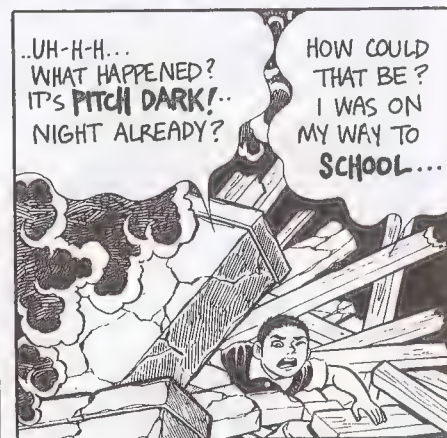




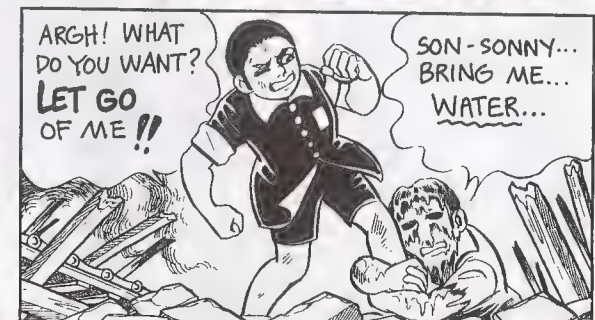
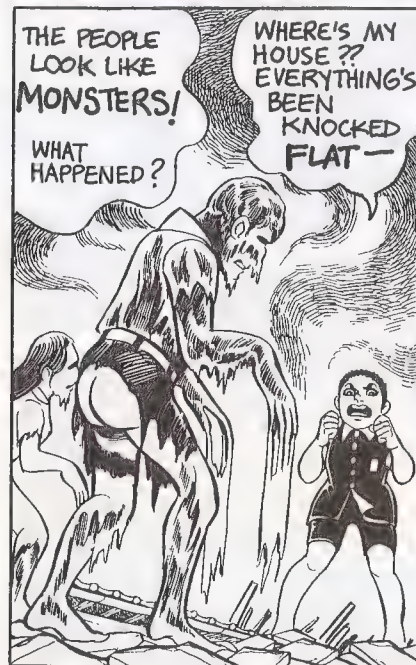
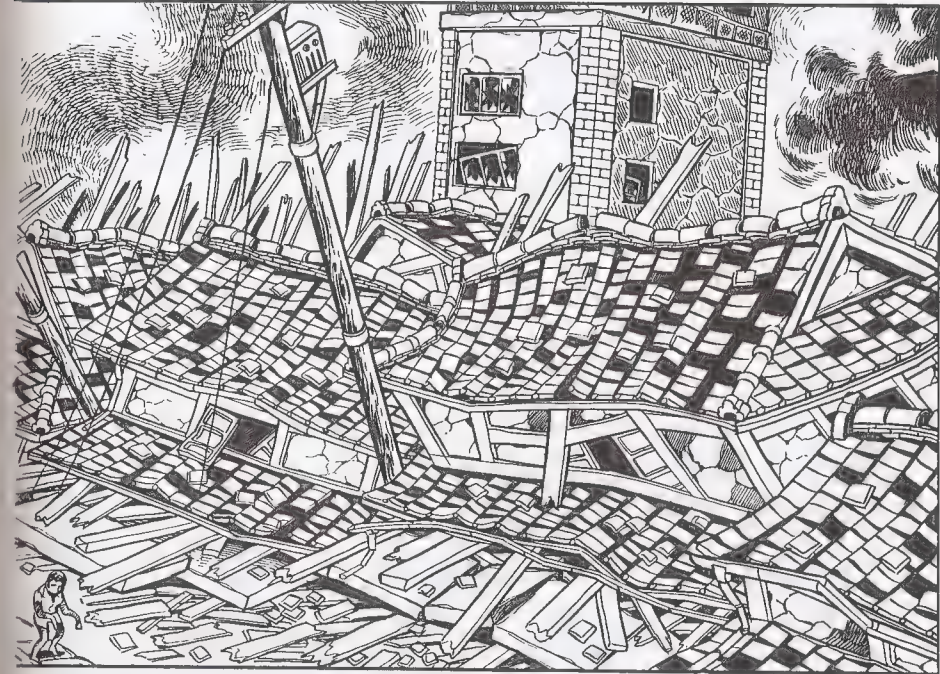




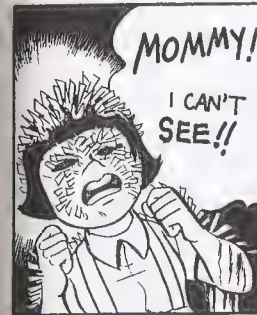
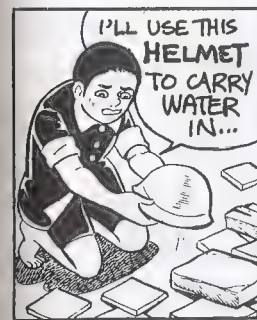




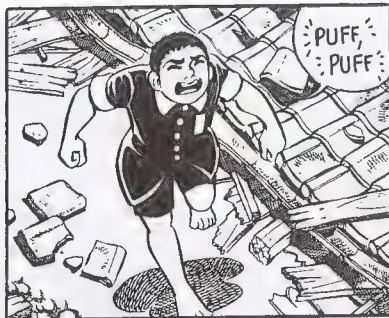












PUFF!  
PUFF!



-MAMA!  
-PAPA!  
-EIKO!  
-SHINJI!



CRUNCH!



CRUNCH!



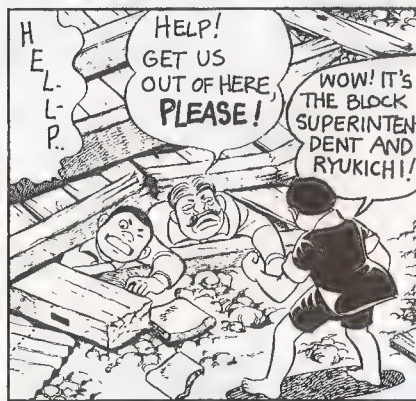
CRUNCH!



I CAN'T EVEN TELL  
WHICH HOUSE IS  
MINE - THEY'RE  
ALL JUMBLED UP



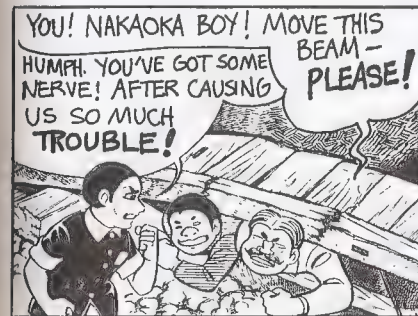
SOMEBODY...?  
**HELP!**



HELP!  
GET US  
OUT OF HERE,  
PLEASE!

WOW! IT'S  
THE BLOCK  
SUPERINTEN-  
DENT AND  
RYUKICH!

H  
E  
L  
P.



YOU! NAKAOKA BOY! MOVE THIS  
BEAM -  
PLEASE!  
HUMPH. YOU'VE GOT SOME  
NERVE! AFTER CAUSING  
US SO MUCH  
TROUBLE!

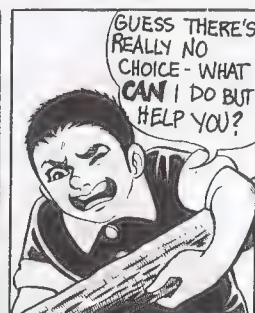


GEN!  
HELP US  
OUT OF HERE!

I BEG  
OF YOU -  
PLEASE!



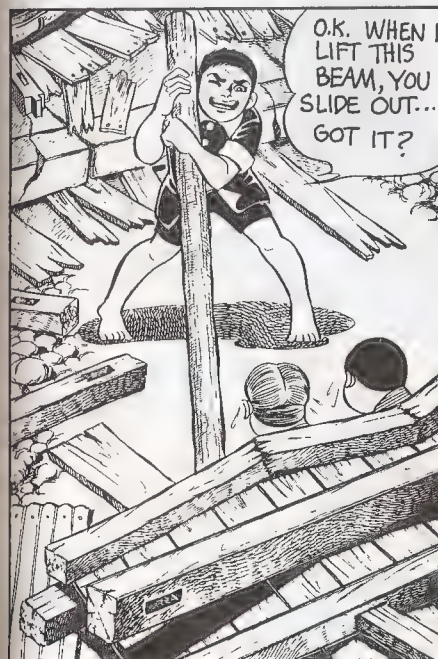
IF YOU GET US  
OUT OF HERE, I'LL  
DO ANYTHING  
TO MAKE IT UP  
TO YOU...



GUESS THERE'S  
REALLY NO  
CHOICE - WHAT  
CAN I DO BUT  
HELP YOU?



SCRAPE



O.K. WHEN I  
LIFT THIS  
BEAM, YOU  
SLIDE OUT...  
GOT IT?

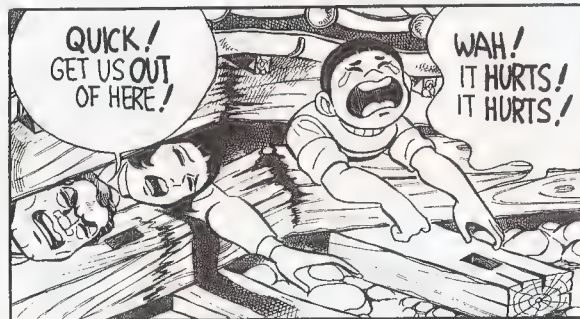
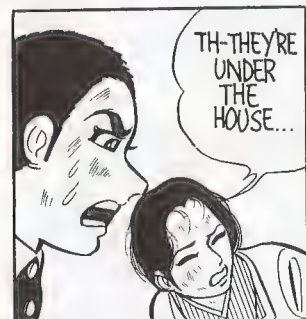
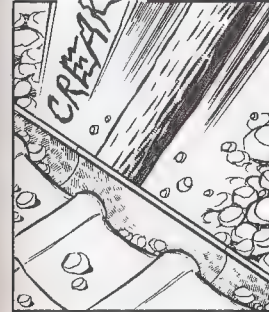
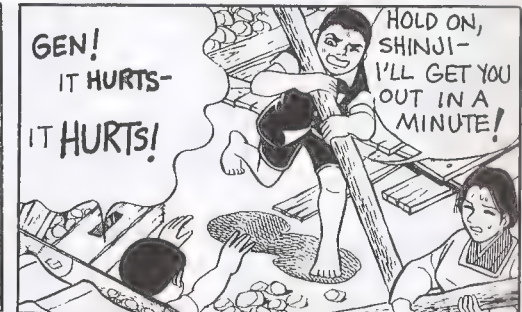
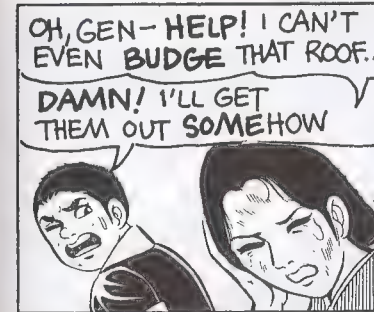
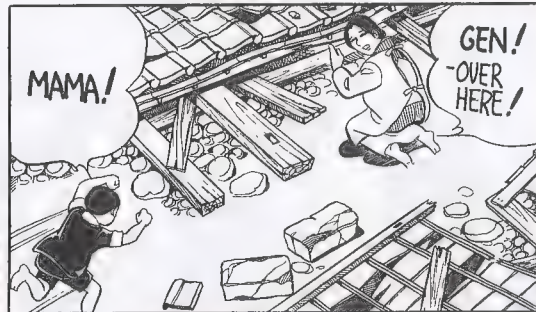
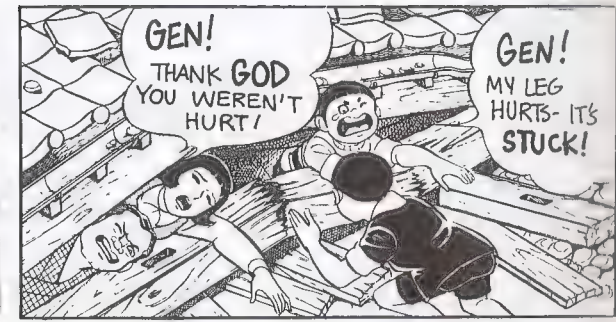


UNNGH

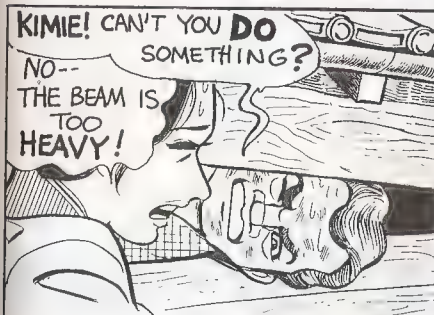
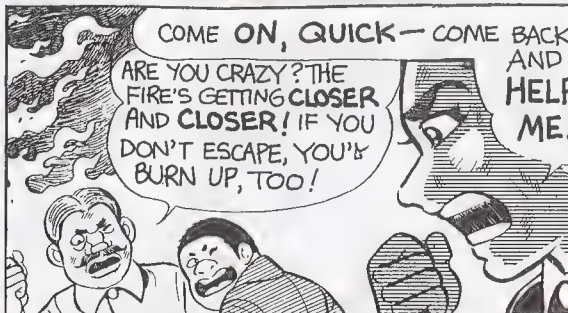
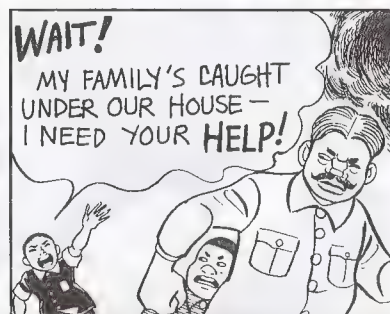
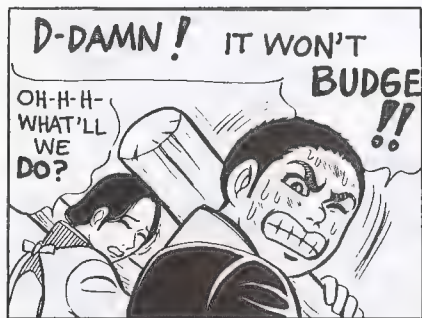


WE  
GOT OUT!  
WE'RE  
SAVED!

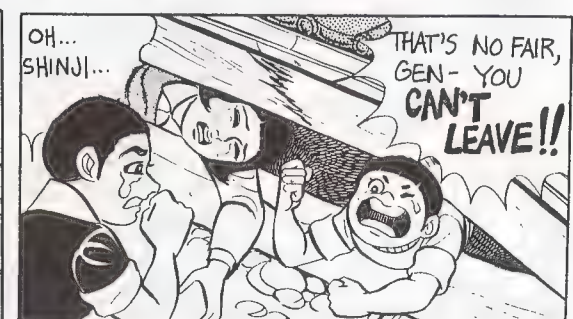
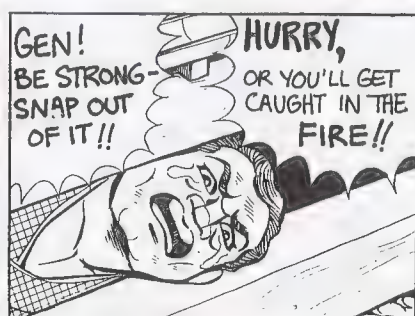
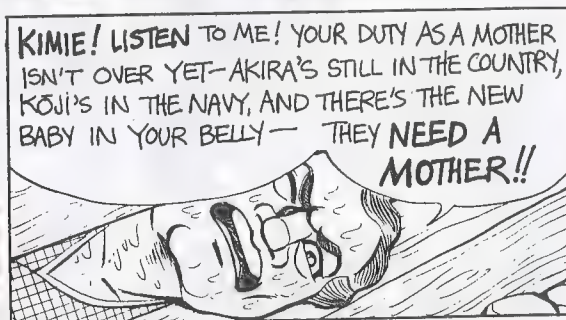
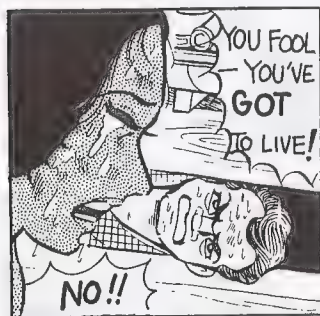
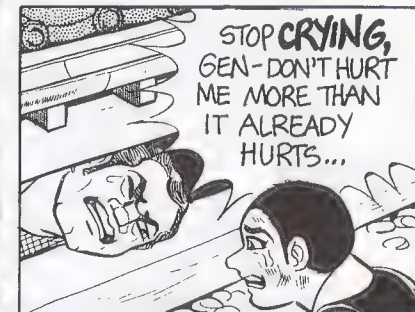
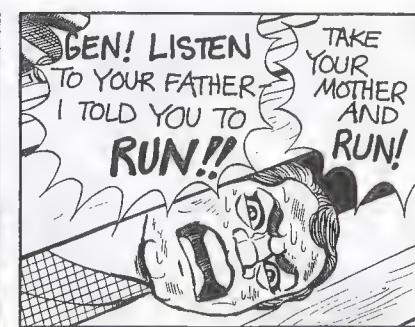
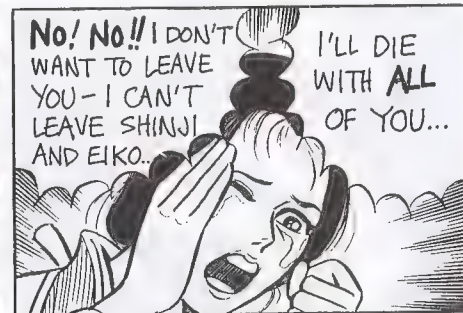




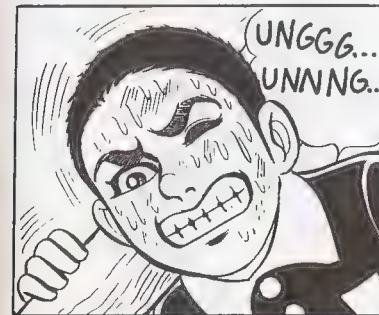
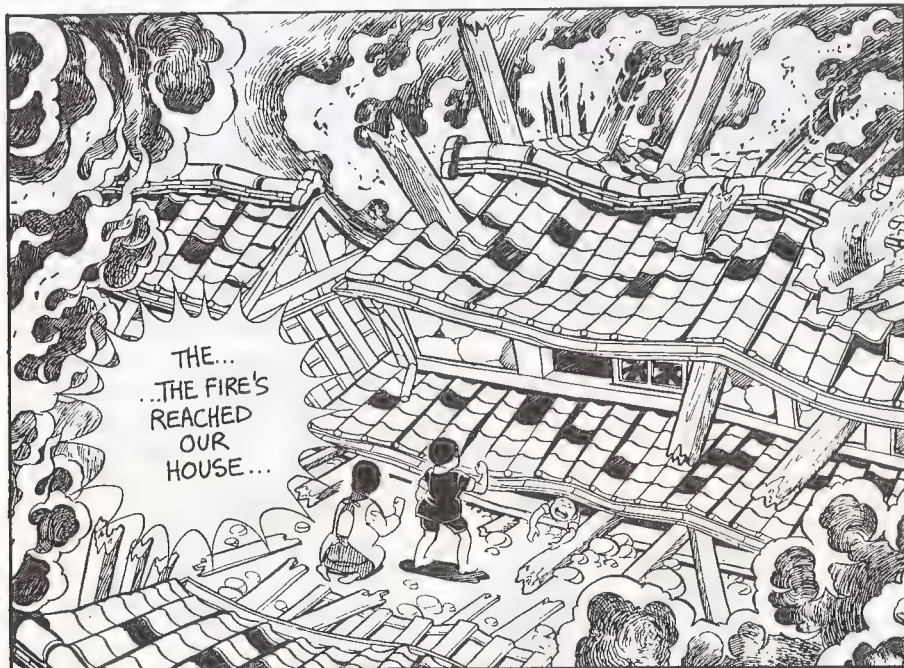
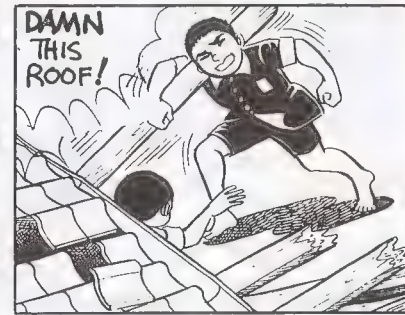
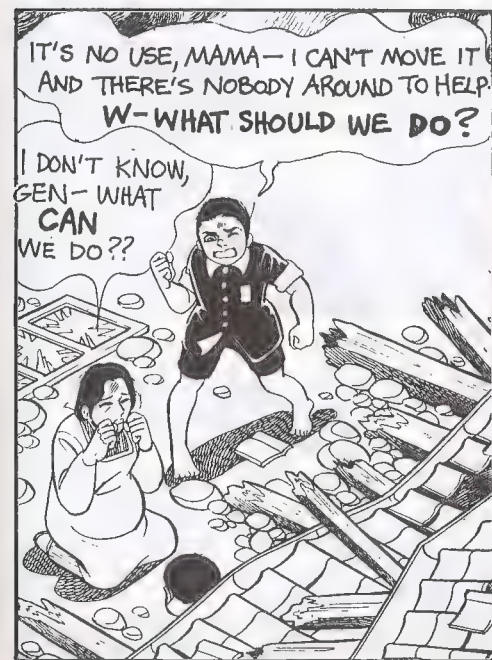
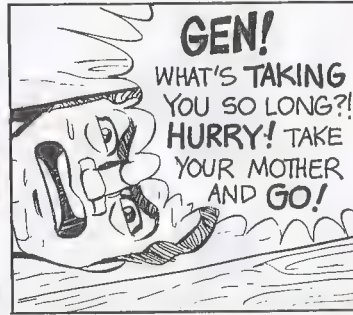
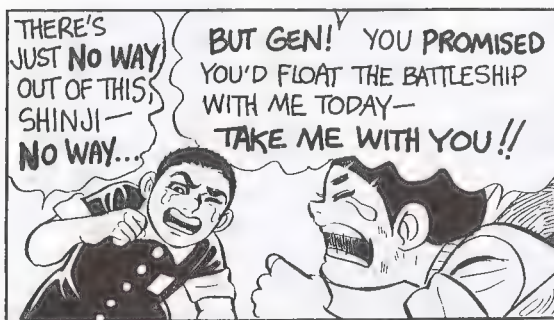




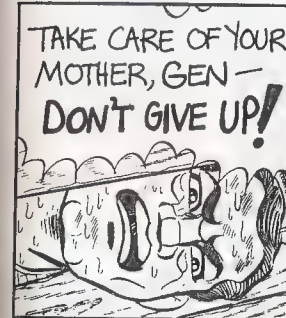
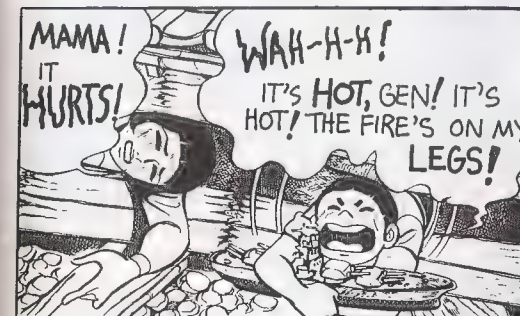
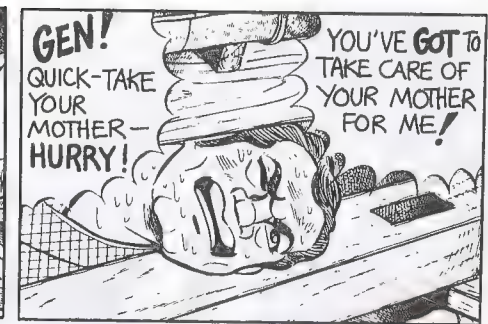
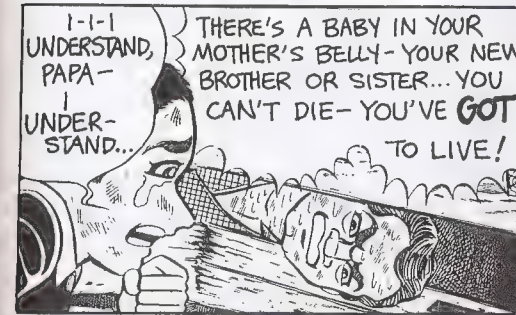
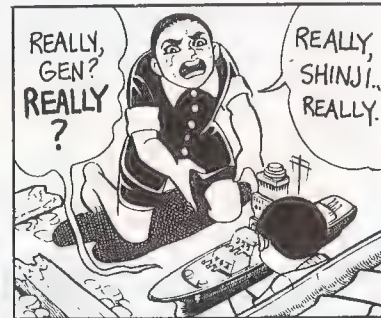
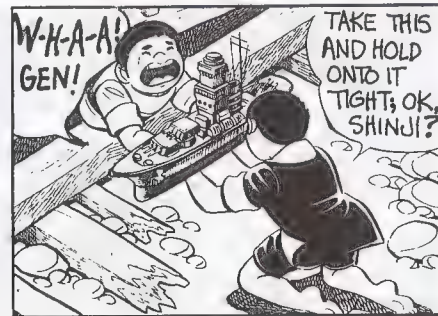
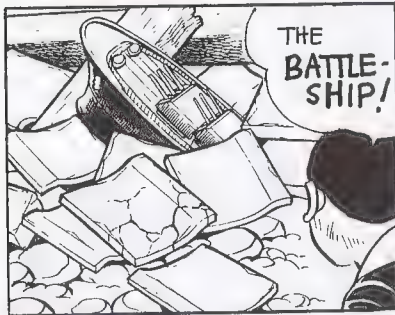




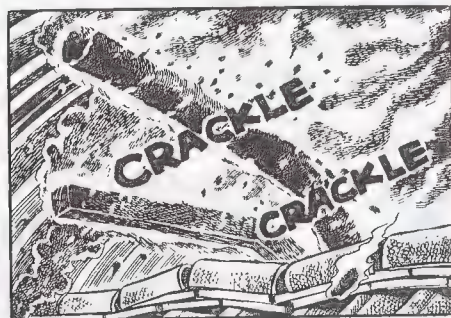




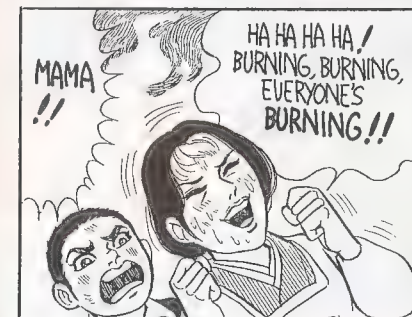
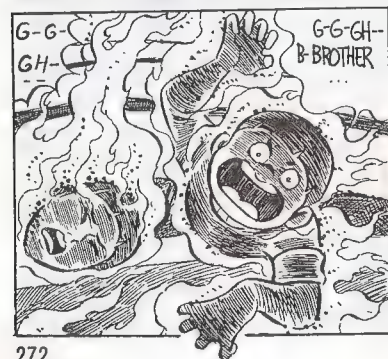
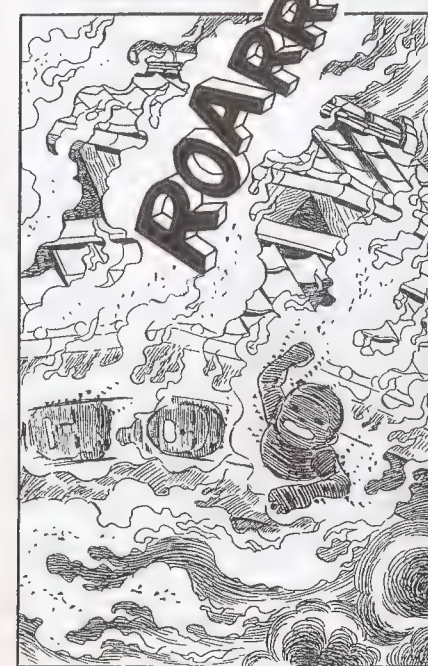
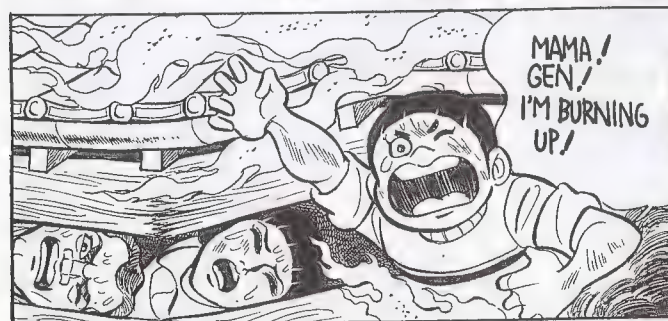
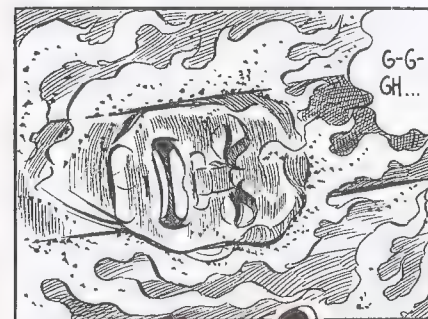




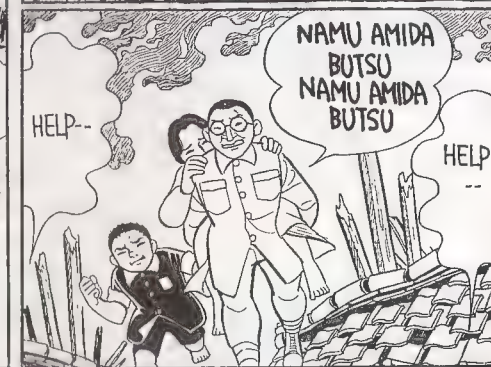
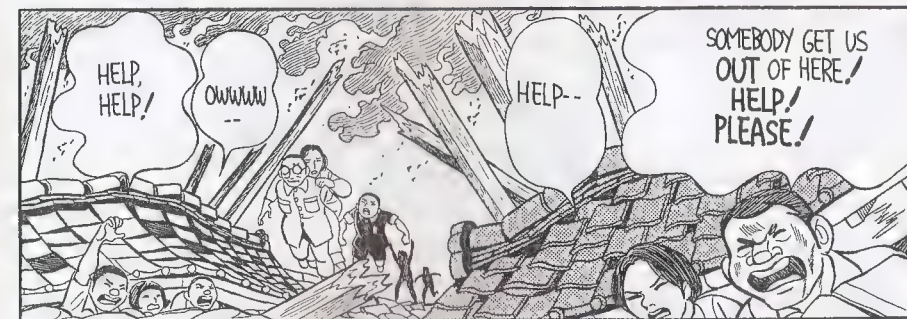




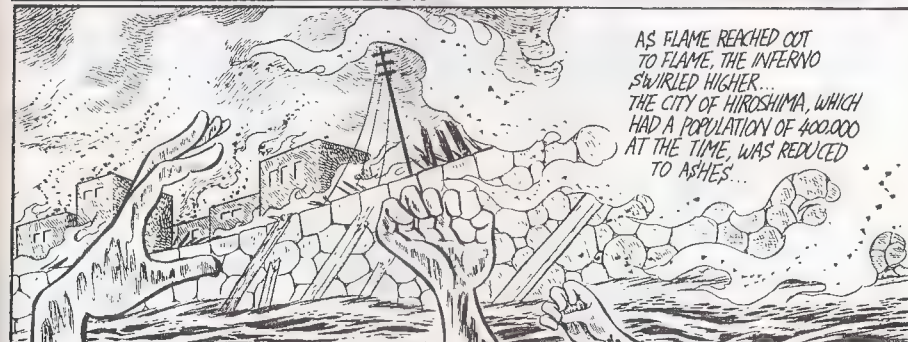
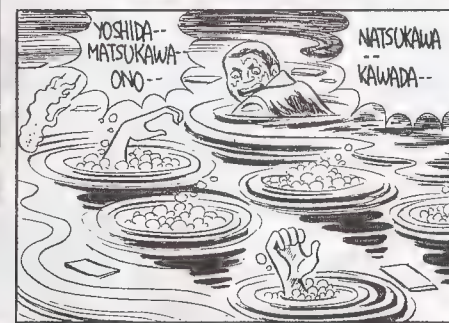
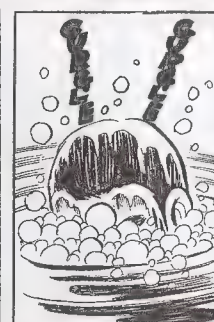
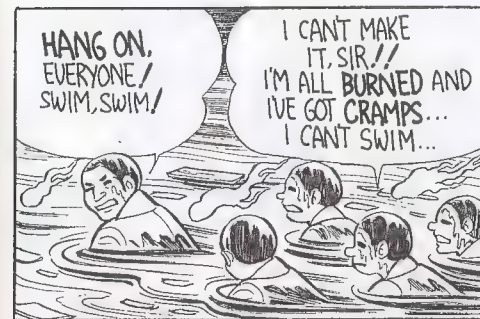
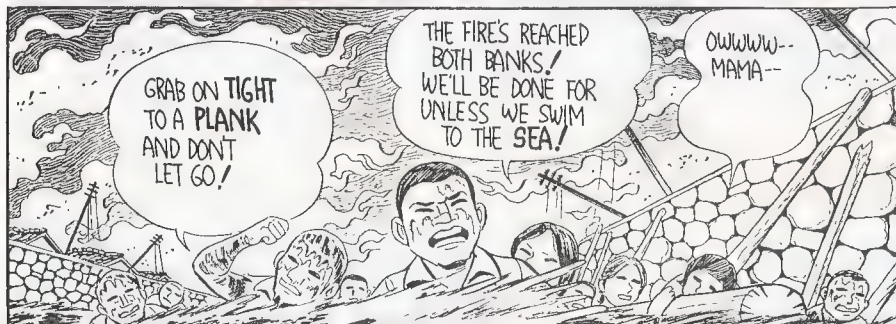
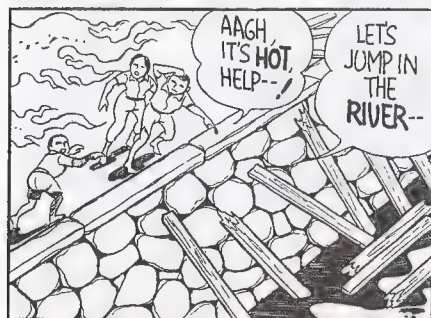
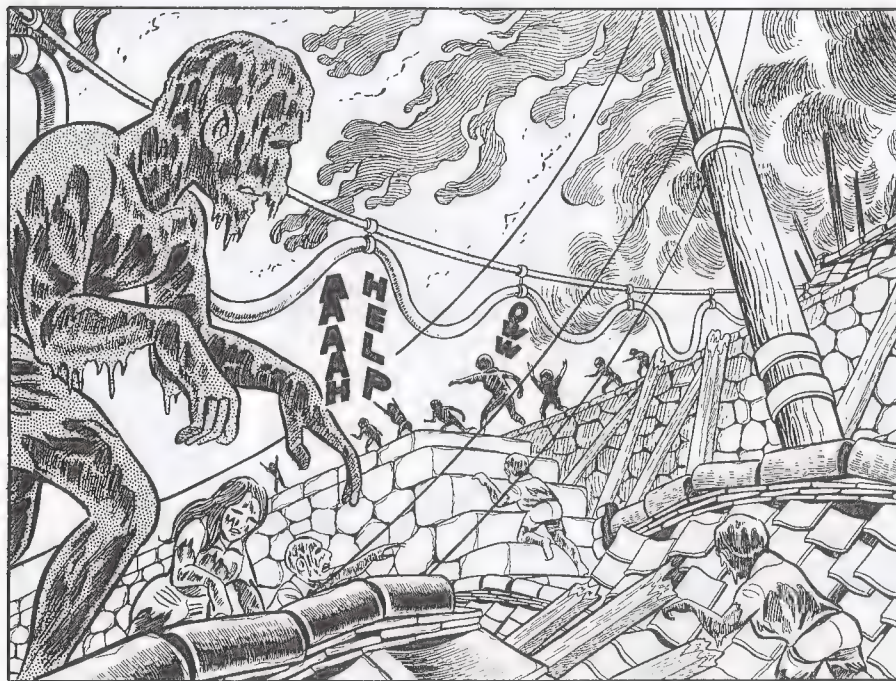




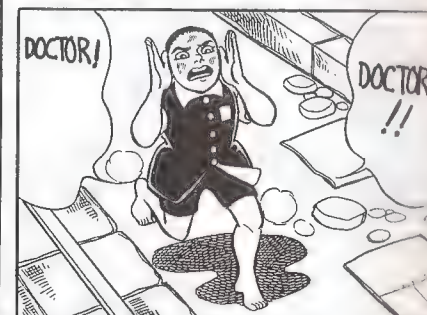
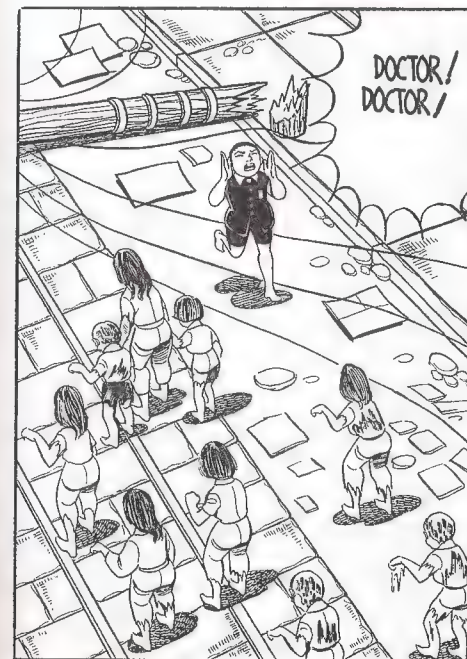
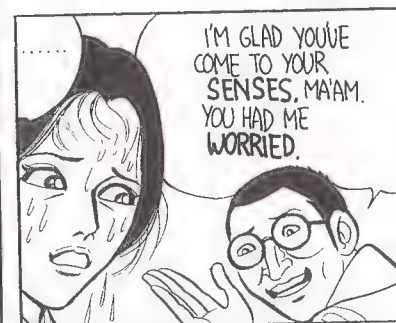
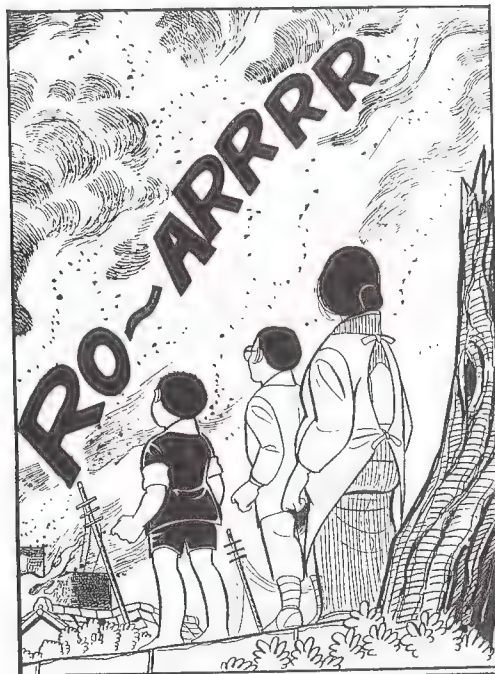
















T-THERE'S NO DOCTOR ANYWHERE-- WHAT'LL WE DO?



AHHHHH... NGHH...



OHHHH... I-IT HURTS...

MAMAA! I CAN'T FIND A DOCTOR!



WHAT'LL WE DO?

I-IT'S NO WONDER, IN THIS CONFUSION...



GEN, YOU'LL HAVE TO DELIVER THE BABY...

M-ME? I CAN'T DO THAT!

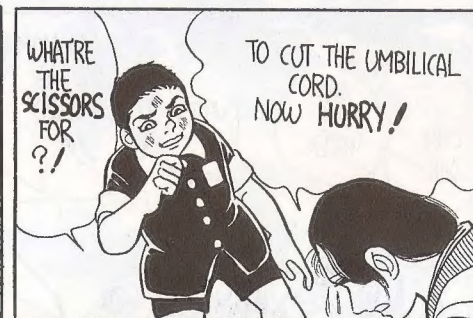


PANT PANT DO AS I SAY AND IT'LL BE ALL RIGHT.

GO GET SOME BEDDING, A BUCKET AND LOTS OF CLOTH FROM THOSE HOUSES OVER THERE...



F-FILL THE BUCKET FULL OF WATER, AND BRING SOME SCISSORS--



WHATRE THE SCISSORS FOR?!

TO CUT THE UMBILICAL CORD. NOW HURRY!



PUFF PUFF



OH NO! THIS GUY'S BEEN SMASHED IN THE HEAD BY A BOARD!



FORGIVE ME, I'M BORROWING THESE THINGS FOR MY MAMA.



AHHHH AHHHH

PUFF PUFF! MAMMA, I BROUGHT THEM!



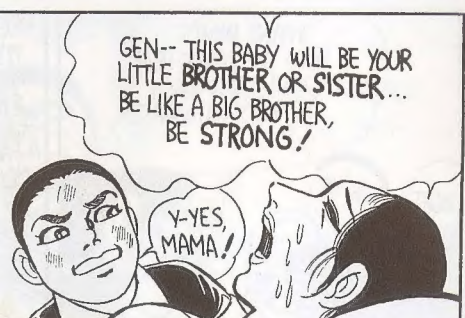
HURRY, MAMA, LIE DOWN HERE!

G-G-GH



PANT PANT

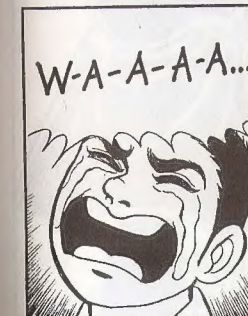
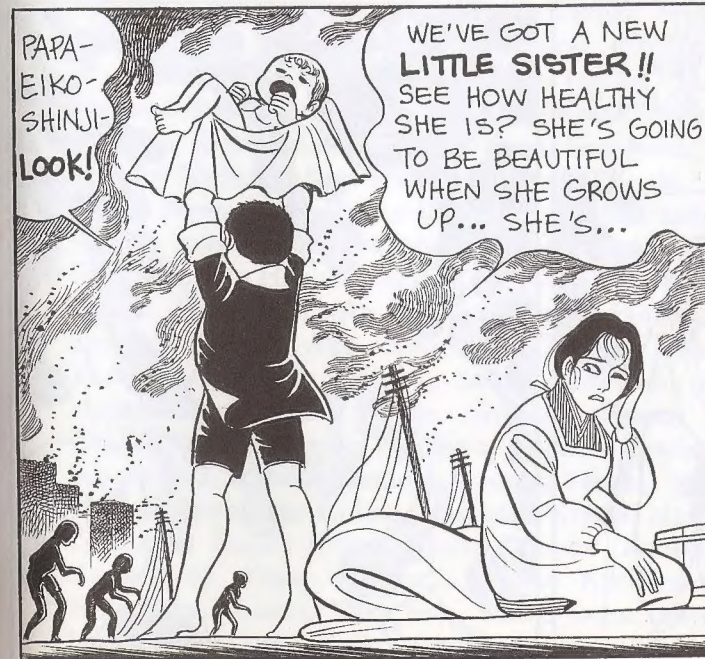
MAMAAA! BE BRAVE!



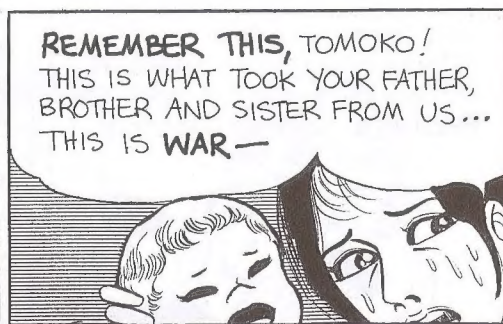
GEN-- THIS BABY WILL BE YOUR LITTLE BROTHER OR SISTER... BE LIKE A BIG BROTHER, BE STRONG!

Y-YES, MAMA!









Project Gen wishes to thank the following people whose contributions of time, money, ideas and encouragement made this first volume of Barefoot Gen possible:

Susumu Okamura, Tatsuichiro Akizuki, Eisaburo Adachi, Ko Ajiro, Kenzo Shimizu, Ryuichi Kanda, Fusako Honda, Hiroko Fujita, Itsuko Okabe, Akiko Kojo, Yoshikuni Iso, Takashi Wakasa, Sohachi Ninomiya, Yoshimasa Goto, Mineko Yamaura, Yasuko Fukushi, Tatsuo Iwama, Makoto Oono, Keiko Sugihara, Yoshiko Toi, Yuko Endo, Michiko Ishii, Kirie Kondo, Michiko Sugano, Toshiko Miyazawa, Fumi Toya, Mine Goya, Tazuko Hamagaki, Michiko Ikeda, Hiroshi Oshima, Mariko Shirahama, Kazuko Fukuto, Masayo Watanabe, Yuko Uyama, Tsuguhito Tanaka, Sadanobu Yazaki, Masahiro Yasuko & Hiroko Nakamoto, Keiko Usuta, Keiji Nagaoka, Setsu Ito, Keiko Kikuchi, Kumiko Saito, Gen Iwata, Fumi Takayama, Tomiko Nomura, Ken Hakuta, Miharuru Tamaki, Naoko & Taku, Toshio Momiyama, Mikiko Kanamori, Kiyoko Isaji, Takeshi Kato, Setsuko Saito, Eiko Kuromaru, Takashi Inui, Syuzo Fukuda, Shigeo Fukazu, Syuzo Hattori, Sueko Kondo, Syuko Otabe, Miekko Ochiai, Mariko Tanaka, Ritsuko Nakano, Hiroko Hirano, Gyotsuu Sato, Shigeru Tomita, Ann Kobayashi, Teruko Fukumoto, Sachiko Yamamori, Teisuke Tanaka, Sachiko Fujinami, Takayo Ogawa, Manabu Asai, Hideo Wada, Gyosei Fujimaki, Teiko Yoshida, Chisako Nakano, Satoshi Nakajima, Naoko Yamada, Maki Yoshioka, Saburo Ejiri, Kazuko Suemura, Yoshiko Tanaka, Michiko & Susumu Ishitani, Yoshikazu Fujima, Yasukazu Kizaki, Masae Oishi, Katsuo Tokunaga, Fusako Iijima, Noriko Wanibe, Kyoko Takami, Yukie Yamamoto, Yoko Majima, Sadako Kurihara, Yoshie Asai, Tomonosuke Izumi, Naka Sato, Kunio Iwata, Miyoko Tomoshige, Masami Miyajima, Keiko Okiyama, Shigeaki Nishizawa, Yasuo Yamane, Rumiko Sato, Eiji Kai, Fumiko Shinohara, Kingo Uchida, Sachiko Harada & her friends in YMCA, Megumi Kuramasu & her friends in Sanwa Bank, Shigeyasu Suzuki, Noboru Suzuki, Shigeo Aida, Kazuyo Nomura, Kenichi Kawakami, Yasuko Asaoka, Hisako Nakagawa, Syuji Utsunomiya, Hideharu Nakajima, Eiichi Tanzawa, Yokaichi-shi 'Hadashi no Gen' Film Executive Committee, Ayako & Kyoko Tanada, Japan Buddha Sanga-Kushiro, Nozomu Miyazawa, Sakae Miyazawa, Koichi Nishida, Masayasu Yabuki, Chizuko Miyajima, Yoshiko Ueda, Library of Gifu Technical High School, Mikae Inoue, Takahiko Okubo, Tetsuo Yamaya, Tetsu



Kishida, Tatsushi Nozoe, Ayako Kiyama, Kiyotsugu Komaki & his students in Minoshima Senior High School Wakayama, Students in Ondo Senior High School Hiroshima, Akiko Kizaki, Students of Yoshioka Junior High School Saitama, Junko Akiyama, Kenji Nagao, Ichiro Sunada, Chizuko Chino, Teruko Miyazawa, Naoko Hattori, Kiyotoshi Kinoue, Chiaki Ito, Noyuri Ishida Sodarland, Ayao Imada, Hiroyo Mori & her friends, Minoru Tamaki, Makoto Suzuki, Junichi Kushihara, Keiko Ishizuka, Keizo Uehara, Akie Reynolds, Atsushi Takeda, Masahiro Shintani, Katsuko Nomura, Yoshikatsu Ando, Tetsuo Yamaori, Tomoko Yamazaki, Katsuya Misaka, Naoto Syojima, Haruko Koikawa, Keiko Tsuda, Hisayuki Furukawa, Saeko Yoshimura, Naomi Hatae, Yoichi Maruta, Mitsuji Tanaka, Sadao Yoshida, Noriko Ishii, Yoshizumi Saito, Takanori Nakano, Hisako Ukita, Kyodo Film Co. LTD, Aya Murakami, Misue Ono, Iwakuni Servicemen's Center, Hanako Kimura, Etsuko Nakayama, Takehira Asaba, Kazutoshi Iijima, Fumie Takahashi, Tamotsu Sasaki, Haruko Shimoi, Machiko Goto, Fumiyoshi Matsuki, Saburo Sawada, Saburo Nakamura, Seiichi Nakano, Tsugio Hiratsuka, Satomi Watanabe, Teruko Hiratsuka.

Special thanks are due to the following organizations without whose tremendous financial assistance Barefoot Gen wouldn't have made it past the 'project' stage:

Most Ven. Nichidatsu Fujii (Japan Buddha Sanga)  
International Peace Research Association (Kokusai Heiwa Kyokai)  
Fellowship of Reconciliation (F.O.R.) Japan  
YMCA-Hiroshima  
Japan Sarvodaya  
Otake Foundation  
S.C.I.(Service Civile International) Japan  
Conscientious Objection to Military Tax  
Philadelphia Yearly Meeting of Friends